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"OLD LAW," OR, THE INQUIRING MANDARIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

MANDARIN is the name foreigners give to any Chinese officer. It is a Portuguese word, derived from the Latin *mandare*, to command. Mandarins are of all grades, from a small village officer, corresponding to our justice of the peace, up to the highest ranks of civil, naval, and military officials about the person or in the service of the emperor.

The mandarins are a highly educated and usually very intelligent class; some of them conservative and haughty, others affable, and desirous of forming the acquaintance of foreigners and learning their ways. One of them wrote, or, rather, translated into the Chinese language, a geography, fifteen or twenty years ago, the maps and descriptions of which gave the native readers newer and larger ideas of the world than they had ever possessed before. The capabilities of vocal Chinese are very limited. It would amuse you, gentle reader, to hear a Chinaman attempt to pronounce your name, especially if it abounds in the unmouthable consonants of which the English language is so full, and which make it one of the worst languages to learn on the face of the globe, except, perhaps, the Welsh or the Russian. Chinese geography transmutes Maine into Maing, New York into Noo Yoke, Connecticut into Coong-nah-ta-cook, Rhode Island into Lo-telang, Massachusetts into Mah-sah-choo-se-tse. Vermont and New Hampshire, and many others, are utterly impossible to Celestial organs, and would hardly know themselves as Whah-mong-ta, or Noo Hang-che-le.

Native publications, the access of foreigners,

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and the visits of Chinamen abroad, have aroused extensive inquiry and a silently yet widely prevailing interest in foreign matters, within the last thirty years. Shanghai and Hong Kong are foreign cities, growing up with, or alongside of, native cities, with intermingling populations, which bring the Chinese into intimate acquaintance with foreign trade, art, manners, and religion.

At Foochow, a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants, situated in the latitude of Southern Texas, merchants and missionaries have contributed, each for their own ends, to make the population of the haughty capital of the Fo-ke-en province well acquainted with "outside barbarians." The ignorant populace, who have superstitious notions with regard to the object of the white Western man, in trying to convert the nations to a new religion; the educated literati, who desire to conserve the language, literature, laws, and doctrines of the "books" and the sages; and the ruling Tartars, who fear the loss of their tottering dynasty through foreign interference,—dread the presence of the white strangers, are jealous of them, and regard them with hatred and suspicion. There is another class who fellowship foreigners, welcome the introduction of foreign ideas, and would be glad to adopt the inventions and improvements that have burst upon the Western world in such overwhelming profusion, such rapid succession, such startling novelty, and such infinite variety, within the last half century. How often do we hear, in tones of pity and astonishment,

"The Chinese have no railroads nor telegraphs!"

"Why, bless you, no; we had none ourselves forty years ago; we, the most advanced people of the globe!"

The Chinese are inquiring about these things,

as well as the Japanese; and the day is not distant when the handful of youths recently sent to Yale College, under the superintendence of Mr. Yung Wing, will be followed by as great a deluge of learners as now floods our shores from eager Japan.

Within the walls of Foochow resides a military mandarin, of I know not what rank, whether lieutenant, or captain, or major, who, for the last twenty years, has manifested intense desire to become acquainted with foreign arts. He is a man of commanding presence, piercing black eyes, intelligent face, loud, sonorous voice, gentlemanly manners, large intelligence, and great inquisitiveness. By the missionaries generally he was regarded as a bore, because he constantly pestered them with all sorts of questions about foreign matters, and took no interest in the doctrines which it was their special mission to preach and disseminate. I took great pleasure in endeavoring to satisfy his inquiries about steamboats, steam-engines, railroads, telegraphs, and all the material inventions of the nineteenth century.

In 1858, the mission opened a female school. He heard of it, and came out of the city, accompanied, as usual, by one of his seven sons, very intelligent youths, with the blunt inquiry:

"What are these women here for?"

"To teach Chinese girls how to read and write."

"Teach them fiddlesticks! Who cares whether girls read or write! Our Empire has existed thousands of years without it. What need women know except how to cook, nurse children, and embroider their petticoats and shoes?"

Drawing out of one of his capacious sleeves several yards of beautiful French ribbon, he held it up, and said, in his loudest and most imperious tones:

"Can you teach our girls to make this?"

"No," I said. "France is the only country in the world where a texture so delicate and beautiful as that could be fabricated."

"What, then, is the use of your school? You would do us some good, if you would impart to us your arts of weaving and dyeing."

I said, "Our dyes can hardly excel yours in brilliancy."

"Yes, they do; and you understand how to make fast as well as brilliant colors."

To gratify him, I sent to America for a treatise on dyeing, and had my native teacher translate into Chinese scores of recipes. Of course the coloring materials, the madder, the cochineal, and the salts, were not at hand; and if they had been, the artistic skill was wanting;

and he was disappointed. The missionary ladies imported sewing-machines. He saw them, took in their mechanism at a glance, and prized their utility. He immediately put sixty silver dollars into my hands (equal to six hundred in the relative amount of rent, labor, and provision it would furnish a Chinaman compared with an American), with the order for a sewing-machine. Some months afterward, a Wheeler & Wilson was unboxed on my veranda, all in pieces, and Captain Law was on hand, with a coolie, to carry his investment in foreign mechanism into the city.

"Shall I not help you about putting it together?" said I.

"No. I want no help," he replied; "I understand it as well as you do." And to-day Mrs. Law and her daughters (if she didn't drown them all in infancy), at any rate her daughters-in-law, are doubtless making the garments of the family as you, fair readers, make yours.

Friend Law's passion to know how to do certain things amounted to positive mania. He had great faith in ammonia as a curative agent. I must teach him how to make ammonia. It was easy to translate the scientific process; but, alas! the mechanical means, the artistic skill, were wanting. Mechanical appliances and chemical were alike absent. With rudely extemporized retorts and furnaces, ignited charcoal and burnt bones, we succeeded in creating some awful smells, a shade or two ranker than the native stench, to which we were daily accustomed, but no ammonia.

Law was thoroughly disgusted. Then he would make sulphuric acid, since sulphuric acid was such an important agent in experimentation. Anon he had heard of phosphorus, and would know how to make that marvelous element, that has revolutionized the world in the form of friction-matches. I sent to Hong Kong for a manuscript translation into Chinese of the entire chemistry; and Law mastered its simples and combinations at a single reading, with here and there an explanation. I sent to Hong Kong, to Calcutta, to England, and to America for chemicals, and conducted an entire series of ordinary laboratory experiments, making oxygen with its brilliant blazes, hydrogen and its sickening compounds, sulphuretted, phosphuretted, and carburetted; showing how the latter replaced the sun, and converted our Western nights into day. I showed the extinguishing power of the useful carbonic acid gas, and the deodorizing and decoloring properties of the nauseous chlorine; descanted on the metals and their properties; but all would not satisfy my utilitarian friend, Law.

"Why can't you make sulphuric acid? Why can't you make ammonia or phosphorus? Why can't you *do* what you so glibly *teach*?"

I said: "There is an *art* as well as a *science*. I understand the science, but I have never learned the art. Great Britain, which uses one hundred thousand tons a year, is the great sulphuric acid maker for the world. The British workman would make the article for you, and yet be utterly unable to give the rationale of the process."

Law was incredulous. He could not see it in that light. He could not comprehend why art and science did not go together. He had no knowledge of division of labor.

He tried to make phosphorus, after the process I described; but, of course, with no better success than with ammonia.

"France," I said, "is the great phosphorus factory of the world."

Mandarin Law was equally solicitous to substitute our styles of spinning and weaving for the primitive wheels, spindles, and looms in use in China, probably no improvement on those used in the days of Abraham.

To gratify him, I wrote to Lowell, Massachusetts, to inquire after the feasibility of setting up a spinning-jenny in Foochow. The country about the city is level, and water-power is out of the question, though abundance of beautiful streams, sufficient for driving any number of spindles, tumble from all the hills of the rugged and mountainous Fo-ke-en province. Factories might be driven on a small scale by ox-power, wind-mills, or steam.

The answer from Lowell was unpropitious. They had sent spinning-machines to Russia, and men to instruct the natives how to work them, with indifferent success. I fancy the Chinamen are better artisans than the Russians to-day—have more ingenuity, more industry, more perseverance, more skill. The expense of setting up machinery was a formidable hinderance. Hand labor is cheap, and prices of fabrics at the lowest pitch of penury. Cotton is abundant, and so is labor. Skill and capital and market are wanting. Foreigners have been greatly disappointed in trade prospects with the Chinese. Dollars and opium are the great offsets for teas and silks. Furs and woollens come by the way of Russia. Cottons, lead, tin, glass, iron-ware, make head slowly in the native market. Fire-arms and silver watches are greatly coveted, and bought to the full extent of the ability of the people. They would gladly purchase foreign ammunition, so superior to their own, but it is contraband. Saltpeter and gunpowder are a Government monopoly. Friction-

matches are rapidly supplanting flint and steel, wherever foreigners come in contact with the Eastern populations. Government and private individuals have purchased steamers, and all Chinamen, who are able, avail themselves freely of this mode of travel and transportation.

"Law" is a specimen of a growing class; an intelligent inquirer, anxious for information; anxious, not merely for curiosity's sake, but to benefit his countrymen and enrich his country. He would rouse his fellow-countrymen from the stagnation of ages, and elevate China, by science and art and improvement, to a level with Western nations.

A month ago I got a letter from him, which I at first contemplated giving to the American public through the daily papers; but finally concluded that it would reach as many readers, and excite as much sympathy in behalf of my ancient and earnest friend, through the REPOSITORY, as through the columns of any daily journal. I hope it will be extensively copied and commented on by both the secular and religious press. It touches questions of the hour—questions in which religionists and philanthropists are alike interested. The letter is crude, as are the ideas of the writer, and as they must be till enlightened by description, explanation, or, better, by actual visitation and personal inspection of Western arts and modes. I subjoin the letter. It will explain itself. It is written in a beautiful English hand:

"FOOCHOW, 29th July, 1872.

"MY DEAR MR. WENTWORTH,—While you were at Foochow as a missionary, I received, very often, instruction in different sciences from you, for which I still feel grateful. I received, some time ago, a bottle of lavender-water as a gift presented by you; but I was sorry that I could not write an English letter to thank you. In 1866, my seventh son, named Law-Fung-Loke [the Chinese always write the surname before the given name], entered the English school of the Foochow Arsenal, established by our Government, and has enjoyed the benefit of five years' instruction. Now he knows a little of the English language; so I order him to write this to express my gratitude to you, and my best wishes for you and Miss [Mrs.] Wentworth.

"The following are the points in which I beg to be instructed:

"1. Of what kind of steel or iron is the spring of a watch or clock made? Is there any stuff mixed with the water into which the hot iron is put, in order to make it have the power of a spring? or, in short, how do your manufacturers make the spring?

"2. What do you call the stuff used to rub iron instruments with to make them bright? What is it made of? Inclosed is a small parcel of it.

"3. I was informed by an account in the Chinese newspaper, taken and translated from that of your country, that the ingenious people of the United States have invented an engine which is moved by the power of electricity. The engine is of twenty-horse power, and the expenditure of running it for a day is nearly about three-tenths of a tael of silver [between thirty and forty cents]. I do not know whether that is true or not; if it be so, please give me an account of the manner in which the power of electricity is applied to the engine.

"4. I find that to clear the weeds in the large garden which I have lately bought is a toilsome affair. I imagine there must be a tool used in your country which saves the greater part of the labor. If there be such a tool, I shall be obliged by your sending me a drawing of it.

"Yours, very truly,

LAW."

A recent article from M. Giquel, Superintendent of the Foochow arsenal, where the writer of this letter has been at school, states that the Chinese Government has at that port twenty-five hundred Chinese artisans at work, under the superintendency of seventy-five Europeans, and that the natives have become so far skilled at their labor as to be able to build three steamers a year at that port. Boys in the school attached to the arsenal are taught French and German as well as English, and make rapid proficiency, as the letter we have laid before our readers will amply show.

Mandarin Law greatly desired to send one of his sons to America in my charge, when I returned to this country in 1862. But when we embarked, he was absent from the city, and so the plan fell through. I have often wished that this intelligent old man could make the tour of the United States, and form personal acquaintance with our railroads, telegraphs, and manufactories. A few days in one of our mammoth industrial expositions would enlighten his eyes and gladden his soul. He is well off for a Chinaman, but by no means rich in our acceptance of the term. It is not the province or the business of missionaries or missionary societies to teach the natives of heathen lands science and the arts, though the Jesuits, two hundred years ago, did not think it out of their province to teach the Chinese mathematics, astronomy, and how to cast bells and cannon. Outside of religious circles, philanthropy has no aggressive power. If it had, we might reason-

ably expect that wealthy citizens of New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, or St. Louis, would send this inquiring denizen of a region more populous than either of these great centers, all in darkness and yet asking for light, an invitation, accompanied by free tickets, to traverse the Pacific and cross the continent, and the freedom of the city to visit our mechanical and industrial expositions, and means to inspect our manufactories of every description, from Omaha to Lowell. The old gentleman would see every thing and master every thing he saw, and would, no doubt, embody his observations in a book, on his return, the influence of which would be incalculable in the direction of the civilization, enlightenment, and ultimate Christianization of the nation that embraces one-third of the globe. Could beneficence desire a broader channel, or noble wealth a grander philanthropy?

RIGHTS AND WRONGS

AUNT LUCY ARNOLD sat at her pleasant south window, thinking. She was working also; for she was one of those industrious, active women who are never easy if their hands are unemployed.

There had been a great meeting of the women suffragists in Music Hall. A great meeting in at least one sense; for it had drawn together a curious multitude, from the adjacent towns rather than from the city itself, and had helped unsettle the common sense of a goodly number of young women, who preferred ready-made opinions to the trouble of forming a judgment of their own.

Aunt Lucy represented a different style of woman. She was accustomed to do her own thinking, and to do it with all her might. Evidently the subject now occupying her thoughts was not an agreeable one; for her usually genial face was clouded, and she sighed deeply as she held up her work to the light.

The room itself was full of sunshine. Such a cozy, pleasant room, with its snug, home-like air! Furnished comfortably rather than stylishly; yet with a tasteful adaptation to its size and surroundings. Not a thing in it too good to use. Nothing wrapped up in gauzes or Hollands. There were pictures on the walls, flowers in the windows, and a well-filled book-case in one of the corners.

The moody look left Aunt Lucy's face as she looked out upon the garden, which filled all the long slope down to the river bank. This garden was her husband's especial pride, and he spent the most of his time in it. The front

yard and the north end he left to Aunt Lucy's taste and discretion; but he reigned an undisputed monarch over the fruits and vegetables.

On this bright June morning he was busily employed in planting a row of dry bushes, to serve as a trellis for the early peas. She was patching the elbow of his garden-frock. Not genteel work? Perhaps not; but it was glorified in her sight by the owner's use of it. He had been her husband thirty years, and her love and reverence for him had been growing all the time. Mending Uncle Nathan's frock was no "common or unclean" work.

He was singing to himself, and she leaned forward to listen. Both the tune and words were familiar. She had heard him sing them a hundred times, and yet her eyes filled with tears as she caught the refrain:

"Let me go to the home of the Christian;
Let me stand, robed in white, by his side."

"I wonder now," said Aunt Lucy, reflectively, "if those uneasy women who think it is their mission to reform society, and who are silly enough to suppose they can do it by quarreling with their husbands and brothers,—I wonder now if they could find a flaw in my Nathan. They talk as if men were a nuisance to be abated. Mrs. Gay says that the lady speakers at the meeting did scarcely any thing but abuse and slander their male connections. How can a woman so lower herself! Do they think God did not know what he was about when he constituted men and women so differently, and yet made them so dependent on each other?"

Here her attention was arrested by a number of voices, talking earnestly together. "Ah, it is the girls. They promised to come up and tell me about the meeting. I wonder they had not sense enough to stay away from it. How serious they are! Not a merry laugh, or even a cheerful salutation for Uncle Nathan."

"We are all responsible, Annie," said a clear, girlish voice outside. Aunt Lucy smiled knowingly as she caught the words.

"What silly little pussies!" she said. But she welcomed them with her usual bright, cordial manner—the sweet way that won the hearts of all the young people as well as the old. And seeing that their heads were full of one subject, she led them at once to discuss the meeting.

"Well, girls," she said, pleasantly, "are your heads quite overloaded with wisdom this morning?"

A row of very sober-looking faces looked up into hers, but there was no answering smile on either of them. There were five of these young ladies, belonging to four different families. They

all addressed Mrs. Arnold as aunt, though in truth she sustained that relation to but one of them. They were a joyous company usually, full of innocent mirth and practical jokes, and full also of loving consideration for the dear old lady, who retained, at seventy years, the freshness of heart and buoyancy of feeling that had characterized her youth. No one ever thought of her being old. And, indeed, it would have been difficult to convince a stranger that she had seen more than fifty years.

"Aunt Lucy," began one of the young ladies, solemnly, "do you believe in women's rights?"

"Certainly. And in men's rights also."

"Ahem! Of course. We all do that. But, Aunt Lucy, I think you do not quite understand. I dare say I stated my question awkwardly."

"Perhaps. Try again, Marion, if you think so."

"We want to talk this matter over soberly; to look at things just as they are. We have been sinfully indifferent. Too long have we blindly sat in the dust at the feet of—Aunt Lucy, you are laughing."

"No, indeed. Your slightly spread-eagle style amused me a little, I confess; but I remember that you are fresh from the eloquence of yesterday. If you state your question more simply, it may be better."

"Well, then, we want to know what you think about the wrongs of women, instead of their rights. Do n't you think they are terribly wronged in the present state of society?"

"O, yes; and the men also."

Marion Eddy's eyes were very expressive, and they exhibited a good deal of speaking power, as they encountered Aunt Lucy's provokingly calm look.

"It is a pity, auntie," said her own niece, Grace Arnold, "that you did not go to the meeting. You could not feel so indifferently on this subject if you had heard those ladies speak. It was very exciting. I hardly slept at all last night, and papa called me a silly goose to bother my head with such matters. He advised me to buy some yarn, and learn to knit socks. He says that the women who used to knit socks were easy in their minds. But making fun of a grievance does not remove it," added Grace, wisely. "And I told papa that we had just been asleep all our days, but we were waking up now."

"What did he say to that?"

"Nothing. He whistled, in that provoking way that says a thing is not worth the trouble of wasting words upon it. Ah, well! we must not expect much sympathy from men. It is

strange that we have floated idly with the tide without even knowing that—that—"

"That we were miserable," supplied her aunt, as she hesitated for a word.

"Do n't laugh at her, please," urged little Belle Hascall. "These things seem terribly real to us."

"What things, my dear?"

"Why, the things that poor women have to endure; married women particularly."

"Indeed. Well, I am one of the married women, and, therefore, one of the pitiable objects."

All the girls laughed at this. No power of imagination could metamorphose kind Uncle Nathan into a domestic tyrant. The idea was very ridiculous.

"There are exceptions to all rules," said Marion, presently. "It is the general state of things that we deplore. That you are treated properly does not help the multitudes who suffer. You see that, do n't you?"

"I see a good deal of suffering in the world. Unmarried people get a tolerably liberal share of it, and a reasonable proportion of it is borne by married men."

"But we are considering the domestic life of *women*, auntie," said Grace. "Please be good, and help us, instead of evading the point."

"Is not woman the slave of man?" demanded Belle. "That is the question, speaking generally, of course."

"Before we consider that question, Belle, let us get off our stilts for a minute while I ask another. Is it because of these silly ideas that young Harry Underwood is talking this morning of leaving home, to seek his fortune in the West?"

Belle colored, and then turned pale. "I did not know he thought of such a thing. I—I had a long talk with him last evening."

"So I supposed. Well, my dear, when you have lived as long as I have, you will know that manly young fellows of his stamp are not as plenty as blackberries. It is a pity, for your sake rather than his, that you went to the meeting."

"I do n't know that," said Marion; "I think it was quite proper for Belle to discuss this subject with Harry."

"And let him see that she took all the slurs that she had heard against his sex for Gospel truth! Did he stoop to defend himself, Belle?"

"No." Belle's voice was rather tremulous. "I told him all about the meeting, and—and how I felt. He heard it in silence; in silence so marked as to be almost impolite; and then he left an hour earlier than usual."

"Having common sense, he could not agree with you, and he was too gentlemanly to quarrel. Well, I am sorry for his mother. He is so tenderly thoughtful of her comfort, that she will be lost without him."

Tears of regret, not unmixed with wholesome shame, forced themselves into Belle's blue eyes. Mrs. Arnold noted them slyly, and was tolerably sure that, in her case, her affection would prove too strong to allow a persistence in folly.

"Aunt Lucy," said Marion, "I think Belle's affairs have as little to do with this question as yours. There are still wrongs to be righted. I think I never felt so indignant in all my life as yesterday, when my eyes were first opened to the utter degradation of my sex. To think that we submit to it all so blindly!"

"If you will tell me, Marion, to what especial grievance you have been so blindly submitting, I am prepared to pity you. You will pardon me if I have looked upon your condition in life as an uncommonly happy one."

Marion colored, and hesitated painfully.

"Your father and brother are the only representatives of the domineering sex in your family, and your rule over both is pretty absolute. Such sentiments come with a poor grace from you, Marion."

"I think, Aunt Lucy," said the young girl, blushing still more deeply, "that my case does not fairly represent the state of things. There are individual exceptions, of course."

"And Marion's exemption from special evil does not alter the fact that many others suffer," urged Grace, coming to her friend's help. "Your happy married life does not make all marriages happy."

"You are only repeating what Marion has already urged, my dear. There was surely more than one idea advanced in the great meeting. Now, in regard to this question of the masculine inclination to lord it over the weaker sex, suppose we look at it by the light that shines nearest. Experience is a reliable teacher. You will allow that fifteen or twenty families will properly represent a small neighborhood like ours. And there is no doubt, I suppose, that we are competent witnesses in the case. Our society is probably a fair sample of most New England villages."

"I suppose so."

"My dear girls, this question of rights and wrongs is a serious one. If it be true that husbands are simply domineering tyrants, it is important that you find it out in time to escape the evil. We will begin with the families to which we belong. My own experience as a wife shall go for nothing, because you all agree that it

does not represent the usual state of things. So we will begin with your parents, Marion. Does your father refuse the proper rights of a woman to your mother?"

"I—I don't know; that is, I don't think—why, you know, Aunt Lucy, that he never interferes with her plans or wishes, in any way. Unless—" Marion hesitated.

"Well?"

"Unless he thinks he can help carry them out. But, then," added Marion, excitedly, "he *would* be a brute if he acted differently, when mamma's chief delight is in making him happy. I believe they actually think each other perfect."

"Very good; that disposes of tyrant number one. Of course your sister's husband crushes her to the earth, and rules her with a rod of iron. Poor Lillian!"

An indignant flush spread over the young girl's face. "Of course you are speaking ironically," she said; "but it seems too bad to suggest such things even in jest. The doctor has a brusque way of speaking, but he is one of the kindest-hearted men in the world. Lillian says he is pure gold. They have been married six years, and are still in the honey-moon. You will have to go outside of my family, Aunt Lucy, to look for specimens."

"Indeed!"

"Unless you allow us to speak of our cousins," said Marion, hurriedly. "There is my Cousin Daniel: he is a domestic tyrant, without any mistake. He keeps poor Caroline in tears half of the time. She was always a meek little thing."

"Yes; she has a sweet, lovable temper, that would make her home all sunshine, if it could have free scope."

"Well," continued Marion, quite encouraged by her success in finding a martyr to marital intolerance, "she is snubbed out of all likeness to herself. She would not dare to go to a neighbor's house without Daniel's gracious permission. As to inviting visitors, she would as soon think of assuming Queen Victoria's crown. If her children did not love her so much, she could not influence them at all; for they have little respect for her. You see, they are so used to seeing her opinions slighted, and her rights disregarded, that they naturally feel that she has no real authority over them."

"No other result could be expected."

"Then, it is the delight of both children to disobey the domineering father, which would be a comfort, if he only were affected by it. I was perfectly astonished to hear little Harry undertake his mother's defense, one morning when I happened to call there. It seems that Caroline

had omitted to consult her lord and master in some unimportant household matter, and he had therefore an unusual chance to scold. That he should do so in my presence humiliated her beyond expression. Harry listened with kindling cheeks and eyes for a moment, and then he doubled up his fist, and straightened his tiny form to do battle. The little hero! 'When I am a man,' he said, 'you will not dare to speak to my mother like that.' Was it not grand in him? I gave him a dime to buy candy."

The girls laughed at Marion's way of showing approval, and they glanced at Aunt Lucy as if they considered her fairly silenced in her defense of men's rights. She was smiling serenely over her patching.

"I suppose little Harry had to catch it after that," suggested Belle.

"O, no; he belongs to the lordly sex. His mother was scolded afresh for the boy's saucy words. You see, Aunt Lucy, that the lady speakers yesterday did not draw fancy pictures."

"There is another side to yours, my dear. Does it not occur to you that the overbearing disposition of your cousin may be a family trait, rather than an attribute of his sex? Or do you need to be introduced to his sister Louisa? She, also, is somewhat famous for her family discipline, is she not?"

Again the girls laughed. The abject condition of Cousin Louisa's husband was too well understood to need any illustration. If there ever was a man who literally did not think his own thoughts, he was that unfortunate person. From sheer good-humor, he had submitted to his wife's fretful dictation, until every spark of manhood had been ground out of him. If he had only married a woman like Daniel's wife, what a blessed life the two would have led! It requires a wonderful stretch of faith to believe that some marriages were made in heaven; especially when they show the trade-mark of the other place.

"I think my specimen will offset yours," said Mrs. Arnold, quietly threading her needle, "and we are left just where we began, so far as your argument is concerned. Gracie, let us have a peep at your folks next. Your father is my brother; but you need not screen his failings on that account. Let us have a spicy bit of his tyranny to enliven our subject."

Grace looked bewildered. She was a candid, thoughtful girl, and, as she mentally ran over the details of the home government, she felt that no greater calamity could befall her than to lose the wise but loving man who was its head. Her mother had been an invalid ever since she could remember, suffering greatly

from nervous prostration and its legion of attendant miseries, and, therefore, sadly dependent upon her husband's tenderness and courage. These never failed her. His strength sustained her weakness; his wisdom and sympathy encouraged her to hope; and now, in middle life, she began to rise superior to her physical ills, and to enjoy a degree of health that made life enjoyable. Grace well understood all this. Her eyes filled with tears as she answered: "Do n't ask me, please, auntie. I shall have to grow terribly wicked before I can, even in thought, accuse my dear, noble father."

"And you have no brothers or married cousins. We do n't get along very fast. Perhaps Belle can help us. Speak out, my dear. Mr. Hascall is your step-father, and probably takes pleasure in tormenting your mother by ill-treating her children."

Belle's eyes kindled dangerously.

"He never spoke a cross word to me in his life. What an idea!"

"How, then, if I may ask, does he show his tyranny?"

"He is one of the best men in the world," said Belle. "Every body knows his goodness; and—and it is n't right to talk in this way about him."

"But, my dear girl, where are we to find our specimens? They must belong to somebody's family. Will Annie or Mabel own them?" turning with smiling inquiry to two young ladies who had taken no part in the discussion. They both shook their heads silently.

"If I should question half a dozen girls belonging to any other neighborhood, I suppose we should arrive at the same result. The truth is, that this outcry about domestic oppression is a one-sided view of the subject. The husbands suffer from the home government quite as often as the wives. Just open your eyes, and observe a little for yourselves, before you add your voices to the uproar."

They were all silent for a minute, and then Mrs. Arnold went on in a low voice.

"I dislike that censorious comment upon the affairs of others that makes the most careless gossip seem ill-natured; but, for once, let me help you to look about you. There is our good doctor, handsome, genial, and with undoubted skill, beloved by his patients, and nearly adored by his three fair daughters; with only one weak spot in his character, which is an amiable weakness indeed. It is a dread of contention, which leads him to yield to every unreasonable caprice of his wife that is not absolutely sinful. Why, he would not dare to invite a visitor to his house without her consent! Do you re-

member, Belle, when he met his old college chum at your house, and cordially proffered his own hospitality for old friendship's sake, that he was obliged to recall his invitation, because his wife would not receive a guest invited without her permission? In general society, I have often felt my cheeks flush with indignation, when, in response to some genial remark of his, she has exclaimed, 'Do n't talk like a fool, Harry.' If their position as husband and wife could be reversed, what an item it might afford these lady reformers! They would get enough out of it for an entire lecture."

It must be confessed that Aunt Lucy's audience began, by this time, to look at the subject from her stand-point. It was something new to hear any thing from her lips that could detract from a neighbor's merit. She was known as a keen observer of society, but charity sealed her lips as to its individual evils.

"Aunt Lucy," said Grace, "I wish you would give a public lecture on this subject."

"Thank you. I am quite satisfied with my present audience. I want you to look at one or two more specimens. I will not name them, because you will be able to do so. The first is a tall, lean woman, who whines over her enforced subjection to a little man about half her size, who never dared to differ from her in his life. Indeed, it is thought that she proposed marriage to him, and that he dared not refuse. Now, girls, you have heard her talk. She 'can't give any thing to this or that charity, because *he* won't let her.' She 'can't watch with the sick, or help a poor neighbor with an hour's work, because *he* won't let her. *He* won't even let her eat onions.' She makes him the scape-goat for all her shortcomings. And every body understands exactly how matters stand."

"That is true. And every body pities poor Mr. Dowlan," said Belle.

"I did not ask you to name any specimens aloud. I will give you another. She is a little woman, who was tolerably pretty ten years ago, but looks old enough to be her own mother now. Her husband is a giant in size, compared to her, but he has a common masculine weakness, and will submit to any thing for the sake of peace. She has kept him moving about from place to place, giving up one business after another, till he has nearly spent the handsome property that he started with. She is never satisfied with any thing he does, or any thing that he does n't do. She worries and scolds perpetually. And he bears it all."

"Papa says he is a martyr," remarked Grace. The girls knew very well whose domestic habits

were being discussed. The vixens and scolds of a community are more prominent than they think. Society is Argus-eyed.

"A martyr!" repeated Mrs. Arnold, her face flushing indignantly. "Perhaps he is. But it is in a very contemptible cause. What right has such a woman to ruin the life of a man so greatly her superior? She seems quite blind to her own standing in society. She comes into the 'circle' or to church on Sunday, dressed as gayly as a young girl. The showy attire is no disguise. Every body sees the fret-wrinkles on her forehead. They show, as plain as writing, what she is. Did you ever think, girls, that people write their characters in this way, and that they are known and read of all men? Cultivate pleasant tempers and obliging dispositions, if you would please a friend's eye or charm a stranger. I was going to add, if you would win a good husband; but men seem to be under a sort of glamour when they choose their wives, and are blind to all defects until it is too late."

"Have you any more specimens, Aunt Lucy?"

"No. That is, I do not think it right to produce them. You will find them for yourselves, without the appearance of uncharitable speaking. I only wish to show you that there are two sides to this vexed woman question. There are petty tyrants among both sexes, and often the woman has the better chance, because she understands many little ways of tormenting that a man would never think of. But the tyrants on either side are few in comparison with the vast number of well-mated, happy married people."

Here Aunt Lucy astonished her young hearers by bursting into a hearty fit of laughter. She had been speaking so seriously that her sudden mirth was quite unaccountable.

"You must excuse me, girls," she said, presently, her eyes still shining with suppressed fun; "it is not exactly polite to laugh in this way; but, really, it came so suddenly that I had no time to give you a hint of the cause." And Aunt Lucy laughed again, as immoderately as before.

"What is it, auntie? Do tell us," exclaimed the young girls, in chorus.

"Two years ago I was visiting in a country village, about thirty miles from Boston. My friend was a pious woman, who would have felt it a real loss to miss one of the prayer-meetings of her Church, and the principal meeting of the week came on the Wednesday evening of my visit. Of course I accompanied her to the vestry. I had scarcely taken my seat when I saw that the platform was occupied by a large

woman and a middle-sized man, whose white neckcloth and general appearance showed that he was a clergyman.

"The lady was his wife, and *she* had the charge of the meeting. At first I supposed he was ill, and that her mistaken prominence was a labor of love; but his long exhortation soon drove that idea out of my head. It was a sudden remembrance of her pompous manner of closing the meeting that came over me just now. Yet I did not feel like laughing at the time."

"What did she do? Please go on."

"When every one who desired to do so had taken a part in the exercises, there fell a sudden silence upon the assembly, and the faces of a row of youngsters in front of me expressed an eager expectation of something yet to come. Imagine my surprise, when that woman deliberately stepped out in front of the minister, and spreading out her hands, said, in a loud, coarse voice, 'Let us close with the benediction.'"

"Aunt Lucy!"

"It is the truth, my dears; and she proceeded at once to pronounce the usual formula. Gracie, your Uncle Nathan is not easily provoked, but I do believe that if he had been in that minister's place, and I in the lady's, I should have been treated to benedictions all the way home. My friend told me that, on a recent call at the parsonage, she had found the minister doing the week's ironing for the family. His wife was absent, doing the pastoral visiting. I suppose your lady revolutionists did not spice their remarks with any items of this character. The minister's wife belongs to their ranks, and has a good deal to say about masculine tyranny."

"Aunt Lucy," said Marion, who had been listening intently to every word, "I am ashamed of myself. To think that I was weak and credulous enough to take those sweeping statements on trust. Yes; I am truly ashamed of myself."

"That is a hopeful symptom, my dear. Your friends here seem to me to be undergoing a like experience."

"But, Aunt Lucy, you do not deny that wrongs really exist?"

"No. But should sensible women, therefore, ignore all the blessings of their condition? The wrongs of society rest upon both sexes with tolerable equality. Those which peculiarly affect women, such as the taxation of their property without representation, inferior prices for work, etc., already engage the attention of noble, intelligent men, who are as desirous as ourselves to see them righted, and who are working for that end. I do not shut my eyes to the ills that exist, but I do object to this depreciation

of our husbands and brothers. It is a very transparent humbug, as you see. Did it not occur to you yesterday to ask how the married lady speakers happened to be kiting over the country on the war-path, and lifting up their voices like penny-trumpets, if they were under such strict conjugal discipline? The fact that they are prating thus publicly shows the largest liberty."

"Do n't you think that women have talents suited to public life?"

"Some have. And God calls such to public work. But it is his own work that he places in their hands. The modest, persuasive eloquence of women pleads well the cause of the heathen, or the interests of sorrowing humanity everywhere. It finds its appropriate mission, not in brow-beating men or slanderously reviling them, not in breaking down the barriers that the Divinely appointed marriage relation raises against sin, but in works of love, in a holy home influence, and a tender compassion for all God's creatures. This is my creed, my dear girls, and I hope it will be yours also."

"FREE RELIGION."

THE present seems to be a time when many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased.

There is a restless, feverish state of mind among certain men who desire to be wise above what is written, either in nature's book or in the Book of Divine revelation. Still they are men of culture and convictions, and it will be wise in the Churches to scrutinize closely the meaning of the movement called "Free Religion," and promptly and skillfully apply the Divine antidote to its fermenting virus. It is well calculated to be a wily, persistent foe to Christianity; and, under the guise of freedom, it seeks to kidnap recruits from the unwary and the unstable in heart, and reduce them to a pitiless slavery under the "laws of the universe." Its leaders appear to be in earnest. Not long since, one of them declared that they were "not simply a body of *literati*, not a dainty, fine-spun set of men, whose desire is but to entertain and amuse society; but they are a body of workers, thinkers, searchers after truth, intent upon reaching and enlightening the common sense and hearts of the people." And to accomplish this vast work, they propose to begin, where Christ did not, at the brain instead of at the heart, being too blind to see that a man's brain is what his heart chooses to make it, either an instrument for good or for evil.

The movement claims to be intensely radical. It wishes us to believe that it has gone, or is about to go, to the roots of things. As avowed by Frothingham, one of its leaders, "its aim is to get at the great essence of religion, and, if possible, blend all sects in a harmonious whole." "The organization started with the object of discussing all religions and reaching [*sic*] the true; and that is its object now." What keen insight, sharp analysis, and infallible judgment these men arrogate to themselves! Let inferior beings await, with Romanistic trust and patience, the glorious consummation of this wise discussion of all religions, and accept the perfect result with becoming humility.

Thus much for the aim of this "Free Religious Association." Let us examine its principles.

It might, at first sight, appear to be a passionate egotistical revolt against what some seem pleased to term the tyranny of creeds. But they have a creed, rather nebulous as yet, it may be; not formulated and written in so many "articles," but sufficiently well understood, for all practical purposes, among their scribes and counselors. He who can not frame to pronounce aright their "free" Shibboleth, must be shut out from sympathy; and that is the severest form of all excommunications. When a man says *credo* to a principle, whether it be true or a crotchety assumption of truth, he has a creed; and all who likewise assent are welcomed, and they become a body of believers of some sort. They may embody their creed in a form of words, or they may timidly leave it unwritten; as they will, it is a "creed."

In the first place, then, one of the chief men (Mr. Frothingham) of the Association desires "to impress on the minds of all the fact, that the members of this Association stand upon Ideas" (with a big I).

Then another teacher speaks of the "solidarity of religions." The original basis, he says, is the same; but there is a difference in degree of development.

Again, Mr. Frothingham says, "Its [the Free Religious Association's] principles are cordiality to all religions, hostility to none." So it seems that filthy fakirs, bloody Thugs, and lecherous Mormons may be regarded with a kind of cordiality, the same as self-denying missionaries, peaceful Quakers, and holiest Christian womanhood. Truly, a very "free" religion.

Again, "Rev." Mr. Potter, the secretary of the Association, says: "It is preposterous to declare that Christ is the head of the human race, and his religion perfect." "His [Christ's] being was the product of the intellectual and

religious forces of the age in which he lived. It does not follow that, because it was thus established, Christianity is the universal religion." "The religion of the future is not to be the absorption of all heathen religions into Christianity, but a grand advance of all to a higher development." "The experiment of converting the heathen to Christianity has proved a failure. It is now time to say to these native devotees, 'Let us see what is true in your religion.'"

The central idea of this new "religion," if it can be said to have consistency enough in it to have a central idea, appears to be a substitution of science for the Bible, and demonstrations of sight for convictions of faith. These are the words of John Weiss, one of the self-sent apostles of this new gospel: "However violently science may pretend to be hostile to religion, there is nothing in the world so religious as its method and industry. For religion, instead of being, according to the old definitions, a restoration of rebellious human nature to Divine favor, attained by theological beliefs and emotional practices, by prayer and praise, by pietistic exaltations and homiletic absorption, is simply the recurrence of human nature to the facts of the universe, and this gesture can only be made with the help of intelligence. Facts must be taught and known, not metaphysical contrivances or Scriptural formulas. The brain must learn to act upon its own facts, in order to present the world with a body in normal condition to perform a normal work."

The essential difference between this self-styled "Free Religion" and the religion of Christ Jesus, is this: the former makes its self-reformatory process begin at the brain, the latter commences its regeneration at the heart. The one wants a man to recur to the "facts of the universe," in order to become religious; the other insists on a coming back to a Father whom the heart has forsaken. The one aims to cram knowledge into the brain; the other seeks to infuse a new, strong, abiding love into the heart, in the place of the old, weak, fitful strivings. And we know that a man is what his heart, not what his head, molds him.

In place of salvation, this "free" religion offers us evolution. For the broad and deep and immeasurably full Word of God, it would substitute a succinct circle of human encyclopedias. Instead of attributes, it would have "Ideas." It would belittle the great heart, to give room for a monstrous brain. It would, apparently, leave soul-culture, and largely develop the intellect, and copiously supply a man's encephalon with natural facts, in order to have

him furnished for all work, and, rather than keep the heart with all diligence, till carefully the field of intelligence; for out of it grow the issues of life. Love, joy, peace, mercy, patience, meekness, justness, and faith must take a lower seat before "ideas," memory, comparison, ideality, Platonic philosophy, and a carefully cultured cerebellum, full of animal impulses.

Science is exalted to the throne whence they have thrust down faith. The following extract from an essay by John Weiss, read before a convention of "Free Religionists," in Boston, a few months ago, gives, perhaps, the essence of their creed on this point:

"Science has performed a mighty work against theology, in freeing us from its superstitions. We have picked ourselves up from Adam's fall, and are busy shaking that dust from our garments. Geological cemeteries, full of dead centuries, speak to exonerate us from the unhandsome trick of having brought death and sin into the world. We shake the tree of knowledge, and woman helps us to devour the invigorating fruit. There's nothing edible which we do not perceive to be a Divine invitation to eat, with a conviction that the Great Landlord is not plotting murder to pillage our persons. We feel perfectly safe in every part of the house, and are learning how to promote the interests of the builders, by clearing out corners that grow infectious, and correcting our own carelessness, so that there is not a slur left to cast on God. Death is discovered to be a process of correlation and recombination of force, and we detect Heaven's wonderful footprints, that can never be mistaken in the paths of evil. Only let us know enough, re-enforce every gift with the beneficial facts, irrigate the whole surface of the mind with law, that our structures may more happily repeat the health that mantles on the face of a universe."

Observe with what flippant, cool self-complacency they speak, in the past tense, of their work of raising their own selves from Adam's fall. "Geological cemeteries, full of dead centuries," are preferred as credible witnesses before the Word of God, that liveth and abideth forever. How accurately they echo the spirit of the old, old sermon of the Serpent, "Eat, for 'ye shall not surely die!'" With what indecent disrespect our Heavenly Father is spoken of, as the "Great Landlord!" They have found that death is a chemical process, as terrorless and stingless as the operation of disintegrating and bleaching old rags, and bringing about their recombination and reappearance as white paper; and, moreover, they see in foul sin but the footprints of Heaven.

And thus they give the lie to God's Word; and deify their factitious segments of science, and burn their strong, offensive incense before it.

The function of the heart is defined to be about the same as "pluck, energy of purpose, in every station and business of life." This is somewhat different from what we have learned of Christ and his apostles, who teach that the function of the heart is to believe unto righteousness, and love God and our neighbor.

It would appear that they are not yet fully settled on a statement of the place and function of the Holy Spirit. Still, one of them, Rev. Mr. Washburn, believes that the Divine Spirit is in all men. It is at a minimum in highway-men and Communists, and at a maximum in Christ. But we are not told how such diverse temples can enshrine one Holy Spirit. The religion of Jesus teaches that the works of the flesh and the fruits of the Spirit are as far asunder as the antipodes.

Furthermore, Mr. Weiss declares that "the pivot of religion is not dread of sin; it is simply the recognition of facts and laws of facts which crown the universe. To be well without and within, is to inherit the kingdom of God." But tell us, Mr. Weiss, what is to become of those who are not well within and without, those whose bloated, festering bodies are but a faint type of the sickness and foulness within? Will the simple recognition of facts heal them, soul and body? As well might one assert that a bare knowledge of the "fact" that quinine is used as a tonic and febrifuge, will cure the intermittent fits of shivering and burning in one who has the ague. Christianity teaches that not the "pivot" only, but the thing itself, consists in acts, not cognitions. Pure religion and undefiled, before God and the Father, is to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and keep unspotted from the world. In brief, it is not passive recognitions of the laws of the universe, but active obedience to the great laws of God.

When briefly interpreted and concisely stated, the dogmas of "Free Religion" appear to be these: Christianity is effete. The religion of Jesus is not universal, nor for all time, but must be supplemented and crowned with a mongrel conglomerate of all religions, from Judaism to Hindooism, Monotheism to Pantheism. Each religion under the sun must bring its peculiar brick and quota of slime; and so with the good help of science, the great Babel tower of this new sect of Free Religionists shall be builded to heaven, with an easy stair-way sloping to the stars, whereon all men may climb to happiness and glory.

Very much of the basis of this religion seems

materialistic. And from such cold, stony, sterile soil they seek to raise and cultivate spiritual graces, tender and beautiful. As well expect to grow white lilies from naked granite, and red roses from gleaming icebergs!

A few words as to its methods and temper. Since it stands on "Ideas," it would seem only needful to use tongues and inky types in promulgating and propagating its new way. So it would seem that living examples are not so indispensable as glib talkers and ready writers. But while it has its "associations" among the cultured few, what do they propose to do among the uncultivated many? We do not hear that its apostles are busy amid the crowded workshops and narrow slums, where are brains so cramped by penury and toil that they can recognize but little more than those stubborn "facts of the universe" which pertain to food and raiment, and where minds are so scantily "irrigated with law," that crime appears to grow indigenously. These men of this "Free Religion" read elaborated essays in cozy rooms to a choice circle of sympathetic friends. There is not much Cross in that. Its offense with them has ceased. The methods of Christ's apostles were different; they proclaimed the good news of salvation through Jesus to all. They went about doing good, and cared not for stripes a id imprisonment, hunger and nakedness, honor and dishonor. And it should be so now, in a far more positive, distinctive way than it is. O, shame on those half-hearted, double-minded Christians who shun the Cross, and too well content themselves with cheap duties and lisping "Lord, Lord," in cushioned pews, or delivering nice sermons from pretty pulpits once a week, while many are naked, hungry, sick, and in prison, and they seek not to minister to them in soul and body!

Its temper is haughty. They seem to think they are the people, and wisdom their peculiar depositum. It criticises Christianity with unblinking arrogance, and brings railing accusations against its theology. The thing is not simply a protest against a too servile adherence to old traditions and narrow interpretations of God's Word—that may be pardoned—but it is a deliberately planned, hot-headed revolt against the whole scheme of Christ's redemption.

As far as they truthfully remind us of our short-comings and weaknesses, even though they do so through strife and envy, we will do well to listen to their scornful criticisms and wordy indictments; for the gold of truth is heaven's metal still, even when mixed with the devil's tin. These words from Weiss have enough truth in them to sadden the heart, and a certain

species of "beautiful" sermonizers would do well to ponder them a little: "Our churches have too much the character of soup-kitchens of sentiment, which evaporates before the parishioners get home."

But there is so much rancorous spite shown in the following, also from Weiss, that its furious arraignment overleaps all nice discernment and fair discrimination, and so makes its impeachment worthless. He says: "Theology has so systematically libeled the Creator, and misled the creature; so deliberately substituted trains of arbitrary thinking for the law of evolution; so depraved God by pretending the depravity of man, to make a jailer of the one and a felon of the other; so placarded the spotless plan with whimsical schemes of redemption; and so represented the universal love as if it were confectionery to stop the whimper of returning sinners,—that science might well transfix it with the contempt of a gaze that is level with the horizon, and as brimful hot with the noon-day sun."

They claim that deep dissatisfaction exists, in many directions, with the present state of religious thought and belief, and they tell us that they believe they are on the very threshold of a new era in religion. But let them not lay such flattering unction to their feverish souls, dreaming that out of Boston

"There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray."

just because a few restless, haughty men are hewing out a wooden cistern, and lighting their farthing candle. For their cistern will never hold living water for thirsting humanity, and the first fresh breath of the Holy Ghost from the presence of the Holy One of Israel will put out their light, and leave them groping blindly and sadly in the thick gloom of vexing doubt, and pressed with the speechless sorrow of an unsaved life.

They charge the Church with being in the way of advance. "Rev." Mr. Russel declares that all the talk about the nineteenth century being indebted to Christianity is nonsense. He tells us that the Church never made the cable, and all the miracles ever performed can not equal that performance. Perhaps this vain man, in his overweening conceit, can not see that the mission of Christ's Church is not to make cables, but men—men who, living and toiling in the blessed conditions of Christ's purchase of purity and benediction of peace, can work out all civilization's problems at the best advantage.

These modern "knowing ones" may babble

away, prating proudly about their "Free Religion," but it will come to naught. The foundations of the religion of Christ Jesus are set too deeply in the living, eternal Rock of truth and righteousness for a breath to be able to overturn it, or a quill to upheave it. They make a covenant with science, and an agreement with its puffed-up oligarchs, who have grown so haughty of late. But God shall rebuke them together, and teach students of nature humbly and reverently to search after the hidden wonders of his plans and handiwork, and not be in such childish, unwise haste to give us sweeping generalization. They should remember that they do not know the mind of the Lord, and have not been his counselors. Let scientists bring us every fact, wrench every secret from nature's realm, and we will gladly take all, and give God the glory, for he is the maker of all things in heaven and in earth. He is Law-giver for both worlds, the visible and the invisible, and his laws for the earth will not jangle the harmonies of heaven.

The boasted emancipation promised by the "Free Religionists" needs make none restless. Their freedom ends in chains and darkness of iron law and starless despair. The birthright of every son of God is liberty. And as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. These shall know the truth, and the truth shall make them free. *"If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."*

Know, O vain men, that the only free religion is the religion of Christ Jesus. It puts a man in fullest harmony with every law of the universe, every statute of heaven; for it holds Christ, who is head of all things, and in whom all things consist (*συνεστηκε*, stand, or agree together). It is not based on ethereal "Ideas," and rainbow-tinted mists of words, but on the unmovable rock of tried truth and intensely practical love. Its aim is not to sift all chaffy, earthy religions, and pick out a few stray grains of its own truth lingering there as a dim reminiscence of a purer age, but it seeks to sift men's lives, and eliminate from the world the terribly disturbing factor called sin. It does not make a scholastic culture of brains an indispensable adjunct to highest excellence, but asks for God's tillage of hearts in order to gain the noblest, fullest, fruitfullest manhood. It does not grind out a life of dread, crushed and hopeless, under the merciless laws of nature, but rejoices in the perfect law of liberty that casts out fear. It does not labor simply for a gloomy, vain "recurrence to the facts of the universe," but strives to bring back prodigal, stubborn, rebellious, suffering, hungry souls to the plenty and favor

and love and light and life of our Heavenly Father's house. It is not in an unseemly hurry to pluck and gorge all good, and pry into every secret of God before the time, but is well content to rest in faith, upon the Divine assurance that all things are its own, since it is Christ's, and Christ is God's. After all, the crucial test of any sect, new or old, is the lives it molds. What is the fruit it bears, figs or thistles? Are its followers full of loving, cheering, helpful deeds, or overflowing with caustic, bitter, vexing words? Do they bind up the broken-hearted, and preach glad tidings to the poor? Do they make the streets and lanes of reeking cities vocal with thanksgiving, and happy with honest thrift? Do they give comfort to the weary in the dusty highways, and rebuke to the wicked in darksome hedges of this sorrowing and sinful world? If they do not, they deceive their own heart, and their religion is vain.

O, true, free, pure Christianity, daughter of Zion, Christ's beloved, loose thyself from the ensnaring bands of thy neck, and shake thy beautiful garments from earth's dust, lest thy enemies reproach thee! O, that the Churches would fully put on Christ Jesus, their strength and glory, and every disciple follow closely the steps of his Divine exemplar! Then, in very deed, the walls of Zion should be salvation, and her gates praise; her sons, all valiant men, should go forth to battle, conquering gloriously, and upon her enemies should be shame and utter discomfiture.

NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER.

It was on a bright, sunny day in January, 1872, that I had my first Winter view of the celebrated Falls of Niagara. I had often seen them before, gleaming like a sapphire in the emerald setting of the verdurous Spring, or relieved by the rank luxuriance of the leafy Summer-tide. I had beheld their beauty crowned with the golden glory of the Autumn, each peak and crag and islet flaming like an altar-pyre, with the brilliant foliage of the trees, more beautiful in death than in life, vari-colored as the iris that spanned the falling flood. I had seen them flashing snowy white in the fervid light of noon; glowing rosy red when the descending sun, like the Hebrew, smote their waters and turned them into blood; glancing in silvery sheen in the moon's mild light, and gleaming spectral and ghastly, like a sheeted ghost, in the moonless midnight. But, as now seen, with their Winter bravery on, richly robed with ermine, tiaraed with their crystal crown, and

bediamonded with millions of flashing gems, the view seemed the fairest and most beautiful of all.

Niagara has as many varying moods and graces as a lovely woman, and ever the aspect in which we see her seemeth best. Hence, we always approach with new zest, and study her separate beauties with fresh enjoyment. She does not reveal her true sublimity, nor impart the secret of her witchery at once, but only on prolonged acquaintance. There is a majestic reticence about nature in this theater of her most wonderful manifestations. There is, sometimes, even a feeling of disappointment at first sight. This is owing to the vast sweep of the Falls, over half a mile in breadth, which diminishes their apparent height. It is only when we have constructed a scale of comparative admeasurement, and especially when we have descended the cliff over which the mighty river hurls itself, and, standing close to its foot, look up and see the hoary front of the vast flood, falling out of the very sky, as it seems,

"Poured from the hollow of God's hand,"

that an adequate sense of its immensity bursts upon us. Then its spell of power asserts itself, and takes possession of our souls.

Being shod with a pair of sharp iron "creepers," to prevent slipping on the icy crags, I descended the successive flights of steps in the face of the cliff, which lead down to the foot of the Canadian Fall. These steps, constantly drenched with spray, were thickly incrustated with ice, as was also the surface of the rock, which flashed like silver in the sun. A couple of negroes, however, were cutting foot-holds in the slippery pathway; so that there was no difficulty in making the descent. Every tree and bush and spray, the dead mullen-stalks by the path, the trailing arbutus hanging from the cliff, the leafless maples and beeches cresting its height, were all incased in icy mail. Through the crystal armor could be distinctly traced the outline of the imprisoned dryad, bowed to earth by the often fatal weight of splendor which she bore. Like the diamond forest of the Arabian tale, the grove above the Fall flashed and glittered in the sunlight, an object of incomparable beauty.

The rocky wall towered far overhead, and overhung the pathway many feet, creating a feeling of indefinable dread. Indeed, one vast overhanging ledge, known as Table Rock, fell, with a horrid crash, in 1863; and other portions have since been removed by the Government engineers—one mass of two thousand tons at a single blast. Amid the *débris* and giant frag-

ments of these Titanic rocks, now covered many feet deep beneath mounds of ice, and fringed with icicles, looking like stranded icebergs in an Arctic sea, runs the pathway to the edge of the great Fall.

The overarching rock was thickly hung with thousands of glittering pendants, where the water percolated through the strata, or fell over the cliff. Nearer the Fall, these became larger and longer, till, meeting the icy stalagmites rising from the ground, they formed crystal columns, often several feet in diameter, sometimes having the appearance of a pillared colonnade. The ice is generally translucent or of a pearly white, but is sometimes stained a yellowish tinge by the impurities of the soil. These stalagmitic formations assume the most grotesque and varied forms. One I observed, which strongly resembled a huge organ, the burnished pipes shining in the sun, while posterior rows of icy columns completed the internal analogy. Others were strikingly suggestive of marble statuary. One recalled the beautiful figure of Bailey's "Eve," but as if covered with a snowy mantle, half-concealing and half-revealing the form. In others a slight exercise of the fancy could recognize veiled vestals and naiads of the stream, with bowed-down heads, in attitudes of meditation or of grief. Here a "lovely Sabrina" was rising from the wave; there a weeping Niobe, smitten into stone, in speechless sorrow mourned her children's hapless fate. Here writhed Laocoön in agonies of torture; there Lot's wife, in attitude of flight, yet in fatal fascination, looking back, was congealed in death forever.

Other ice-formations were arched like a diamond grotto, built by frost-fairies in the night, begemmed with glittering topaz, beryl, and amethyst, and fretted with arabesque device, more lovely, a thousand-fold, than the most exquisite handiwork of men.

As we approach the edge of the great Horse-shoe Fall, the ice-mounds become more massive, the path more rugged, and gusts of icy spray forbid further progress. We stand before a mighty arch, forty feet in width, and one hundred and fifty feet high, one side composed of the overhanging cliff, the other of the unbroken sheet of falling water. It is well named the Cave of Thunders. The deafening roar fills the shuddering air like an all-pervading presence, and shakes the solid rock. With its voice of many waters, Niagara chants its mighty and eternal psalm, deep to deep loud calling.

Great quantities of ice, of course, are carried down the river from Lake Erie, and go over the Falls. I beheld several huge cakes thus

descend. So great is the height that they seem to fall quite slowly, and at first to hang almost poised in air. When the river below is running full of ice, sometimes a jam occurs at the narrowest part; and when the cold is intense, it speedily "takes," or becomes firmly frozen. Sometimes, however, several Winters pass without the formation of an ice-bridge. When it does occur, as was the case this Winter, the accumulation of ice fills up the river to near the Falls, where the strength of the current forces the floating ice under and over the previously formed barrier, till the latter attains a thickness, it is said, of as much as a hundred feet. The ice is piled up in huge dykes, ridges, mounds, and barriers, in the wildest confusion. Where a "shove" has taken place, a long, smooth wall remains on the side next the shore. Where a "jam" has happened, a long ridge or towering mound of fractured ice, sometimes great tables tilted up at all angles, is formed. Frequently deep crevasses or radiating cracks are formed by the upward pressure of the ice forced underneath the great sheet. The appearance of the surface is like that of a stormy sea suddenly congealed at the moment of its wildest rage.

It was very hard work clambering over the rugged ice-blocks, sometimes disappearing from the sight of a less courageous friend who watched me from the shore, as a boat disappears in the trough of the sea; but the view from the middle of the river well repaid the trouble. In front stretched the whole sweep of the Horse-shoe Fall, whose mighty flood is so deep where it pours over the precipice, that it retains its glassy greenness for some distance down the abyss. Nearer at hand, to the left, was the American Fall, of greater length, but of vastly less volume. The glistening sheen of its sun-illuminated front, broken immediately to dazzling spray, recalled the inspired description of that glorious raiment "exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them." Almost directly overhead, that wire-spun, gauze-like structure, the new suspension bridge, the longest in the world, seems almost to float in the air at the dizzy height of two hundred and fifty feet above the seething flood.* Below stretched the gloomy gorge through which rushes the rapid torrent, betraying its resistless energy by the foam-wreaths forming on its chafing tide, like

"The speechless wrath which rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face."

* It is twelve hundred and sixty-eight feet in length. At this point I witnessed, some years ago, the blood-curdling sight of a Signor Farini, in imitation of Blondin's fool-hardy feats, crossing the river on a single rope.

At its narrowest part, two miles below the Falls, it is spanned by the fairy-like railway suspension bridge—a life-artery along which throbs a ceaseless pulse of commerce between the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America, the two fairest and noblest daughters of brave old England, the great mother of nations. Unhappily, a deep and gloomy chasm has too long yawned between these neighboring peoples, through which has raged a brawling torrent of estrangement, bitterness, and sometimes even of fratricidal strife. But as wire by wire that wondrous bridge was woven between the two countries, so social, religious, and commercial intercourse has been weaving subtle cords of fellowship between the adjacent communities; and now, let us hope, by the recent treaty of Washington, a golden bridge of amity and peace has spanned the gulf, and made them one in brotherhood forever. Perish the hand, and palsied be the tongue, that would sever one strand of those ties of friendship, or stir up strife between two great nations of one blood, one faith, one tongue! May this peaceful arbitration be the inauguration of the happy era foretold by poet and seer:

* When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world!"

THE "STRIKE" OF THE MINISTERS.

I AM a traveling salesman. One of the disadvantages of my occupation is, that I can have no settled place of abode. I know nothing of the sacred delights of home, save as I read of them in my long railway journeys, and in my lonely rooms at hotels. I have not even the memory of a home in my childhood. My parents died when I was a four-years-old boy; and the farm-house where I lived, until I ran away, in my sixteenth year, retains a place in my recollection as a tread-mill does in the recollection of a vagrant. I shall not stop to tell how kindly my Heavenly Father cared for the runaway boy, and how he has been led from neglected boyhood to honorable, Christian manhood.

My father and mother were Christians; and, though I do not recollect one word of the prayers which they offered for me, yet, surely, the instinctive horror of vice and crime, which I have always felt, is the answer to their prayers. When I think of the temptations that beset my youth, and the many opportunities to commit crimes that have presented themselves all through my life, my heart fills with thankfulness to God,

that, by his grace, I have maintained my integrity.

But I did not set out to write my autobiography. I wish simply to relate an incident which, if it be uninteresting, is surely suggestive. As I am a Christian man, I am, of course, a Church member. To what denomination I belong is no matter. One of the greatest disadvantages under which I labor, religiously, is, that my nomadic life deprives me of a Church home.

I belong to a Church in the city of P., but am in it scarcely more than half-a-dozen times a year. I hope it will not be considered egotistical—I mention it merely to prevent the contrary impression—to say that I do not forget that it is my duty to contribute to the support of that Church, though I rarely have the pleasure of participating in its services. I might, if I were so disposed, get my spiritual food for nearly nothing. I might refuse to pay more than a mere pittance to the Church of which I am a member, on the ground of almost constant absence, and then might refuse to give anywhere else, on the ground that I gave to my own Church. I would as soon think of shirking my hotel bills, or defrauding my employers, as of thus shirking my share of the expenses of God's house, or defrauding his treasury.

But I am growing autobiographical again. I must confine myself to what is necessary only.

Almost every Sabbath finds me many miles, not only from my own Church, but also from the Church in which I worshiped the preceding Sabbath. Of course, I have great variety in my worship. I form a part of large and small, fashionable and rustic, intelligent and ignorant, congregations. I am aware that the sentence I have just written is not wholly complimentary to myself; but let it stand. I worship in churches that are faultless in their appointments; and in churches that look like unpainted barns without, and like whitewashed barns within.

I hear sermons that are full of unction, and sermons that are "dry as dust;" sermons that undertake to prove every thing, and prove nothing; and sermons that undertake to prove nothing, and prove every thing. I hear hortatory sermons, expository sermons, long sermons, short sermons (not often), eloquent sermons, tame sermons, original sermons, and stolen sermons. I am sorry to be obliged to put in this last adjective, but I have heard the same sermon (one of Beecher's) preached by three different men, in three different places.

I once listened to a sermon, not many miles from one of our great cities, in which the preacher severely criticised our common English version, and called it *King George's Bible*.

In another sermon, the preacher gravely informed us that Saul was brought up at the foot of Gamaliel, "one of the highest mountains in Palestine," and proceeded to trace the influence of mountain scenery upon the mind of the future apostle!

Yes, I have variety; but I do not always get that kind of spiritual food which suits me best.

One thing is certain, however, and that is, that I would be able to give valuable information to any Church that is seeking a "star preacher."

(Committees desiring to profit by my knowledge will please address the editor of this magazine, who will inform them where I may be found.)

While I am on this subject, let me say that it is more rare to hear good Church music than it is to hear good preaching. I hear all kinds of Church music, and am compelled to say that from the country congregation, led by some good brother who does not know one note and another (I mean musical notes, not bank-notes), who starts every "long-meter" hymn to the tune of "Old Hundred," and sings it nearly a hundred times too slowly; up to the village choir, who seem to think that the louder they sing, the better they sing; and up to the city quartet, who translate familiar hymns into some language known only to themselves,—there is room for improvement.

Good, hearty congregational singing—singing in accordance with the oft-quoted apostolic direction—I have heard in but few places, in all my journeyings. I am frequently told, by the admirers of the *quartet jargon style*, that I have no taste; but I think I have. At least I have my own taste.

But this must suffice for introduction; or else the editor will be compelled to omit either the introduction or the story, or, perhaps, both.

The second Sabbath in June, of the present year, I spent in the borough of—well, I will call it Progressville. It is a thriving, enterprising manufacturing town. I had reached it the previous evening, too late to visit its stores, but in time to stroll through its streets. I admired its handsome residences, its fine school-houses, its spacious stores, and its huge manufacturing factories.

I noticed, however, that no smoke came from the lofty chimneys, and no steam from the escape-pipes of its factories and furnaces. I remembered that it was Saturday evening, and this accounted for the deserted look of the factories; but my observation had taught me that, in other places, the furnaces were in as full blast on the Sabbath as on any other day. "Is

it possible," thought I, "that I have at last reached a place where the iron-manufacturers have more regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath than for tons of pigs of iron?"

"Have they discovered how to keep their stacks from 'chilling,' without keeping in full blast?"

This, I have been told by Christian iron-manufacturers, is the great problem, the non-solution of which compels them to require their employes to work on the Sabbath. Wondering whether I could prevail upon one of those living in Progressville to disclose the secret, for the benefit of those living elsewhere, I strolled on. I was looking for fine churches. I had passed several church buildings; but they were so old-fashioned and out of keeping with the residences and stores, that I supposed they were the old places of worship, left standing as sacred relics of the past, but forsaken now for new and beautiful edifices.

Darkness came on, the gas-burners were lighted, and still I kept on in my search. Wearied at length, I returned to my hotel. I forgot to mention that the three hotels in Progressville are all first-class.

"Do the furnaces in this place keep in blast on Sunday?" I asked the clerk, who, unlike many of his brethren, was affable and communicative. He looked closely at me for a moment, and replied, "To be sure they do." My high opinion of the iron-manufacturers of Progressville was gone!

"The reason I asked was this," I continued, feeling that the clerk thought me a fool for asking such a question; "I thought they looked as though they were not in blast, when I passed them an hour ago."

"In blast? Why they have n't been in blast these two months. The hands are on a strike!"

I began to think that Progressville was not such a paradise as my fancy had painted it.

The clerk continued, angrily, "Every body is on a strike in this place, except the hotel clerks and the preachers." It was new to me to hear these two classes of men named in combination—"the hotel clerks and the preachers."

I was silent a moment. Evidently the subject was a dangerous one; for the clerk looked as though he was ready to "strike"—the first man that stirred him up on the subject.

"Speaking of the preachers," said I, "where are their churches?"

"Well, the Methodist church is on Enterprise Street; the 'Piscopianian, on Progress Street; the Presbyterian, on Advance Street; the Baptist, on Excelsior Street; the Universalist—"

"That will do," said I; "it is not necessary to finish the list. You do n't mean to tell me that, in a flourishing, growing place like this, the best churches are those miserable affairs I saw on the streets you have named?"

"Well, if there are any better ones, you will have to get somebody else to show them to you," was the crushing reply.

I was silent. Could it be true that the people of Progressville, who had torn down the houses in which they were born, and in which their fathers had lived and died (for it was an old town reanimated and re-named), and built greater and finer for their own glory, were satisfied to worship in the churches in which their fathers worshiped, instead of pulling down the dilapidated old structures, and building new ones to the glory of God?

I thought awhile; but I will not write what I thought, lest it should seem uncharitable to the people of Progressville, and some other "villes" that I know of. Besides, somebody living in Progressville may read this story; so let me stick to facts, "which nobody can deny."

Once more I interviewed the clerk. "I noticed a large building that looked like a church on Silver Street; what is it?"

"O," said he, "that's the old theater."

"The *old* theater? Pray, is there a *new* one?"

"Why, yes," said he, pitying my ignorance, "one that cost a hundred thousand dollars. Did n't you see it, at the corner of Gold and Diamond Streets?"

Truly I had seen it; but I had taken it for the county court-house!

By this time I had only a moderately good opinion of the people of Progressville. A new theater, but not a new church! A hundred thousand for the devil, but not even a few thousands for Christ! Millions for Mammon, but scarcely hundreds for God!

"I noticed a fine new building on Diamond Street. I suppose it was the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, from the fact that I could make out the words 'young' and 'association' on a marble tablet, high up on the front."

"Young Men's Christian Association," said the clerk, with a sneer. "We do n't have such an institution in this place. That building was the hall of the Young Men's Scientific Association. You ought to hear," he continued, "the lectures they have. Professor Protoplasm lectured three times last Winter; and they say he proved the Bible to be a humbug. He said 'Mother Goose's Melodies' have more science in them than the Bible has. He said that, if

the Bible was written by men inspired by God, he knows more about science than God does. He said—"

"That will do," said I, in disgust. "I do n't want to hear such blasphemy either from Professor Protoplasm, or retailed by you."

I retired to my room and to my bed, but I could not sleep. I kept thinking about the miserable churches, and the costly theater and splendid hall of unbelief. I thought that the latter could be accounted for, partly at least, by the former. The young people of Progressville had been repelled from the dismal churches—the contrast between them and their homes was too great—and so they had fallen into the toils of skeptics and unbelievers.

No well-grounded faith had enabled them to resist the fascinations of scientific unbelief. If the money of the fathers had gone into beautiful churches, the money of the sons would not have gone into that hall of unbelief. Thus sadly musing, I fell asleep, and dreamed.

Sabbath morning had come. I shall not stop to describe it. I shall simply say that it was a beautiful morning. I was some time deciding to which church I should go; but finally decided to go to the Episcopal church.

I felt more kindly toward the people of Progressville than I did when I retired; so I determined to go where (as is sometimes asserted) I would see the *cream* of Progressville society, in order that I might regain my good opinion of the whole. The church was not full, though five hundred people would have occupied every available foot of its space; in fact, it was not half full. And yet its rector was the celebrated Doctor Successio.

I was well dressed. I was shown to a good pew. Uncharitable people will, doubtless, see a connection between these two facts, though I do not mean to suggest any. We, the congregation and I, waited. The hour for service came and passed, and still we waited. The choir sang, and sang again; and still we waited. We began to grow restless and uneasy. Had some accident happened to the good doctor? Had he been stricken with apoplexy, and had the sorrow-smitten household forgotten all about the waiting congregation? Had he been run over in the street, while on his way to perform his sacred duties? Just as the suspense grew unbearable, the sexton, I suppose it was, came up to a pompous-looking member of the congregation and handed him a letter. He took out his eyeglasses deliberately, wiped them deliberately, put them astride his nose deliberately, opened the letter deliberately, and began to read deliberately.

I am a deliberate man myself; but deliberation, under such circumstances, was productive of feelings not exactly in harmony with the day and place.

We watched him. A look of anger (the truth must be told) appeared on his face; it was followed by a look of astonishment; this was succeeded by a look of dismay. By this time three other men were looking over his shoulders, reading not so deliberately. They came to the end of the letter together. They looked at each other. They sat down. They looked at the empty pulpit; at the floor; at the ceiling; and then at each other. The congregation began to grow excited. Then the one who had received the letter arose, and began to read it aloud. The following is what it contained:

"To the Vestry and Congregation of the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul:

"DEAR BRETHREN,—It has been truly said that desperate diseases require desperate remedies. It will occur to you that the remedy which I now employ is a desperate one. I hope that you will also believe that I regard the disease as desperate.

"The disease to which I refer, afflicts not only this Church, but also all the sects in this borough. *It is the disease of covetousness!* Look at the various places of worship, and contrast them with the places of worship in other towns; yes, even in villages with few inhabitants and little wealth. Contrast these buildings—the dwelling-places of the Most High—with other buildings—the dwelling-places of Mammon and Satan! Let the contrast fill your hearts and mantle your cheeks with shame.

"For ten years I have striven to arouse you to the fact of your covetousness, exhibited in your willingness to worship in this inconvenient, unsightly, and dilapidated house. I have striven in vain. I have seen your children—the children that I dedicated to God in holy baptism—repelled from the Church by the utter absence of beauty and comfort; and with anguish too deep for words, I have seen them caught in the snares of the devil. They are fast in his snares to-day. *Upon your covetousness I charge a large measure of the responsibility!*

"But enough of this; I pass to another matter. My salary is, to-day, one thousand dollars. On this, I try to support a family of eight persons, the youngest of whom is seven years of age. I did not marry a rich wife; none of my parishioners have remembered me in their wills; the sale of my works has barely covered the expense of their publication; and I find myself, in my declining years, the rector of a rich parish, and yet, almost a beggar!

"I have offered my resignation again and again. You have always begged me to withdraw it, promising to increase my salary; and you have invariably kept your promises. You have, in ten years, raised my salary from eight hundred to one thousand dollars. In the same length of time, some of you have increased your wealth from one thousand to one hundred thousand; and one, at least, to five hundred thousand dollars!

"Comment is needless; the facts speak for themselves. What I have said concerning myself, and the treatment which I have received, applies, to some extent, to the other preachers of the Gospel in this borough.

"The people are desperately sick. My people shall, at least, have the application of a desperate remedy. The remedy is this: I strike for higher wages. I will not enter my pulpit again until I am assured that my salary shall be raised to four thousand dollars, and a new church built in one year from this date.

"Hoping that the remedy may be efficacious, I subscribe myself, your friend and pastor,

"APOSTOLIO SUCCESSIO, D. D."

The voice of the reader died away. The congregation sat a little while in speechless wonderment; then they began to whisper among themselves. I overheard such remarks as these: "What a shame!" "He is right;" "It was the only way;" "What shall we do?"

Then a gentleman, occupying a pew near the door, arose and said: "I have but recently become a citizen of this borough, and a member of this Church. The letter to which we have just listened has been a *revelation* to me. I had no idea that such a shameful state of things existed. Let us determine that it shall exist no longer. Let the strike of our pastor strike our hearts, our consciences, and our pockets."

At this point, I forgot where I was, and uttered a vehement "Amen."

(I may as well say now, what I did not intend to say before; namely, that I am a Methodist.)

But so thoroughly were the congregation in sympathy with the speaker whom I had interrupted, that instead of staring me out of countenance, and, perhaps, out of the church, many of them looked at me approvingly, and said, "So say I."

The speaker continued: "I am now paying fifty dollars for this pew. I am not a rich man compared with some who are here, but I promise to pay, hereafter, at least five hundred dollars per year, and I will give five thousand dollars toward a new church."

The ball was well started. It rolled through that congregation, gathering force and magnitude

as it went, until, in fifteen minutes, five thousand dollars a year were pledged for salary, and over one hundred thousand dollars for a new church.

Somebody had gone for the doctor. Just as the sum total was announced, he appeared in the chancel. He bowed his white head in prayer. Tears flowed from every eye. Strong men shook with sobs. I could restrain my emotion no longer; I shouted, "Glory to God!" and lo! I was in another church.

It was the Baptist church. And I and my fellow-worshippers were waiting for the preacher. He did not come at the usual time. Ten minutes passed, half an hour, and still the pulpit was empty.

I had no recollection of my previous experience; and again I was a prey to anxious fears. Just as a messenger was about to be sent for the missing pastor, a boy came slowly up the aisle. He went straight to a white-haired old gentleman, and handed him a letter. Some whispered words passed between the two; and then the gentleman arose, and began to read:

"To the Officers and Members of Enon Baptist Church:

"DEAR BRETHREN,—My patience is at last exhausted. I have urged you with all the arguments I could think of; I have tried to shame you; I have even tried to coax you,—to build a new meeting-house. I have failed. Again, I have urged you with all the arguments I could think of; I have tried to shame you; I have even tried to coax you,—to increase my salary. I have failed. This is to inform you that I 'strike' for a new meeting-house, and double my present salary, which will be sixteen hundred dollars. Very truly, yours,

"AQUEOUS BAPTIZO."

There was a sensation when that letter was finished.

Good for brother Baptizo, thought I. He evidently knows with whom he has to deal. I should not like to argue with him about the significance of his surname though, if he deals in that *ad hominem* style of argument generally. I waited patiently to see what the result would be. The gentleman who had read the letter stood turning it over in his hand. Looking closely at him, I saw that on his face avarice had left her impress. Presently he spoke in a squeaky voice; and this is what he said:

"My friends, it seems to me that this [holding up the letter] is about the impudentest bit of writin' that ever I read. We have carefully and prayerfully [men of his stamp always put that in] considered the application of brother Baptizo for more money. We have deliber'tly

concluded that he gits enough. He gits eight hundred dollars a year. That's more than I got when I was his age. Besides, he's only got a sick wife—and bein' as she's sick, he don't have to buy her many close—and two children, and a lame mother-'n-law to support."

At this point, a lady interrupted him with the question, "Is his wife able to do her work, and attend to her children?"

He answered, "I b'leve she an't."

"Is his mother-in-law too lame to move about, or is she able to wait on her daughter?"

"Why, bless you," said he, "she's all crippled in her hands and feet with the rumatiz, and can't walk, nor do nothin'."

Then the lady arose, and said: "Excuse me, friends, but I must speak. By the statement of the gentleman [O! the sarcasm she threw into that word], we find that the pastor of this Church not only has his afflicted family to support, out of his eight hundred dollars, but must pay at least one servant and one nurse. Think of it—seven mouths to fill, five bodies to clothe, and wages to pay to two, out of eight hundred dollars! And yet, in the face of this, the gentleman [double sarcasm] calls his letter impudent. I wonder, almost, that he did not fill that letter with *curses* on your covetousness."

She sat down, overcome with emotion.

The voice of a young man broke the silence. "Brethren, we are verily guilty. Some of us have stood by and never thought of the cruelty that was being shown to our pastor. We have allowed such counsels as those of our brother who read the letter, to influence our minds. Let us do so no longer. Let us say that our pastor's strong appeal—novel as well as strong—shall be successful. Why should we object to the word 'strike' in it? The brother who read the letter is on a strike for higher wages at the present time. Why should he deny the right of his pastor to do just what he is doing himself? I move that word be sent to brother Baptizo that his requests are granted."

Somebody—yes, a dozen somebodies—seconded the motion; somebody put the question, and it was carried unanimously. I forgot myself and voted "ay," louder than any body else. The only way that I could atone for such a breach of propriety was by handing a ten-dollar note to the young man who had made the motion. I got out my pocket-book; the door opened, and in walked brother Baptizo. Something very like a cheer went up, in which I joined; and lo! I was in another church. I knew it was the Methodist church the moment I looked at the dilapidated Bible and hymn-book. The uncomfortable-ness of the seats confirmed my belief.

The numerous names (unknown to fame) written in lead-pencil, on the back of the seat before me, and the stains of tobacco-juice on the floor, would alone have convinced me; for I knew that no set of church officers on earth, except a board of trustees of a Methodist Episcopal Church, were so kind-hearted as to permit the amusements of which those names and stains were the evidence. The church was well filled. Evidently the pastor was popular.

"Who is the pastor of this Church?" said I to my neighbor.

"The Rev. Dr. Boanerges," was his somewhat prolix answer.

I had heard of him. He had been a delegate to the last General Conference; had made a fine speech; had preached a sermon that made a sensation; and had received a "very respectable" vote for bishop. It was said that if he had only been editor of something, or secretary of something, or president of something, he would have been elected; but now I am only repeating gossip.

Well, I looked around at the church—a big, barren, sad-looking place—and wondered whether the doctor had felt very much rejoiced when he heard the bishop announce, "Progressville, John Wesley Boanerges." I ought not to have had such thoughts in church, I know; but, you see, I and the rest of the congregation were waiting for the doctor to make his appearance, and I could not help it. My thoughts troubled me so that I determined to settle them.

Turning to my neighbor, I said, "How in the world did Doctor Boanerges come to be sent to such a Church as this?"

If indignation could wither any body, I should certainly have parted with all my rosy plumpness, as my neighbor looked upon me.

"Why," said he, "Progressville is one of the best appointments in the Conference!"

"O, excuse me," said I. "Appearances are often deceitful, you know. What salary do you pay?"

(I have found that appointments rank according to the amount of salary paid by them respectively. Hence the question.)

"Why, we pay a thousand dollars, exclusive of house-rent, sir."

I ought not to have done it, I know; but, really, I thought, at the time, I was doing the brother a service when I replied, "You pay a whole thousand dollars, and call yourselves a first-class station. Why, the Church to which I belong, in the city of P., pays twice that sum, and yet contentedly stands in the second class."

What would have been the result of this uncomplimentary comparison I do not know; for,

just as the brother had opened his lips to reply, some one called out, "Brother Complacency, President of the Board of Trustees." I saw that the speaker held up a letter, the address of which he had just read aloud.

To my dismay, the brother, with whom I had been conversing, arose, walked up the aisle, took the letter, opened it, and began to read. I had bearded the lion in his den (well, the church was not much better), without knowing that it was a lion at all. I feared that I had disturbed brother Complacency's complacency. But, evidently, that letter disturbed it more. He scowled; he smiled sarcastically; and then began to look ashamed.

"Well, I suppose I must read it," he said, at last. He read the following:

"To the Officers and Members of the Enterprise-street Methodist Episcopal Church:

"DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS,—Six months ago, at your earnest request, the bishop sent me to be your pastor. I am free to confess that I came with some reluctance, as I knew that covetousness, not want of ability, had kept you worshipping in a church that ought to have been pulled down years ago, and paying a salary that rendered it impossible for your pastor to live in comfort. But the committee partly overcame my reluctance by *great*, but *indefinite*, promises. If you will come, said they, we will do the very best we can. I expressly stipulated that a new parsonage should be obtained. That stipulation was fulfilled; but the *new* parsonage proves to be nearly the *oldest* house in town!

"The quarterly conference, claiming that the committee had acted without authority in promising an increase of salary, placed it at the old figure—one thousand dollars. During the six months past, I have received the sum of \$402.27. On this amount I have tried to support a family of six persons.

"It is said that I am rich; that I could live without any salary. It is charitable to suppose that the many members of this Church who do not pay anything believe this report. The truth is, I have an income of one hundred and fifty dollars, the greater part of which goes to pay my annual dues on my policy of life insurance.

"I state these things because I am willing to lay aside all personal pride, if, by so doing, I can contribute to the comfort of my family.

"I charge the rich members of this Church with covetousness. I preached not long ago from the text, 'Covetousness, which is idolatry.' As I came down out of the pulpit, one of the most covetous members of the Church said to me, 'That was a fine sermon.' I clinched my hands behind my back, and lifted my heart in

prayer to God, or I should surely have knocked him down.

"Brethren and sisters, I 'strike' for a salary upon which I can live. I shall appear in my pulpit no more, until you promise to build, at once, a church suited to your means, and to pay me \$2,500 salary.

"In shame and sorrow, your pastor,

"J. W. BOANERGES."

Every body was dumfounded. What a relief it would have been, if some one had arisen, and denied the charges contained in that terrible letter! But no one could do this; for *they were true*.

I looked at brother Complacency. Could it be that my eyes deceived me? Was it because the thought of the deception that had been practiced on brother Boanerges brought tears of sympathy for him, and of shame for his deceivers, to my own eyes, that I imagined I saw tears in the eyes of brother Complacency? No; I was not mistaken. He was weeping. Presently he mastered his emotions sufficiently to utter the following humble confession: "It is all true. We have treated our pastor shamefully. I have been hard-hearted and blind. But, so far as I am concerned, this shame shall no longer be mine. I here pledge myself to spend all that I am worth, if need be, to atone for my past covetousness."

One by one, the other official members went up and stood by his side, and made the same pledge. When they were all there, a voice said, "Let us pray." It was the voice of Doctor Boanerges. And such a prayer! It was entreaty, supplication, confession, thanksgiving, exultation, all in combination, going straight up, up, up, to the throne of the Eternal.

The answer came. The tithes were brought into the store-house at last, and the windows of heaven were opened. There was not room for the blessing. Shouts of joy, and expressions of praise, were heard on every side. Then came a pause. The doctor's voice began the Lord's Prayer. The quivering voice of age, the deep tones of manhood, the silver treble of womanhood, and the piping notes of childhood, joined in. Through all the prayer they ran in wondrous harmony, and then one glorious "Amen" finished the prayer and my dream together.

I awoke in my room in the hotel, and saw the bright Sabbath sunshine filtering in between the slats of the blinds. Alas! it was all a dream.

Progressville is as Progressville was, and as I fear it will be for years to come. Should my dream be perused by the members of any of

its Churches, or by the members of any similar Churches, let them draw its significant moral. Let them remember that, not only is "the laborer worthy of his hire," but that this hire should be as liberal as possible.

And is it not probable that in many places the ministers are themselves to blame for the meagerness of their salaries? I do not counsel them to "strike;" but, as a layman who knows something about human nature, I do counsel them not to submit in silence to the meanness and covetousness of their Churches.

If they would but firmly demand their rightful due, I believe that the happy results which, in my dream, followed the "strike" of the Revs. Successio, Baptizo, and Boanerges, would be to them a glad reality.

THE WOMEN OF THE PARIS COMMUNE.

AN eminent French physician has recently published a work, in which he endeavors to attribute the vile deeds of the notorious Commune to the insanity of the actors. He declares this to proceed from hereditary tendencies—both fathers and mothers—and partly from violent agitations in the domestic and political circles in which they moved. When one of these criminals—more violent than the rest—was taken to the mad-house of Charenton, he exclaimed, "Why do you not bring the others here?"

Thus the great city of Paris, renowned for the wit, the tact, and the grace of its inhabitants, in its own eyes the queen of intelligence, science, and art, was ruled, for the eventful seventy days, by a band of lunatics, whom it could not resist, and whose mad deeds all culminated in the grossest crimes. Even this confession, were the position a true one, must certainly be humiliating to French pride; more so, we should say, than their inglorious defeat in presence of their German foes.

But we apprehend that a French critic of the work of Laborde has hit the right vein, when he writes as follows: "The disease from which we suffer, and whose symptoms were the events of the Commune, can not be cured by vain self-intoxication, by frivolities, and silly or violent newspaper articles, but only by a return to our natural selves, to patriotic intent and common sense, only by a voluntary, disinterested co-operation, without any after-thought of party; in short, through every thing that will lead the old and enfeebled nation to a genuine rejuvenation."

We are sorry to feel that a disease less honorable than insanity has led France to the verge of ruin; and we believe that one potent symptom of it, alluded to above, is the frivolity and general depravity of the nation, for which we hold its women largely responsible. In the long history of revolutionary excesses that mar the pages of French annals, none have been so disgraceful, to the women of Paris especially, as their deeds under the reign of the Commune. The first Revolution aspired to the Republic, and created some noble women, such as Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday, whose careers did much to palliate the deeds of their less thoughtful and patriotic sisters.

And though the men of that era abolished the Catholic faith and persecuted the priests, they did not entirely suppress the religious idea; for they worshiped in woman the goddess of reason. In the Revolution of 1830, the priests and their religion were left untouched, and in 1848 the clergy were called on to consecrate the trees of liberty. But this modern Commune changed all that, and laid down a perfect liberty of conscience as its creed; but this liberty was in reality the most unbridled license; for in its name they warred against priests and Sisters of Charity, and even attacked the Protestant deaconesses in their hospitals, while nursing the sick. It was a raid on every religion and all faith—a carnival of atheism and materialism, falsely concealed under the banner of free thought.

The first Revolution substituted civil for ecclesiastical marriage; but it left the family unharmed. The Commune retained the civil form to satisfy old prejudices; but it declared marriage a sham, and concubinage the natural condition of society. It went farther; for it made this condition honorable, by the adoption of all illegitimate children by the State. It declared every youth of eighteen and every maiden of sixteen man and wife, without any other formality than their desire to be considered so, expressed at the mayoralty. The Commune thus abolished marriage, and, with it, the family. The following is a copy of a marriage certificate issued by the Commune:

"FRENCH REPUBLIC, ———.

"Citizen Aret, son of Jean Louis Aret, and the female citizen Maria Saint. The latter binds herself to follow the said citizen wherever he goes, and always to love him.

"ARET, MARIA SAINT.

"Paris, April, 1871.

"Executed before Fachan and Laroche, Commissioners of the Commune."

It is marvelous that woman, in mere self-

defense against the responsibilities of maternity, does not know better than to sacrifice herself thus; and that she at least does not protest against a doctrine that causes her to run all the chances, and bear all the burdens, of desertion. But French women seem to have arrived at this state by historical approaches, if we may thus express ourselves. St. Hilaire, the famous Historical Professor of the College de France—a most earnest and thoughtful man—thus spoke in a lecture some years ago:

"In Northern traditions, woman is sacred, and marriage not less so; while, in the popular songs of the Germans and Scandinavians, the heroine is a virgin, pure as the snow of their Winters. With us, the heroine is almost always a wife who has betrayed her vows, or is endeavoring to do so. Conjugal infidelity is native to French soil; like irony, it has passed into the blood of our nation. To whom belongs the interest in our stories but to the bold lover and the faithless wife? From the good King Mark to Sganarelle, we laugh at the credulous and deceived husband. Rabelais found this tradition in our fables, and it is as old as France. La Fontaine and Molière continued it, and the Grand Monarch lent to it the example of his life."

Thus we have the authority of a native savant and thinker for assuming that the fearful degeneration of the female sex in Paris was not the outgrowth of the recent Revolution, nor the result of the siege of the German foe. It was rather the harvest of the seed sown in the course of history, which, of late years, have received a hot-house development under the nurture of French novels and the French stage. The reign of Louis Philippe was comparatively pure, and immorality received a transient shock, because it was not popular at court. The Second Empire evoked the old tradition to pave the way for the humiliation of the nation.

When a Spanish adventuress rose to the throne of France, mainly because of her personal beauty, then began a reign of profligacy in the French capital, such as it never before had seen. The Imperial Government seemed to favor the spread of scandal in the journals and on the stage; and this, in addition to the suspicion that the life of the first lady of the land had not been spotless, caused a frivolity of speech and manner to be the fashion of Parisian women. A whirl of fashion and profligate display was encouraged by the court, on the plea of advancing the interest of the commercial classes, and thus society rushed on to the precipice without a check.

Under these circumstances, it was not wonderful that cunning and cultivated women of doubtful reputation soon rose to the surface, and, by their impudent display, challenged the attention of the world, and claimed to be the leaders and models of a certain grade of fashionable society. The domestic life of the family, that, until this period, had remained very strong, among the middle classes at least, now became infected with this mania, and lost much of its diligence, soberness, and morality. Children began to be looked on as a burden, and when they came, thousands of French mothers refused to nurse their own offspring, and farmed out this sacred duty, for a price, to women in the rural districts; a course of conduct which produced a veritable slaughter of the innocents; for out of twenty thousand sent annually away from Paris, not more than fifteen thousand survived the first year.

These fashionable manners have, of late years, been fairly depopulating France; for she, of all European States, shows the fewest children to a marriage, and a good number of these are slaughtered by the system of farming out the little ones to foster-mothers. Those that survive this ordeal are too frequently consigned to boarding-schools, where the girls are neglected and the boys not even educated to be heroes in war, as was once the case, if they learned nothing else. In all this process we see how signally the family is forgotten, and how little care is taken to form and weld the dearest ties of life, and the most conservative and sacred ones to society and the nation.

Children thus brought up are fit subjects to devour frivolous and loose novels, with a tolerably false view of the duties and responsibilities of life; and to find pleasure in the indecent developments of a shamefully licentious stage; and, in society, they form an easy transition to the class usually under ban in virtuous and intelligent communities. And their example proved most infectious for the lower classes, composed of the women of the petty traders and artisans. These could scarcely see the extravagance and loose habits of those immediately above them, without an irresistible temptation to imitate them, in the proud belief of being as good as they; and thus arose the leading women of the Commune, quite a direct offspring of the higher classes, who are largely responsible for their appearance.

Long before the rise of the Commune, crime had experienced an alarming increase among the women of the middling and lower classes; and it is asserted that the *Petroleuses*—the female incendiaries of that period—found many recruits

among the wives of tradesmen, and the ranks of intelligence. These had hitherto found their amusements in entertainments that were necessarily suspended during the siege, and thus, for months, were deprived of what, to them, were the principal charms of life. Their nervous excitement was of course increased by the unnatural pressure of political events, and by the deprivation of their ordinary comforts; they were, therefore, prepared for great excesses, in lieu of the ordinary outlet of their wild and uncontrollable impulses. It is thought that many of the women who, under other circumstances, would have supplied the suicides of the Seine, now rushed into the arms of the Commune; for Paris supplied nearly one hundred of these annually.

When the men of the Commune first began to counsel violence, there was a feeble effort on the part of a few women to stop its tide, in a protest against the decree of the Communist leaders, that all young men from seventeen to thirty-five should bear arms. But this had virtually no effect, for the very next morning the streets of Paris were every-where adorned with a placard, calling the women to arms, in the following words:

"Women of Paris, descendants of the women of the Great Revolution, who in the name of justice and of the people, marched to Versailles, and brought hither as prisoner Louis XVI,—We, mothers, wives, and sisters of this French nation, shall we longer bear it, that misery and ignorance make enemies of our children; that father rises against son, and brother slaughters brother, to satisfy the caprices of our oppressors, after they have surrendered us to the stranger? Women! the decisive hour has come. The Old World has played out its part. We will be free! . . . Women, we must take an active part in the present strife, that this fraternal slaughter cease forever; for it can only end with the triumph of the people. Therefore, women, to the gates of Paris, to the barricades, to the suburbs, to the fight!"

And it must be said that these women uttered no empty words; they meant them; they wished to fight, and they did so, more bravely than many of the soldiers against the army of the besieging Germans. They formed a band called the "Amazons of the Commune," two thousand five hundred female troopers, in blue Zouave jackets, and the soldier's cap, adorned with the red cockade, and stuck jauntily on the head, as if for a festival. Thus they marched to the battle against their own countrymen and brothers. The men of the Commune were raving; these women were mad. Nothing moves them; noth-

ing discourages them. When wounded, they would hurry to the rear to have their wounds bound up, and then, if at all able, return to the front. Many were found among the dead, fairly riddled with balls. The principal duty of this corps of Amazons was to arrest the male deserters from the front of their battalions, to disarm them and conduct them to prison. The wives of two of their generals shared the dangers of their husbands at the barricades; and one of them was shot there. A widows' battalion was formed of the women who desired to avenge the death of their fallen husbands.

The streets of Paris thus became the theater of many awful scenes. A fury, just from the battle, with a bloody bayonet, meets a peaceful woman, who advises her to lay down her arms and look after her children. The enraged Communist rushes on the poor woman, inflicts a savage bite on her neck, and springs back to shoot her victim; when suddenly, without effecting her design, she turns deadly pale, lets her weapon fall, and then herself sinks dead to the ground. Anger had killed her. The wildly rushing blood had evidently burst the arteries of her heart!

Immense meetings were now held to organize female corps for all kinds of duty, from the barricade to the ambulance. Even the children are enlisted by them in the battle; some of these are set to sewing bags, to contain earth to be piled up as barricades, behind which the larger ones are placed to load the guns. Their teachers dress themselves as nuns, with crape on their arms and red cockades on their hats, and thus collect and control them. A decree was passed by the Commune that the mothers of those killed while on this duty should receive a pension from the State.

And thus the wild fury goes on, increasing from day to day, until we reach what the Parisians now call the "Infernal Week;" its watchword was destruction. Women in rags creep through the streets and beside the houses, bearing in their hands vessels of petroleum. In passing a sentry, they smile on him as if engaged in a harmless work. They arrive at a stately mansion, which is evidently doomed; for, on consulting a piece of paper, they stop at the cellar window a few moments, and then quietly continue their course. In an hour the house is a mass of flames. This is the devilish work of the *Petroleuse*. Sometimes the fiend has an innocent child by the hand, whose business is to carry the oil and the matches.

In another portion of the city, a scene of blood was being enacted. In the Prison of Roquette, where many of the priests had been incarcer-

ated, a young girl, but sixteen years of age, is urging the soldiers to shoot the unfortunate Abbé Surat, and finally rushes on him herself, with drawn dirk in hand. These are matters of testimony, before the courts-martial, where it was proved that an elegant young widow of twenty-one years was among the wildest of the furies, having urged one of her favorites in temporary power, to have all the men and women immediately shot who would not seize arms in favor of the Revolution. It was proved that she robbed arrested persons of jewels and valuables, and that she used money from the public treasury to satisfy her own inordinate extravagance.

Among the prominent heroines of the Commune was Louise Michel, a teacher of talents and culture, who had been accustomed to gather the children of the poor around her, to humanize them, as she used to say. She was now evidently mad. From the very beginning of the movement, she encouraged it by public speeches and articles and poems in the newspapers. She contributed to the arrest of the two generals, and approved of their murder; she boldly declared to the judge, on her trial, that she would have killed General Lecomte with her own hand, had she been present, when his troops fired on the people. She confessed to having offered her services to Ferré to assassinate Thiers. As secretary of the Association for the Moralization of Working-women, she assisted in the formation of female committees, and issued several blood-thirsty proclamations in their name. She taught her pupils to sing sanguinary songs, and made them familiar with words of blood. She fought repeatedly in the ranks against the Government troops, and presided over a Revolutionary club that resolved to abolish all religious worship, to arrest the priests, sell the ecclesiastical estates, murder the hostages, and introduce a reign of terror.

Louise Michel thus spoke before her judges: "I will neither defend myself nor permit myself to be defended. I belong to the Social Revolution, and assume the responsibility for all that I have done. It is true that I proposed to burn Paris, in order to present a shield of flame to the advancing foe. But we are not, therefore, murderers and incendiaries; we are simply servants of the Social Revolution. Do with me what you will. I wish nothing else than to share the fate of the great citizens who have succumbed to your bullets on the plain of Satory. The day will come when the blood of these martyrs will be avenged. If you are not cowards, you will kill me." But, notwithstanding this bold challenge, the judges saw in her

the woman rather than the fury, and sentenced her to transportation.

The churches had been desecrated by the Commune, which had adorned their towers with the red flag of blood instead of the cross. Woman, who has always been considered the guardian angel of the temple of the living God, now entered it to curse instead of pray. The receptacles for holy water were polluted with tobacco, and on the altars stood bottles of liquor and glasses. The image of the Virgin had been dressed as one of these fighting women, with a soldier's cap on her head, and a pipe stuck into her mouth. Here the women organized their clubs, and used the pulpits whence to proclaim their godless tirades about women's rights. Listen to a virago from the sacred desk:

"Marriage, my dear friends, is the greatest error of society—marriage and slavery are the same thing. Will you be slaves?"

"No, no!" they cried from all sides.

"Marriage should not be tolerated in a free state; it should be regarded as a crime, as a continual attack against good morals. Let them not say that we should tolerate marriage as long as there is divorce as an antidote. No, citizens, men and women, it is not sufficient that we cut down the weed, we must root it up; divorce is only a subterfuge."

Would that we could laugh at these utterances as the vagaries of crazy brains! They are, alas! the growth of a doctrine that has long been cherished, and which came to full fruition under the Commune—of a doctrine even now taught by the sympathizers of the Commune, who are numerous in the large capitals of Europe, and are gaining a foot-hold in our own country. There may be some pardon for these crazy and heated *Petroleuses*; but what palliation can there be for men who now coolly teach such doctrines? A few months ago, in Berlin, the Socialists of the city met to discuss this phase of the "woman question." One of the speakers was heartily applauded for the following sentiments:

"Woman is at present a ware in the market, like the male workman; when the laboring classes get the power in their hands, woman shall no longer compete in the field of labor, but shall be given to her natural destiny, and marriage will be set aside as a 'criminal monopoly.'" This state of things (the community of woman) was declared to be "the highest moral development of humanity, and the wife, whether in silk or in rags, is a slave; the unmarried woman is the only free woman in the state."

Such teachings, in the socialistic clubs of Paris for years, led the women of the Commune

to their insane deeds, and armed them with the dagger, the revolver, petroleum, and the torch; such teachings drove all lofty womanly feeling from their bosoms, and turned them into furies far more desperate and dangerous than the men. When the troops of Versailles had conquered the main body of the Commune troops, and were slowly fighting their way into Paris, a woman in the dress of the people rushed from one of the burning houses, and with revolver in hand fled, amid a shower of balls, over the heap of dead into the church of the Madeleine, then in possession of her friends. When the troops stormed the church, she again succeeded in escaping; but scarcely had she entered the Boulevard, when she sank down before a corpse, and was taken prisoner. The kicks of the soldiers aroused her, when she suddenly arose, and drew her revolver. A blow from behind disarmed her, when her hands were bound, and she was subjected to a summary examination.

"Who are you, woman?" exclaimed the officer.

"Who am I? A widow these ten minutes; a widow, a mother without sons or daughters—and you are the scoundrels who have delivered us to the Prussians—you vassals of the Empire, and criminals of Versailles. O, my children! how brave and beautiful and good you were! There lies my youngest; you found me at his corpse. In the Rue Royale lies my husband, with his brains beaten out; and on the steps of the Madeleine, another son. What do you wish of me? Let me go; I must avenge my dead!"

A feeling of pity stole over the officer; but another, who stood by him, uttered the awful watch-word of the hour of retribution:

"Better shoot ten innocent ones than to let one guilty woman escape! She smells of petroleum!"

"You lie," cried the woman. "Mother Pechon is no *Petroleuse*."

"She smells of petroleum," exclaimed the cruel soldiers; and all crowded up to verify their suspicions, with a look of cheerful scorn at their discovery. "Step up to yonder wall!" exclaimed the officer. The woman spoke not another word, but simply cast a look of deep contempt at the men who were willing to shoot a widow and childless mother under such circumstances. She braced herself against the wall, like a lioness at bay, and with one report of a brace of muskets this tragedy was finished, and the soldiers hastened to another. Mother Pechon was executed, without judge or jury, because she smelled of petroleum.

One would say that men who could coolly perform such deeds belong to a degenerate

race, but their teachings and endeavors during a period of peace seem to incapacitate them for the noblest deeds of war. The Communists declare that these executions *en masse* began before the worst deeds of the *Petroleuses*, and largely instigated them in a feeling of desperate revenge. Certain it is, that many of these poor deluded women seemed to be made of better stuff than their brothers, and to have in them a higher capacity for the future salvation of the country, if it were only rightly directed. France still depends on her mothers to raise up a new generation and a better one; and unless they can be rightly directed in their labor by the few thoughtful and sober minds of the country, there is indeed but little hope for their fair land.

A few good men like St. Hilaire, whom we quoted in the beginning of this article, perceive the needs and the desolation of France, and are trying to bring her back to the paths of truth and soberness. But most of them are still sitting like the prophet on the ruins of Jerusalem, lamenting their sad fate, and trembling for the future of a country which, they fear, has learned but little from the sharp lessons of experience.

For a short period, afflicted Paris, like the sick devil, promised to become a monk, and the women put on the habiliments of mourning. But with the return of apparent prosperity, all classes seem to be remembering the days of their frivolity, and desirous of reviving them, with a madness more excessive than ever. The Commune is conquered, for the time being at least, and order is restored; but matters are no better, for immorality and looseness have become more rampant, if possible, than ever. France complains of being impoverished by the exorbitant demands of the Germans, but Paris finds the means for the most extravagant frivolity. It is truly just now holding its orgies in a house that should be a house of mourning. Where the marks of blood are scarcely effaced, vanity and thoughtlessness stalk abroad. The illustrated papers are full of the lewdest pictures, and the stage is more unbridled and indecent than ever. During the last Winter, the notorious masked balls in the Opera-house had more visitors than ever, and the drunken scenes of the carnival surpassed those of all previous years. Intemperance is so much on the increase in a country long held up as a model of sobriety in pleasure, that preventive laws are being formed to suppress its baneful growth. The French people are verily amusing themselves on the recent graves of their fallen warriors, as if life were but a vaudeville, and their national calamity the misfortunes of the players.

The Catholic clergy, recovering from the fearful blows dealt to them by the Commune, and by the women of France, for the first time are endeavoring to revive the religious life of the nation for its regeneration; but with their false and vicious system they prove to be the blind leading the blind. Their texts are frequently excellent; such as, "Labor," "Chastity and Purity of Marriage," "Revival and Sanctity of the Sense of the Family;" but these moral teachings come like the isolated voices of preachers in the desert, while so many of them are engaged in turning any religious zeal into the channel of superstition, and inventing all kinds of modern miracles, to which end they are said to have used even the mutilated bodies of the priests sacrificed by the Commune.

It is to be hoped that the time will soon come when the more intelligent and moral classes of France will see, if they wish the working elements and the lower strata of society to be elevated, that it depends on them to set the example. The money kings of Paris may be consumed with just wrath at the deeds of the Communists, and may brand them, as they are, the enemies of society; but this will do little good as long as they whose position should make it their interest to set a good example, continue to patronize, with their wives and daughters, a round of amusements which neither men nor women can indulge in and remain morally pure.

As long as the women of the higher classes patronize a stage where chastity of woman and all the domestic virtues are the ordinary subjects of laughter and contempt, so long, in this age of imitation and aspiration, must they expect to create, among the poor and uneducated, such women as gave to the Commune its most terrifying and disgusting feature. Society in France is justly responsible for this scourge which has come upon it; and the sooner it learns this lesson, the better for its interest.

MENTAL DISPOSITION.

It is very certain that no man is fit for every thing; but it is almost as certain, too, that there is scarcely any one man who is not fit for something, which something nature plainly points out to him by giving him a tendency and propensity to it. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education (for they are hard to distinguish), a peculiar bent and disposition to some particular character; and his struggling against it is the fruitless and endless labor of Sisyphus.

HOW MRS. RAYMOND FOUND TIME FOR STUDY.

ELKTON was a pleasant, well-to-do town—by courtesy a city—about where youths of twenty find themselves, not yet free from the irregular impulses of boyhood, yet reaching eagerly after the responsibility and importance of full growth. Elkton put on city-ish airs—painting “city” on its signs—just as boys tip their hats over one ear and puff sickening cigars. Nevertheless, it was simply a good-sized village.

Every body knew every body's affairs nearly as well as they did when there were not five hundred people in the place. That is, every body of each “set;” for you must know, social lines were as distinctly marked as if the heads of the first families had been dukes and princes, instead of grocers and factory-men. When John Raymond and his wife Sarah moved in from a neighboring burg, and set themselves at housekeeping in an aristocratic quarter, there was a rustle among Elkton respectables. For was n't Raymond understood to be a partner in the heaviest firm in town—Jukes & Co.? The Jukes family was thoroughly established; so, though the Raymonds were unpretentious in style, their standing was settled at once. The “set” looked each other in the face when they were announced, and nodded approvingly. But, alas! it was soon whispered that Mrs. Raymond wrote for the papers—spending all her time in a queer little room, full of books and magazines and pictures; and her poor children—O dear! you just ought to see them. To be sure (the story seemed to oscillate between the extremes), she made nobody could tell how much money, and had correspondence with notables in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, every-where; but then—gossip let its voice fall, and shook its head, at a loss for a climax; and the good women, who should have shown themselves neighborly, turned the cold shoulder upon the little white cottage.

One pleasant afternoon, at one of Mrs. Silverton's select tea-parties, the new-comers came up, quite naturally, for discussion.

“Nice people, I guess,” remarked Mrs. Purr.

“You've heard about her writing, I suppose?” said Mrs. Silverton, with due dignity.

“Yes m'm.”

“Called yet?”

“No. I thought I'd wait and let them get settled.”

Nobody else had called. Nobody cared to give just the reason, so no matter about it.

“I can't see, for my part,” said Mrs. Cook,

saying what all the rest were thinking, “how a married woman can ever get time for such things. Now, after I get up my three meals a day, and 'tend to the pickling and canning and preserving, and getting ready for company, I can't, for the life of me, see where the time is for any such extras.”

“I'll warrant you, Mrs. Cook,” said Mrs. Silverton, “her coffee and mince-pies won't compare with yours.”

“Or her doughnuts,” threw in plump Mrs. Purr, with a complimentary smile.

The ladies chorused a gentle laugh, not at the smartness of what had been said; but it was so ludicrous to imagine the cookery of a woman who was moping in books the livelong day.

“I'd like to see what sort of a housekeeper she is,” said Mrs. O. B. Neat, her keen eyes whetting themselves for the deficiencies they would probably have to deal with. “I'd just like to peep into the by-corners once”—her face taking, for the moment, the eager look of a rat-terrier.

“I presume her table-linen would n't look much like yours,” said Mrs. Cook.

“And her babies, poor things!” said Mrs. Mutterlich; “they say they have a dreadful time of it. Any thing in the world but a neglected baby, I say. You know, Mrs. Cook, I do n't care much about setting a nice table, or keeping a house so very wonderfully; but I do say a woman ought to take care of her children.”

“It's something toward one's comfort to have the house kept fit for Christians to live in,” remarked Mrs. Neat, with emphasis. “Now, I'm no housekeeper myself”—poor soul, how it would have cut her if she had not been sure, in her heart of hearts, that every one of them was contradicting her!—“but I do believe the Scripture, when it says, ‘Godliness is next to cleanliness.’”

The ladies laughed a little at the nimbleness with which she caught up her two substantives and whisked them into their proper places. She had given her creed more truly than she meant to do.

“Society has some claims,” said Mrs. Styles, fluttering a ten-inch square of lace. “For my part, by the time I have returned all the calls I have received, and done what shopping is absolutely necessary, I have no time for any thing else. I can hardly work in the little companies I ought to give. I'm in debt now to every body. To think of my getting time to write for the papers! Mr. More thinks I'm a perfect heathen, because I do n't even take time to read my Bible. I had to own up when he got

to quizzing me," tossing her befrizzed head, and laughing at the thought of her pastor's ridiculous severity.

"Well, she may do as she likes," said Mrs. Mutterlich, with a sigh deep enough to stir the might-have-beens in their grave down in her heart. "There's no use talking. If a woman does her duty by her children, she'll have no time for any thing else; and that's a matter of conscience with me."

"Mrs. Raymond has four children," said Mrs. Silverton, "and she's going to keep only one girl. She must be luckier in getting servants than some of the rest of us are;" and the excellent lady launched off into a disquisition upon the depravity of domestics generally, and of her own in particular. Mrs. Cook set sail, soon after, in quest of a new cake receipt. Mrs. Mutterlich struck out after a baby's apron pattern, to be trimmed with tucks, ruffles, and tatting; and Mrs. Styles anchored in the profound depths of the relative fashionableness of lace and leghorn for head-gear. So Mrs. Raymond's affairs found rest. The conversation rustled cozily along, till it was broken in upon by the sensation of a new arrival.

"Seems to me, Mary, you're not as early as usual," said Mrs. Mutterlich to the late comer, who was her cousin, and seated herself beside her.

"I played by the way," replied Mrs. Goode; "I called to see Mrs. Raymond, as I came by, and, as usual, we got to talking, and I stayed longer than I meant to."

Mrs. Neat and Mrs. Cook exchanged glances. They stood in wholesome awe of Mrs. Goode, and neither of them liked to let slip the question that lay uneasily on her tongue-tip.

"Did you carry along a pocket-dictionary?" chirruped Mrs. Purr, innocently giving tangible form to the ghost that had stood guard over Mrs. Raymond's door. Mrs. Goode understood the matter.

"Have you met Mrs. Raymond?" she asked, quietly, and with just dignity enough to make the little woman shrink back into her flounced poplin with a quiver.

"No ma'am."

"You like her, do you, Mary?" asked Mrs. Mutterlich.

"Very much. Indeed, she's an old friend; I've known her a good many years. I'm glad they're come to Elkton. They're pure gold—John and Sarah Raymond. If any body shies them, they'll be the losers by it."

There was silence for the space of a few minutes, which the Summer wind improved by bringing in an armful of faint meadow scents,

garden perfumes, and bird-songs, that set Mrs. Goode musing away to the cottage of her friend and out into the woods, while the other ladies thought, each after her bent, of the short-comings of the new neighbor.

"Did you see the children, Mary?" asked Mrs. Mutterlich, a little timidly.

"Yes. The two little ones were at play about the door. The older ones were at their lessons."

"At their lessons! Don't she send them to school?"

"The oldest is too delicate; he was hurt by a fall four or five years ago; so his sister studies with him at home, and they recite to their mother. I caught a glimpse of them, in a sort of play-house in the garden; their study, they call it."

"We were talking about her before you came in," said Mrs. Purr, who had rallied and was ready for another good-natured blunder. "The ladies all think it must make sorry work for a married woman to have her head in a book from morning till night, and her fingers all ink."

"Now, Mary," said Mrs. Mutterlich, "you know whether that woman keeps her children decent, and her house fit for human beings to live in or not; you ought to tell us. Because—you see—if there is such a thing as—well—we ought to know it. We've got girls of our own to bring up."

"I'd like to know if you ever ate at her table?" said Mrs. Cook, with the air of one who propounds a poser.

"O, yes, indeed; many a time. And I never ate where things were more to my mind."

"Well, of all things!"

"Do tell us!"

"The best part of it all is their Christian common sense."

"I s'pose they always ask a blessing," chipped Mrs. Purr.

"O, yes; but not in the stiff, stark, stereotyped way, so common among good people; going over just such a string of long words, in as meaningless a manner as if they were reciting the multiplication table—suggestive of nothing but eternity to hungry children. Sometimes one offers a sentence or so of prayer, and sometimes another, children or parents. Sometimes they repeat a verse of thanks from the Bible in concert; sometimes they sing a 'grace.' And then they talk always something to make them happier and better. I never saw nicer or better-behaved children in my life."

"But the victuals?" broke in Mrs. Cook.

"O, yes; I nearly forgot. Well, let's see. I can tell better what they don't have than

what they do. I never saw a pie on the table, nor a bit of rich cake."

Mrs. Cook's hands went up, and her lips flew apart involuntarily.

"Always a variety—plenty of good, plain, fresh things; bread and milk and fruits, and ices in Summer, and nice tender meats, cooked just as they ought to be—according to my notion—and canned fruits and good vegetables in Winter. They never have their babies cry all night because they can't digest their supper, or the people cross and blue all day on account of dyspepsia."

"But the housekeeping!" exclaimed Mrs. Neat.

"And only one servant!" threw in Mrs. Silvertown.

"And all their clothes to see to!" said Mrs. Styles; "and company, and going to this and that, as folks must do, if they keep up with society at all."

Mrs. Goode smoothed the folds of her silver-gray dress in a placid manner, and glanced pleasantly about the group, before she made answer. Did n't she understand that Mrs. Raymond's life held sharp rebukes for this worldly sisterhood, and their attacks upon her were simply in self-defense?

"Mrs. Raymond is a woman after your own heart, Martha," she said to Mrs. Mutterlich; "she believes there is no better work for women than the care of children; bringing them up, as she says, to work for the Master, when we are gone. And to do this, she thinks, the home must be just as orderly and beautiful as it can be made. She never leaves her children with half-civilized servants, while she is dissipating at balls and parties, or off on pleasure-trips, letting them be spoiled, just when every touch on their character tells for life. She says, 'We'll have no bungling about this but our own; it's our business, and we've got to answer to God for it.' She keeps her mind in good working order by study, and brings her best thought to bear on these perplexing domestic problems. She sees to her children's food and clothing and all their habits herself, studying out what is best for them. So she keeps them in good health, in the main, both in body and mind; and you may be sure she does n't leave their spiritual training to either Catholic nurses or Protestant Sunday-school teachers. She trains them to work. They have to dress and undress themselves, when they are quite small. The older ones, both boys and girls, keep their own rooms in order, and help take care of the little ones."

"I must say I think that's cruel," said Mrs.

Mutterlich; "I want my children to have a little comfort, while they can."

"Yes; but they've got to work when they get older; and, do n't you see, it won't come half as hard if you train them to it when they are little? You send them off out of the way, when they are teasing for something to do to help, and they go and play at just what they might, with a little pains, be taught to do in earnest. By and by you have to resort to all manner of sternness to get them to learn to work at all. Mothers would n't be such drudges as they are, if they would teach their children to wait on themselves while they are small and can be managed."

This shaft hit the mark, and Mrs. Mutterlich settled back to her knitting.

"But with only one servant?" persisted Mrs. Silvertown.

"She gets the very best girl she can find," replied Mrs. Goode, "pays her well, gives her a nice, pleasant room, treats her kindly, and takes pains to show her just how she wants every thing done. Of course she gets the very best service. One pair of stout hands can get through a great deal in a day, when it is planned for them by a good, clear head."

"I do n't believe she'll amount to any thing in society," said Mrs. Styles. "I never knew one of these book women that did."

"Society's all nonsense, any way," said Mrs. Mutterlich. She had swung round in her sympathies, and taken a solemn vow to sit at the feet of this woman, who knew enough to take care of her children without making herself a slave to them. The chances might not all have gone by yet. Who could tell? "This spending a whole day getting one's old things fixed up to wear to a big party; then standing around in the crowd till you're tired enough to drop; not saying or hearing one mortal thing worth remembering; eating indigestible trash, that you won't get over for a week; hardly able to hold your head up the next day, from being up so late—"

"O, I presume," interrupted Mrs. Styles, "these paragon Raymonds never go to parties!"

"I never knew them to," replied Mrs. Goode; "that is, not to your large, fashionable parties. They usually have a great deal of company, though. I do n't know more delightfully social people. I remember they used often, during the Summer, to take the children into the woods, and have tea. We've been with them several times, and others of the neighbors used to go occasionally."

"But their dress," said Mrs. Styles, all aquiver with the enthusiasm of self-defense,

from her topmost friz to the last loop of lace on her polonaise. "She may stay home from parties, and eat in the woods, and make her children work, and live on strawberries and cream, instead of pies an' cake; but one thing is certain, no woman can keep herself and her children presentable without a great deal of time and work."

"She puts out a great deal of her sewing, as a woman can afford to do, who can earn five or ten dollars a day with her pen. Then she has every thing made very simply. I presume most of you ladies put more stitches on one garment than she does on three. She eschews tucking and puffing and flouncing and ruffling. She always gets good material, and has it made plainly. You know, when one wants a twenty-dollar dress, if she puts fifteen dollars into the goods, and five into the making, she saves herself a world of fuss and worry about fashions, and gets what will wear and look a great deal better, than if she put ten dollars into the cloth, and ten into the making. Then Mrs. Raymond has another economy that I wish was more common. She takes plenty of air and exercise out of doors—playing with her children, teaching them to make garden, and helping them with their studies. This saves her sick headache time. You see, ladies, she is one of my enthusiasms. She demonstrates so clearly, that it pays for a woman to think. You know, as we train the children and make the homes, more depends upon our thinking than upon that of any others. If women would understand this, and work to it, we might look for the millennium."

PRAYER VERSUS SCIENCE.

THE Church of Christ is *needlessly* exercised and aroused to indignation over the challenge of the eminent scientist, Professor Tyndall. There are a few considerations which, to all candid minds, make the test proposed an impossibility; and while the question is being debated with great earnestness and some acrimony, the Protestant world over, it is worth while to look at all sides of the question, and to get, if possible, a view which, while recognizing the kernel of truth in the purely scientific aspect, may vindicate the truth of the received notion of God's attitude to man.

In the first place, not one sincere Christian, of a number of years' experience, can be found, who is not able to give instances of direct answer to prayer; and, in most cases, this answer was given for some positive material good; therefore, the Christian world scouts the idea

of science, from actual experience, being able, as a living witness, to testify to the truth of the efficacy of prayer. Again, there are thousands of coincidences, so-called, of relief from suffering in almost every form, which have been referred to direct answer to prayer; therefore, the mind of the sincere believer revolts from any such gross and materialistic interpretation of the work of God as is given by the great physicist.

To look, now, at his side of it for a moment; we can not by any means affirm that the aid, which came apparently in answer to prayer, would not have come if there had been no petition, or less of it, or not enough faith. To follow out this to its legitimate conclusion would be to fill the mind of the Christian with doubts and fears, instead of trust and faith. Moreover, multitudes of striking incidents could be told of physical help rendered just at the needed moment, notwithstanding the absence of every thing like prayer to God. Shall we say that these good things are attributable to men, and the others to God? All things come from God ultimately, we know and acknowledge; some directly, and others by means he employs. Professor Tyndall says all physical good and evil come along the straight line of natural laws—His laws. We can not dogmatize and deny his assertion, because he is true as far as he goes; and we know whereof we affirm, in going farther, and saying that God hears and answers prayer. Some eminent and pious ministers of Christ have held and taught that God answers prayer for physical interference, by working upon the hearts of his children to conform them to what he sees, with infinite prescience, is the best; that we bend, by means of prayer, our will to his will, instead of bending his will to our will. This also is true, as the struggle in the Garden of Gethsemane proves, and the clause in the one prayer which our Lord gave to the world, "Thy will be done on earth, even as it is in heaven." So that the Christian is right in his interpretation, and the scientist in his, with this special observance, that the Christian goes farther than the scientist. They need no reconciliation, because truth is one; and when we peel off the excrescences of man's work from the truth, the parts fly together, just as two substances possessing chemical affinity for each other are bound to unite when the separating body is removed. The particles of truth are separated by men's ignorance, and only kept apart in appearance by the inert foreign matter, which is the result of ignorance. Take away this, and the particles appear in unity as they really are.

The test proposed by Professor Tyndall, to solve this problem so-called, is, we may say, practically impossible so far as man's part lies. To carry it out with success, precisely the same number of patients, afflicted with precisely the same diseases, in precisely the same stages of progress, would have to occupy the two hospitals; precisely the same medicines would have to be administered, by physicians of precisely the same practical skill; and precisely the same nursing and care would be required in the two hospitals. In addition to these requirements, the physicians and patients of both would have to be kept in entire ignorance of the circumstances under which they were placed, because the former would be stimulated to increased care, or relax into carelessness; and for the latter, we know, from actual observation, how powerfully the imagination of a sick man assists or hampers the skill of his doctor. Now, to get a large number of men in the same stages of several diseases, of whatever kinds, would be impossible; and to keep the whole thing a profound secret, in this time of universal newspaper circulation, would be, if any thing, more impossible.

It is perfectly clear, then, that the required conditions for the test can not be fulfilled. Suppose them possible for a moment. No Christian would believe that God would manifest himself, in contradiction to his word, "a respecter of persons;" and because men chose to pray for one set of men, and to leave another company unprayed for, for their own purposes and knowledge, which are foolishness to God, that he would suffer the latter to die, and save all of the former. Of this we may be sure, also, that at least some humble disciples, with tender pity, would send up a petition for these forsaken ones, with a stronger faith than the many praying for the apparently more favored ones.

So we may conclude that it is an impossibility to apply the test proposed—for any other than that given above would be manifestly *unscientific*—and, therefore, Christians are needlessly stirred up to indignation over the gross proposal. There have been made many theories and affirmations more antagonistic to the Christian faith than this, to which the mass of believers have paid no attention, and which have raised no general outcry; but this one strikes at the very heart of popular belief, and must react in a popular outcry. But, on examination of it, we find absolutely nothing to shake the Christian's faith. It is not new; but coming from such a man must receive new attention. If it be said to be materializing, and, therefore, infidel, so were the facts and deductions of

geology; but while we can not prove these, which are now generally accepted by the Christian world, from Holy Scripture, Professor Tyndall could cite many passages therefrom to support his belief, not to speak of the endless unbroken chain of reasoning found in nature. Therefore, while recognizing the truth of nature's teachings, which is but another name for God's teaching, we are not obliged to, and indeed must not, lose our faith in the Scriptural teaching of answer to prayer. A careful study of the words of Christ alone will afford us more light as to the actual form of the answer than all the reasonings of all men.

LUCAS CRANACH.

LUCAS CRANACH—"Meister Lucas," as his contemporaries loved to call him—was born in the year 1472, at Cranach, in the then Electorate of Saxony, but which is at present incorporated with the Kingdom of Bavaria, in the province of Oberfranken. At the age of twenty, we find Cranach at the court of John, surnamed the Wise, Elector of Saxony, who, discerning the genius of the humble artist at an early period, favored him with many marks of friendship and esteem. Cranach remained at the court of his royal patron until the death of the latter, whose successor, Prince John, likewise continued to favor the distinguished painter with many proofs of princely munificence. However, the best and most faithful friend that Lucas Cranach ever had was the unfortunate John Frederick, one of the noblest princes that ever graced the Saxon throne, and who assumed the electoral crown in the year 1532.

Cranach received the honors of knighthood at the hands of John the Wise, in 1507. In 1519, the city of Wittenberg, famous in the annals of the Reformation, elected him as one of its magistrates, and also as senator. In 1537, he became mayor of the city, which post of honor and influence the great painter filled during a period of seven years with exalted patriotism and fidelity, resigning the office at the end of that time on account of severe family afflictions, and to the universal sorrow of the citizens of Wittenberg.

Lucas Cranach deservedly ranks among the most eminent of the old German masters, and his works are held in high esteem in Europe. He was a prolific and indefatigable worker. Even at the present day, over one hundred of his paintings, gems of art in its purest sense, are preserved in the great galleries of the Con-

minent. They are admired for their marvelous fidelity to nature, their freshness of color, and grace of execution. Cranach lacked ideality, and, in this respect, must rank considerably lower than a Raffiello or Correggio; although some of his female figures breathe rare tenderness and purity of conception. Cranach, however, is unsurpassed by any of the great masters of the mediæval ages as a faithful delineator of nature, in the warmth and richness of his coloring and the graceful animation of his grouping.

Cranach was the intimate friend of Luther and Melancthon, and many of the magnates and princes of the Empire were numbered among his warmest friends and admirers. Even the Prince, Bishops of the Rhine, and other eminent prelates of the Roman Catholic Church, delighted to do him honor, despite his well-known and unflinching devotion to the Protestant faith.

But the purpose of this article is not to descend upon Cranach's merits as a great painter, or to criticise his claims to the niche which Fame has given him in her glorious temple, among the great masters of the Middle Ages; but to illustrate the nobleness of spirit, the rare beauty of character, the exalted devotion, and self-sacrificing nature of the man, by recounting an episode in the great master's life, wherewith he hath builded for himself a monument, in the hearts of all who admire true moral greatness, prouder than any that records the achievements of conquering kings—a monument which will keep his name bright and untarnished when even the fair creations of his genius shall have perished with the dust of the canvas that holds them.

In order, however, that we may fully comprehend the subject, it will be necessary to cast a hasty retrospective glance over the interesting historical events that characterize the times in which Lucas Cranach labored; namely, the era of the Reformation, that mightiest of all moral and spiritual revolutions since the birth of the Redeemer of the world. Amid the dust and ashes of the twelfth century, the spark, which afterward became a consuming fire, was kindled by the hand of Petrus Waldus, the humble citizen of Lyons. Being Divine, and, therefore, unquenchable, the kindled spark waxed broader and brighter in the fourteenth century under the faithful and intelligent care of Wyclif, of York. On the sixth day of July, A. D. 1415, it burst forth with the refulgent luster of the morning-star, when the immortal martyr, John Huss, gave his life as a sacrifice to the cause of God and Gospel truths, and the "accursed

heretic's" ashes were cast, with priestly scoffing, into the placid waters of the Rhine at Constance. Brighter and broader grew the flame, empurpled with the wrath of coming vengeance, when the azure skies of Italy became sullied with the smoke of the fagots piled by priestly hands around the body of the gentle Savonarola, at Florence, on the twenty-third day of May, 1497. Finally, in the memorable days of Luther and Melancthon, the tiny spark of spiritual liberty, grown to the invincible strength and fury of a hurricane of fire, swept over all Europe, carrying away forever the ancient bulwarks of priestly dominion, and destroying the works of centuries of craft, cruelty, superstition, and Papal tyranny. The beastly lust, the rampant crime, which had flourished with such luxuriant growth under the unhallowed shadow of the Vatican, received a deadly blow at the very roots, from which they will never more recover; nor is it extravagant to say that the time is near at hand, when the last vestiges of profligate priest-rule, and the horrors of a bestial superstition, will have passed away from our sight forever.

Most conspicuous among the blind adherents of the Roman See, a willing tool and unscrupulous ally of the Pope, a merciless exterminator of "accursed heretics," was the Emperor Charles V. The rapidly spreading spirit of the Reformation not only threatened to enfranchise the oppressed millions of Europe from spiritual slavery, but it was also acting as a mighty lever in elevating the masses of the people to a higher level of political power. Very palpable was its steady and happy influence upon the social condition of the people. The mental darkness which had for ages enveloped the land, and which had proved so serviceable to a rascally nobility, a debauched priesthood, and a universally corrupt government, was beginning to break away under the powerful rays of the rising sun of religious liberty; therefore, it became necessary for all those interested in preserving or re-establishing the landmarks of caste supremacy, and maintaining the political and social *status*, to bestir themselves. To defeat the cause of the people, at all hazards; to crush, at once and forever, all armed resistance to hereditary oppression; to place anew, and more securely than ever, the yoke of slavery upon the necks of the people,—was the sole object of the notorious Catholic League, at the head of which stood Charles V. He entered into a secret alliance with the court of Rome, by the terms of which absolute and irrevocable power over Germany was to be secured to him. Its sovereign and hereditary princes were to be

degraded to the rank of titled serfs—mere automats, movable at the will and pleasure of their imperial master; and the people were to be robbed of even the shadow of civil liberty.

The apt and docile pupil of his Dominican teachers, Charles V shared with them, to its fullest extent, all the intense hatred and merciless rage which had been aroused by the unprecedented efforts of the Reformers. That the actions of the "infallible" Pope, and of his majesty, the emperor, were being scrutinized and condemned by the plebeian populace, and even their bulls and ukases derided, was something unheard of in the annals of immemorial despotism; hence, not to be tolerated. By fair or foul means, the unchallengeable, absolute sway of the imperial scepter over worldly affairs, and of the Holy Crook in spiritual ones, was to be established, on the accepted principle that "the end hallows the means."

Disregarding the solemn oath of office which he had taken, upon his election to the imperial throne, faithfully to administer the laws of the realm, and to preserve inviolate the ancient privileges of the people, Charles subverted both with astonishing audacity. Under the laws of the realm, he was prohibited from entering into treaties with foreign powers, or accepting the aid of foreign mercenaries, without the knowledge and consent of the sovereign princes of the Empire. In plain violation of his oath, he had formed an armed alliance with the court of Rome; a compact, whose avowed purpose was, as proclaimed by Pope Paul III, on the 4th of July, 1546, "a new crusade against heresy, and for the destruction of heretics." It was stipulated that all who aided this crusade by contributions of money, or by offering prayers for its success, should receive "complete remission of sins;" and this extremely liberal declaration was made by a solemn Papal Bull, issued in due form for the occasion.

In order that the laudable ends of this "new crusade" might be consummated as speedily as possible, and to prevent the exercise of that liberty of conscience by the people, heretofore acknowledged as one of their inalienable rights, a Papal force, consisting of twelve thousand infantry and fifteen hundred cavalry, had already crossed the frontiers of Germany, with the intention of forming a junction with a Spanish army of twenty thousand men, under the command of the notorious Duke Alba. Craft, energy, and promptitude characterized the movements of Charles and his wily allies; whereas, upon the other hand, the actions of their opponents gave painful evidence of internal dissension, lack of enterprise, and combinative skill.

The allied forces of the Protestant princes, and the contingents furnished by the free cities of Upper and Lower Germany, which had joined the Protestant Union, lay idle in their camps, allowing several months to pass in unwise and unnecessary hesitancy—an error by which their opponents profited greatly. The Protestant clergy, with lamentable stupidity, did their best to cause this calamitous condition of affairs, by counseling delay, and asserting that "Protestants ought not to be aggressors."

During all this time, auxiliary troops from Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands were arriving in large numbers to join the emperor's forces, who was rapidly moving upon Central Germany. Had the Protestant army attacked the emperor before he had been enabled to effect a concentration of his forces, doubtless a splendid and decisive victory would have been achieved by them, as their numerical superiority, and the excellence of their equipment, gave unequivocal assurances of success. But the precious opportunity was allowed to slip away, and disastrous consequences followed.

Treason, too, began to lift its serpent head, and to coil its poisonous folds around the holy shrine of Liberty. Moritz, Duke of Saxony, of the younger line, had, for some time past, begun to waver in his fidelity to the Protestant cause; and the emperor, apprised of this defection, redoubled his subtle energy, and finally succeeded in gaining the duke to his side, by raising him to the coveted rank of an elector, and appeasing his covetousness with grants of valuable and extensive territory.

Thus, influenced by unworthy ambition, and a disgraceful envy of his cousin of the elder line—the Elector John of Saxony—Moritz of Saxony, whose bravery as a soldier, and sagacity as a statesman stands unquestioned, became a traitor to the cause he had so gallantly espoused—a false step, bitterly repented by him at last, and which he sought to retrieve, finally, with partial success.

Duke Moritz, as ally of the emperor, invaded the territory of his cousin, at the head of a large force, and, by a series of brilliant victories, compelled him to vacate his throne, and abandon the whole of Saxony.

Charles V, informed of the defeat and flight of the Saxon Elector, at once threw himself, with overwhelming force, upon the scattered and irresolute troops of the Protestant princes, defeating them in several sanguinary battles.

Duke Ulrich of Württemberg, with a number of the free cities of Upper Germany, prominent among these being Ulm and Frankfort, capitulated unconditionally, and sued for peace. By

making the most humiliating sacrifices, and the expenditure of vast sums of money, by way of tribute, these conquered cities and dejected princes succeeded in allaying the wrath of the emperor; and, in part, allayed the hungry rapacity of his mercenary allies. Had but a tithe of the treasure thus shamefully wasted been applied in aid of the common cause, and the efforts made to effect a degrading conciliation with the enemy been changed to spirited and united resistance to his lawless rule, victory would not have wavered in the scales of battle, and her eagles would have perched upon the glorious banners of civil and religious freedom. Fearful indeed were the consequences to Germany of this defection from the Protestant Union, this ignominious capitulation of stalwart cities to motley hordes of foreign myrmidons; and years of ravage and disaster brooded over the stricken Father-land.

It may be wrong, but there is something smacking of consolation to us in the reflection that those most instrumental in the temporary defeat of the Protestant cause, and the degradation of their country, by weak and treasonable actions, were the ones who were made to feel the heaviest blows of the adversary, and to smart most beneath the rod of relentless Papal tyranny.

Even the emperor, overjoyed as he was over the almost unlimited triumph he had so easily achieved, did not fail to show his scorn for the abject deputations of citizens and magistrates of the capitulated towns, who came to plead for mercy. He styled them "paltry weavers and poltroons," and treated their petitions with the most marked contempt. When the united delegation of worthies, who had been dispatched by the surrendered towns to meet the emperor, and lay their submission officially at the feet of the mighty conqueror, arrived, they found him at Halle, in Suabia, surrounded by his court, many grandees of Spain, busily engaged in discussing the merits of a magnificent feast, prepared in celebration of the imperial victories. Feigning complete ignorance of the presence of the numerous embassy, he forced them to remain upon their knees in the great banquet hall for fully fifteen minutes, turning his back upon them. Finally, he ordered his secretary to receive the costly presents brought by the various deputations, and informed them that his Spanish troops, under the command of Alba, would occupy and garrison the country. A reign of terror was inaugurated. The charters of the free cities were canceled, and the reins of government placed in the hands of the most licentious and unscrupulous members of the

nobility. The gallows, and the sword of the executioner, performed their fearful work effectually. The prisons throughout the length and breadth of the land swarmed with the unhappy victims of hatred and revenge; and all the powers of darkness seemed to have entered into a conspiracy in order "that the work of Satan might be accomplished," in the expressive language of the Duke of Würtemberg.

It was evidently the purpose of the conquerors to degrade Germany to the rank of a mere province, a dependency of Spain. The courtiers of Charles, with their native insolence of spirit, and the superstitious bravado common to the hidalgos of that age, openly proclaimed: "We have already cast the bell which is to ring the funeral of heresy;" asserting, also, that the world would soon be forced to acknowledge but one master, the King of Spain and Emperor of Germany.

Several reverses that had befallen the imperial arms of late, under command of the renegade, Moritz, in Saxony, were considered of sufficient importance by the emperor to demand another campaign against the heretical Protestants, and Charles determined to assume the command of his army in person.

The defeated and outlawed Elector John of Saxony had succeeded not only in recovering his entire possessions, but, boldly assuming the offensive, had, with extraordinary good fortune, forced Moritz to abandon his own dominion, leaving his capital, Dresden, in the hands of his victorious cousin. Charles V, by forced marches, had reached the River Elbe, and was rapidly approaching Meissen. The elector unfortunately was not prepared for the crisis, having divided his army previously in such a manner that but nine thousand men of all arms could be rallied around his banners, when the emperor, in largely superior force approached to the attack. The Protestants, hoping to prevent the imperial forces from crossing the river, burned the bridge at Meissen, and slowly retreated along the right bank of the Elbe, in the direction of Mühlburg. The emperor followed along the left bank, until reaching a point nearly opposite the town, where his cavalry succeeded in crossing the river. It is said that a peasant of the neighborhood, burning with revenge for the loss of a horse, taken from him by a foraging party of the electoral army, guided the Austrians to the ford.

This was upon the morning of Sunday, April 24, 1547. The Elector John, unconscious of the imminence of the dangers by which he was surrounded, was attending Divine service in the church of the little town, when the camp of

his troops, and the town itself, were attacked simultaneously by the enemy. Narrowly escaping capture in the streets of the place, the elector, attended by a few of his nearest attendants, succeeded in making his way to the ford, where a stubborn conflict was raging. With great skill he managed to extricate his little army from the toils which were rapidly closing about it, ordering a retreat in the direction of Wittenberg, behind whose strong fortifications he hoped to re-establish his army, and await re-enforcements. But the absence of the elector from his troops at the time of the sudden attack at the ford, and the delay experienced by him in reaching the threatened point, gave such decided advantages to the imperial troops that the retreat of the electoral forces was not as orderly and successful as it might have been. Consequently, the elector found himself finally obliged to accept a pitched battle against great odds and under very unfavorable circumstances on the memorable plain of Lochan, about six miles distant from the point where the imperialists had succeeded in crossing the Elbe.

For several hours the unequal battle raged with unprecedented fury; the elector, anxious to save the remnants of his devoted little army, fought like a lion, and never before had his heroism shone with greater brilliancy than upon this fatal day of Lochan. But the struggle was in vain. Bravery fell beneath the crushing weight of superior numbers; the Protestant troops were completely routed, and John himself, severely wounded; but, refusing to leave the sanguine field, fell into the hands of his enemies. He was captured by a squadron of Saxon horse, led by Thilo von Trott, a nobleman in the service of his renegade cousin, Moritz.

When the captive prince was brought before the emperor, the elector addressed Charles the Fifth as:

"Your Imperial Majesty."

"Ala!" exclaimed the imperial head of the Catholic League, "thou findest it convenient now to call me thy master!"

"I am your Majesty's prisoner," replied the elector, with great dignity, "and expect at thy hands the treatment due a sovereign prince."

"Thou shalt be treated as thou deservest," haughtily replied the monarch; and he immediately ordered Alba to convey the illustrious captive into the hands of Alfons de Vives for safe keeping.

The elector's family was in Wittenberg. Three thousand brave and loyal troops defended the place. Its fortifications were in excellent condition. Its citizens determined to

defend their homes to the last extremity. His Imperial Majesty became convinced that he would be compelled to meet a long and determined resistance; but he, nevertheless, proceeded to invest the town, and demanded its unconditional surrender. A sharp and decisive negative was the result. Foiled in this, the emperor demanded of the imprisoned elector that he should order the besieged to lay down their arms, and surrender the city to the imperial forces. Charles V threatened his captive with death, should he refuse to obey his order.

The stout-hearted elector, however, did refuse to obey the imperial mandate, much to the astonishment of his imperious master, and the undisguised disgust of his sycophantic courtiers. Charles V determined to put the courage of his dauntless captive to a final test, and, therefore, ordered a court-martial, presided over by the infamous Alba, which was to try and convict the prisoner as a rebel and a heretic. The court, as was to be expected, found the elector guilty of the charges preferred by the emperor, and in due form proclaimed sentence of death. The death-warrant was signed by the imperial hand. The caged lion was to meet an ignominious doom.

John, whom his people loved to call "the Firm," on account of his frank and fearless spirit, was engaged in an interesting game of chess with his friend and companion in captivity, the Duke of Brunswick, when the emissaries of the emperor entered his cell for the purpose of reading to him the decree and death-sentence of the court. The prince listened calmly to the reading of the warrant, and his noble countenance betrayed no sign of unusual emotion.

He well knew that his life was in the hands of a cruel, blood-thirsty, and merciless tyrant, and that the sight of his headless body would be hailed with exultant cries by his enemies, and that in praise of the event *Te Deums* would be celebrated from St. Peter's to the Escorial; but he also knew that no sovereign prince of the Empire could be sentenced to suffer the death penalty, unless through a verdict of his peers, in Parliament assembled, and in accordance with the solemn forms of law and ancient privileges of the German realm. Nay, more, Charles V himself had, by unwarrantably appending his signature to this outrageous act, forfeited his crown and his head.

Turning to the officiating grandee, the elector said: "I can not believe that his majesty, the emperor, is in earnest in this matter; if he is, I desire my majesty to inform me of the day fixed for my execution, that I may be enabled

to set my worldly affairs in order, and communicate with my wife and children." Then, with firmness and dignity, he motioned the officers to depart, and again devoted his attention to the game in which he had been engaged.

Having failed to terrify his prisoner into submission, the emperor and his advisers revoked the farcical sentence of death, contenting themselves with depriving their prisoner of his electoral rank, and sequestering the majority of his hereditary possessions.

The renegade Duke Moritz was proclaimed Elector of Saxony, and the valuable lands, of which his cousin John had been robbed by the priestly cabal, were donated to him by the emperor, "as a mark of our imperial favor, and in consideration of the exalted services rendered in the cause of the Holy Church against rebellion and heresy, by our beloved brother, his Illustrious Grace, the Duke Moritz of Saxony."

Lucas Cranach, the deposed elector's intimate and most faithful friend, was overwhelmed with feelings of anguish at the unhappy fate of his royal patron. He determined to intercede in behalf of his beloved prince, even at the feet of the emperor. Under a flag of truce, and bearing with him the prayers and blessings of the distressed citizens, Cranach passed beyond the walls of the beleaguered city to the headquarters of the emperor, bent upon accomplishing his errand of love and mercy.

What should he be afraid of, the illustrious master, the venerated sire, upon whose noble head shone the silver frost of seventy-five Winters? Why should he shrink from the presence of the monarch?—he, the favored child of genius, wearing, by "right divine," a crown which, though invisible, was far more splendid than the gilded bauble circling the aching brows of king and kaiser?—he, whom the world loved to honor, and for whose artistic creations vast sums were gladly given by the munificent patrons of the great art-galleries of Prague, Munich, and Vienna?

Charles V received "Meister Lucas" most graciously, and was pleased to show him many marks of imperial favor.

Entering into pleasant conversation with the venerable artist, the emperor said:

"We have a portrait in our study, at Mechlin, upon which we set great value. It is our portrait as a child, and those who knew us then declare it a most excellent trophy of the limner's art. The painter was Lucas Cranach. Tell us, dost thou remember our behavior, while sitting for the likeness?"

"Your Majesty," replied Cranach, "was then

but eight years old. Your imperial father, Maximilian, had brought you into the Netherlands to receive the homage of its loyal people. When I began to sketch your Majesty's features, you persisted in turning your face to one side, so that I could not proceed with my labors.

"Your Majesty's tutor, well acquainted with your disposition, remarked that your Majesty took much delight in arms and warlike trappings, and the emperor, thereupon, ordered a beautiful arrow to be fastened to the wall of my studio, directly opposite to the chair in which you sat. The slender shaft and glittering point seemed to please your Majesty amazingly. Thus attracted, your Majesty sat perfectly still during the long sittings, and I was enabled to finish my task."

The emperor seemed much amused and well pleased with this anecdote of his childhood, and in the most flattering manner, endeavored to persuade Cranach to enter the imperial service, and return with his court to the Netherlands. But the heart of the old man was wholly filled with but a single desire—the release of his beloved sovereign from the bonds of captivity. No allurements, however splendid, no flattery, no promises, however tempting, could make him swerve from his faith and his loyalty or seduce his constant mind.

To his utmost astonishment, Charles V beheld the venerable master fall upon his knees, imploring him to show mercy to the captive elector, as the only favor he had to ask at the hands of the emperor. Charles, apparently deeply moved by such a display of unflinching loyalty and rare devotion, replied:

"We shall not withhold our clemency. Thy master shall be treated with more mercy than he deserves at our hands."

Cranach then implored the emperor that he might be permitted to share the elector's imprisonment; nor did he rest until his wish was granted. When Cranach was ready to leave, the emperor ordered a silver salver, heaped with ducats, to be presented to him. Cranach, however, only took as much of the imperial gold as he could hold between the tips of his fingers, merely as a matter of courtesy and ceremony. Riches had no charm for him. The favor of his sovereign and the legitimate proceeds of his art-labor had, long ago, placed him above the reach of want. Overjoyed at having successfully accomplished the end of his arduous mission, the venerable painter left the imperial camps and returned to Wittenberg.

After the capitulation of Wittenberg, and in order to frustrate all attempts at escape or rescue, the captive Elector of Saxony was trans-

ferred to the strong fortress of Innspruck, in Tyrol.

It had become evident for some time that the emperor's vacillating ally, the new Elector Moritz, was meditating defection from the ranks of the Catholic party; and the most intimate counselors of his majesty urged him to beware of his traitorous designs, and to adopt secret measures against any attempt at rebellion on his part. The equivocal position assumed by Moritz had not escaped the keen eye of the monarch; but he answered the cautionary advice by saying, "We have a bear in a cage, who, should we choose to set him at liberty, would speedily destroy the other."

By the metaphorical "bear" was meant, of course, the deposed Elector John, securely "caged" in the mountain fortress of Tyrol. It is, however, but justice to state that the illustrious prisoner was treated with kindness and the respect due to his station, during his confinement, in which respect he was more fortunate than his celebrated friend and companion, the Landgrave Philip of Hesse, who was made to suffer great indignities and to undergo innumerable hardships during his incarceration at Mechlin.

After the departure of the imperial army from Wittenberg, Lucas Cranach, true to his resolution, immediately placed his worldly affairs in order, made his last will and testament, dividing his estate equally among his children, and prepared to follow his unfortunate prince, for the purpose of sharing his captivity in the distant and dreary Tyrolese dungeon. Neither the tears of his children, the importunities of his devoted friends, nor the dangers and privations to which he was exposing himself at his advanced age, could deter him from executing his loyal resolve.

After a tedious journey, Cranach arrived safely at Innspruck, to the great joy and astonishment of his royal friend, who, with a fervid blessing, rushed to embrace him. How apposite, in this connection, are the words of the immortal Milton:

"Faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single."

The society of Cranach, his cheerful and wise conversation, implicit trust in Divine assistance, and indomitable spirit, served to buoy the sunken hopes of the elector, and illumined the gloom and monotony of prison-life. Thus three years passed away—years from which had evolved

great and marvelous changes in the political condition of the German Empire.

Moritz of Saxony, the fickle though valiant prince, had again become the champion of the Protestant cause. A brilliant and decisive victory of the Protestant forces, under his leadership, over the combined forces of the Catholic League, forcing Charles V and his court to evacuate Innspruck, and seek safety within the walls of Augsburg, paved the way to the famous Treaty of Passau; and in the train of these decided successes of the Protestant Union followed the liberation of the Elector of Saxony from his close and weary imprisonment.

August 27, 1552, the liberated prince, and his faithful and beloved companion, Lucas Cranach, passed through the streets of Augsburg in an open carriage, on their way to Saxony, amid the plaudits of an immense concourse of delighted citizens. By the express desire of his sovereign, Lucas Cranach sat close by his side; by this means the noble hearted prince endeavored to give public expression to the esteem and reverential regard he felt for the aged friend who had voluntarily shared exile and captivity with him, influenced solely by the holiest feelings of loyalty and disinterested friendship. In this manner the pleasant homeward journey was accomplished.

The elector and his distinguished friend were greeted with unbounded enthusiasm by the populace along the entire route. On the 24th of September, the travelers reached Jena, and on their arrival were received with a grand ovation by the students of the university and the citizens generally. Similar and, if possible, more magnificent festivities welcomed them on their arrival in Weimar. In all the honors and festal rejoicings of the occasion, "Meister" Lucas Cranach, the pride of Germany, the venerated patriarch, was made to bear a conspicuous part, his unexampled devotion to the fallen fortunes of his prince having, more than ever, endeared him to the hearts of his countrymen.

During his long exile, Cranach's eldest daughter had married Doctor Brueck, a Government officer of high rank, and residing at Weimar. Cranach took up his abode at the house of his son-in-law, where, surrounded by all the comforts that affluence and filial affection could command, he passed the few remaining days of his eventful life. Here, in the midst of his children and friends, in unclouded Christian hope, Lucas Cranach calmly breathed his last, expiring on the sixteenth day of October, 1553, in the eighty-first year of his age.

In honor of his memory, his contemporaries caused a gold medal to be struck, bearing an

excellent likeness of the great master, and on the reverse side his family coat of arms. His dust reposes in the beautiful cemetery of St. James, in Weimar. A fine monument, situated near the main entrance, and to the left as you enter, erected by the sons of the elector over the remains of his illustrious friend, never fails to attract the attention of visitors to the sacred precincts,

"Where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mold below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven."

LOS ANGELES.

IN 1841, the District of San Diego, California, embraced the Pueblo of Los Angeles, and contained one thousand inhabitants. The city was known as Pueblo de los Angeles—the "City of the Angels." Previous to this date, in the earliest history of the Jesuit missionary labors, in the estimation of its inhabitants, it must have been more than the poet's "clime of the sun," for they called it *Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles*—the "Town of the Queen of Angels." Indeed, in the Winter months, this city possesses all the charms necessary to make a poet's paradise. It is a garden-spot, where the rose and cactus bloom side by side; the heliotrope and orange-blossom blend their fragrance; verbenas, magnolias, and flowering vines bud and bloom during the warm December days.

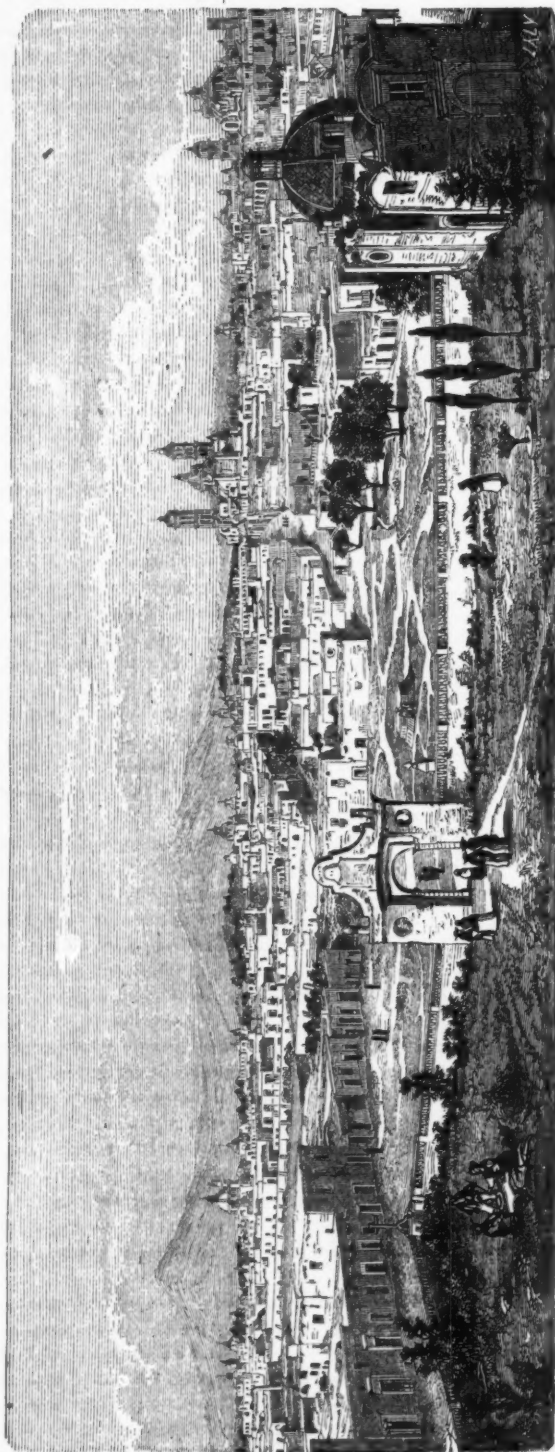
It is situated in a narrow valley, formed on the west by gradually rising hills, and sloping off into an undulating plain toward the sea. The old Spanish portion of it reaches up the valley for about one mile, consisting of two streets, and built up of *adobe* houses, with flat roofs, covered with asphaltum, and surrounded by broad verandas or high walls. These old *casas* are rapidly giving way to the American structures, and the quaint features of Spanish architecture yielding to the more elegant and finished of modern designers and builders.

Around half the city of Los Angeles is a plateau of rich land overlooking the plain, whereon, in the near future, palatial residences of the wealthy will be built. From the brow of this semicircling chain of hills, the eye rests upon a magnificent picture of natural beauty. The city immediately below; its relics of early mission labor and enterprise; the *adobe* walls, and one-story, flat-roofed houses, with deep

verandas and more modern architecture side by side; the long streets shaded by willows and cotton-woods; the profusion of pepper-trees in private gardens, shaking their delicate foliage to every tiny breath of incoming sea-breeze; gardens glowing in fruit and flowers, whose perfumes load the air, and whose hues were born of the tropics; far-reaching vineyards; extensive groves of orange; here and there the graceful curves of Los Angeles River; and, beyond all, the mists and haze of Indian Summer, covering all the landscape; and, yet farther to the westward, the dim outlines of the Pacific,—all this is offered to the eye, almost any day during the Winter months from the bench of rolling land back of the city. Sitting there, one January morning, reading a letter from a Northern State, we noted the words, "We have nearly two feet of snow, and bitter cold weather;" and lifting our eyes from the lines, looked abroad upon the semi-tropic scene, and thought of the great contrast. It had reached our hand in less than a month from date, written where the frost flaked the window-panes, and glistened from every leafless branch; where chilling winds and intense cold forbade the possibility of comfort except beside the heated stove; where the waters were bound in a sheet of ice, and the earth chilled under a mantle of snow; but it is perused in open air, laden with the fragrance of blooming flowers and ripening fruits; where only Summer colors meet the eye, and the clearest sky smiles over it all.

The willows, planted years ago along the highways leading out of the city to the farming and vintage districts, have grown tall and thick, in many localities reaching across the road, and interlocking their branches together, forming a delightful canopy for miles. The orange-groves, stretching over broad acres of land, in all directions, present a beautiful prospect. The trees are grown in straight rows, perhaps half a mile long or more; the grounds, perfectly free from rubbish, are smooth as a garden-walk; the foliage of the orange-tree is of the richest green, and, with the contrast of its golden fruit hanging in heavy clusters, presents a gorgeous picture. One may ride or walk under these trees, with the sweet fragrance floating around him, and can not fail to be reminded of the song of Mignon.

There is a marked softness of the atmosphere, that is full of rest, purity, and inspiration. So genial is it from January to January, that invalids from all portions of the state, and all parts of the United States, find their way to this "Italy of America." The City of the Angels is one of the best patronized resorts for



PUEBLO DE LOS ANGELES—FROM THE WEST.

invalids on the Pacific Coast; its advantages are, delicious fruits, genial climate, easy access to the sea, and other pleasures and comforts, that render it the "Mecca" for the traveling invalid.

THE CATHOLIC PROPERTY.

The Catholic property, standing in the very center of the old Pueblo, is indeed a relic of early days. The church edifice is an old *adobe* of fair proportions; its front covered with Spanish inscriptions, cut and painted roughly and rudely into the wall, and bearing the marks of old Time in every line. Three bells are suspended in a rude wall adjoining the edifice, while upon the other side is a well-kept tropic fruit-garden, neatly paved and prettily ornamented. The entire property covers one block, and opposite, what every Pueblo rejoices in, a Plaza. The building occupied by the Catholic clergy, adjoining the church, bears evidence of the luxury and comfort these *padres* are accustomed to enjoy, even when laboring among the most indigent of their people; for the remnants of the native tribes that drew the Jesuit to their Christianization, as they termed it, are a *poor*, beggarly set of helpless people. The Spanish aristocracy is to be found only in a few resident families, living upon their estates in great abundance of wealth.

THE ZANJAS.

Aside from floral beauty, tropic fruits, and genial clime, there are many objects of interest in and around Pueblo de los Angeles. The irrigating ditches, or the *zanjas*, attract immediate notice, as they run through every part of the city, and past every rancho and orchard. The *zanjas* vary in size, but are usually constructed so as to carry a volume of water three to three and a half feet wide and one foot deep, and running at a speed of five to six miles an hour. They convey

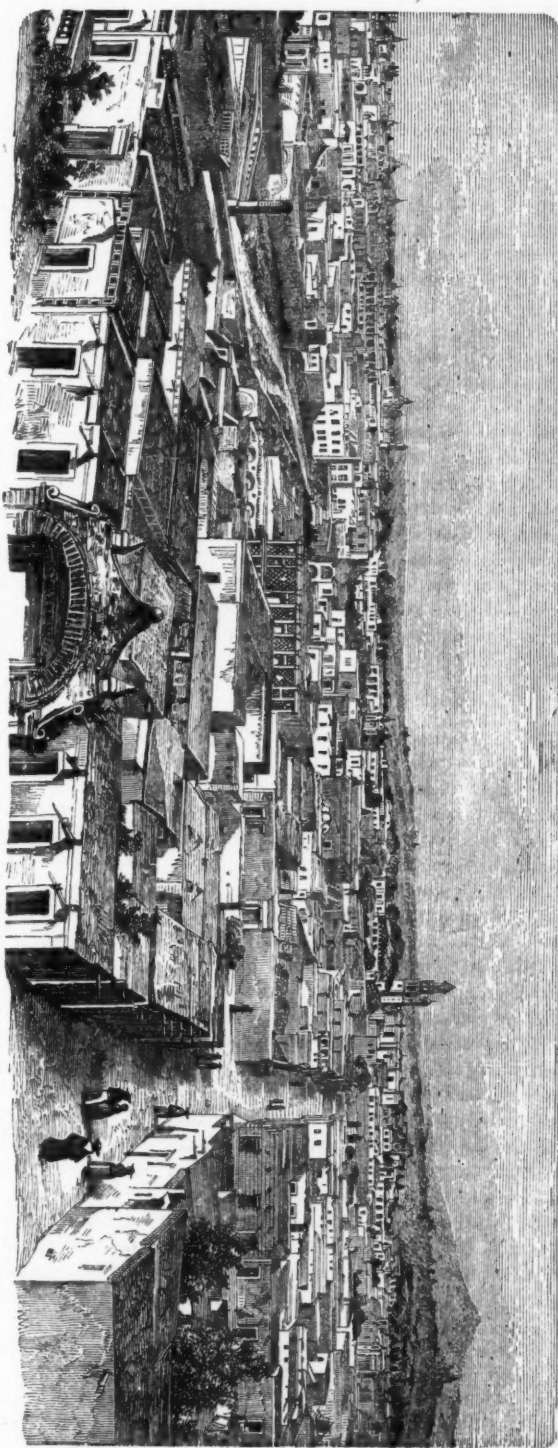
water from the river to the gardens, vineyards, and fields, and secure the health and growth of the willow fences and young fuel trees. The *zanjero* is a man who has the entire superintendency of the *zanjas*, keeps them in order, and distributes the water to those who depend upon and pay for it.

Within the past two years the artesian-well system has been introduced at Los Angeles with great success. With a sufficient supply of water, the whole of Southern California will develop its fine resources, and afford homes and wealth to those who seek them on the Pacific Coast.

TREES.

The question is often asked about the variety of trees in Los Angeles County. The pomegranate, now and then a palm, the olive, lime, fig, pepper, mulberry, and walnut trees are found in native vigor and profusion; while the almond blossoming in March is one of the most beautiful natural growths of the place. Cotton woods and willows are the common fuel trees. The cactus, growing sometimes sixteen feet high and twenty feet in diameter, is quite a curiosity in its gigantic proportions, and is seen in thrifty abundance, especially on grounds occupied and cultivated by the early missionaries. Frequently a solid cactus fence is found around large grain-fields and old orchards, a sight to be seen in no other locality but Southern California. The citron-lemon is one of the prettiest garden-trees, small of stature, but rich with its mammoth golden fruit, hanging from the bending branches. One of the attractions in Los Angeles is a wonder of a sycamore-tree. It is nearly two hundred years old, and spreads its mammoth branches over all the court-yard of a vineyard, and covers the large distillery, the outer houses, the walks, and office with hundred arms. It is

PUERTO DE LOS ANGELES—FROM THE EAST.



wonderful what a space it shades; and driving under it, one can look up and around at the foliage spreading hundreds of feet in all directions, and yet hardly realize its great proportions. Its huge trunk is short, and full of knots; the bark shows scratches of the fingers of time. It is an aged curiosity, and one of the "city fathers."

It would hardly meet the requirements of a description, if, in this paper, the birds of Los Angeles are not mentioned. Every one who ever visited this section of California, or who may in the future, will be attracted by the endless variety of gayly plumaged birds to be found in city and suburbs. The wild-mustard fields are literally swarming with several varieties of the black-bird, from the red-winged to white-crested and top-knots; the trees are radiant with the different species of orioles; magpies, purple-throated humming-birds, swallows, cactus-wrens, titmice, and hundreds of others, make the air merry with their twitterings and warblings. Such bright plumage, such a variety of colors, are seldom found among birds, except in tropic localities. The taxidermists find some of their rarest and handsomest specimens in Southern California.

PUEBLO DE LOS ANGELES.

The city proper, as it is to-day, is largely composed of American population. All of the city enterprise and interests are vested in the later citizenship, which rebuilds, develops, and beautifies. The few remnants of Hispano population and Mexican interlopers are among the poorer classes, indigent and lazy, and fast dying out. Once in a while, a don and his donna ride into the city from their country residence; and this is about all that one can see of the aristocratic circles of the high-bred Spanish families.

With the completion of the Coast Railroad from San José, now being constructed to Los Angeles, and the completion of the Southern Pacific, we shall find our "City of the Angels" one of the large emporiums of California. Schools, churches, civil and social societies, are already in mature progress, and every phase of Western energy and enterprise has set its new seal upon the brow of South California. With her climate, her semi-tropic fruits and flowers, her vast vine-land and groves of fruit-wealth, she is destined to be indeed the Queen of the State.

OLD PUEBLO.

The building material used by the Padres in general consisted of *adobe*, or clay blocks; the roofs are covered with *brea*, or asphaltum. About

seven miles west of the Old Pueblo are immense beds of petroleum, of the consistency of tar; this was used extensively, and is at the present time an article of commercial traffic. All of the houses of the Old Pueblo were made of this *adobe*, the walls of which were from two to three feet thick, neatly plastered on the outside, while the verandas were ten and twelve feet deep; the floors of the verandas are paved with brick tiling, or *adobe* overlaid with *brea*. North of the original town, which consisted of long, narrow streets running up the valley, two high points of granite rise abruptly to the altitude of five thousand feet. At the base of these mountains, large beds of tertiary sandstone have been exposed by erosion. This stone was used in the walks of the gardens belonging to the rich Spanish families who settled around the missions after the Jesuit rule and dynasty. The Old Pueblo is still in good repair, and chiefly occupied by the Mexicans, who herd cattle on the ranches, or tame wild horses for the American dealers.

Small shops are still kept open on the old Mexican plan, and the fashions that are born of both Spain and Central America may be found at the upper end of the old town, among the one-story, flat-roofed *adobes*. The saucy "parrotte" and gorgeous-plumaged paroquets are raised and petted by the Mexican women; while the tawny-skinned *Vaquero* still rides the native pony at a break-neck rate through the streets, with his lariat swinging from the saddle, reminding more recent citizens of Los Angeles of the early days, when California knew more of the priest and native than civilization or enterprise.

The Spanish flag and the Mexican banner float from the old haciendas on their gala-days, and in company with the Star-spangled Banner, whenever "floats our standard-sheet." This harmony of national emblems is often the subject of pleasant comment by visitors, who look as much for the relics of old Los Angeles as for the improvements of the new city that is growing into importance, and destined to be the largest city in South California,

"Where, hid among her vines and wines,"

nestles untold wealth for the owners of the rapidly growing vineyards and orchards.


THE ancient city of Troy had but one gate. Go round and round the city, you would have found no other. So to the golden city of heaven there is but one gate. Christ says, "I am the door."

OCTAVIA SOLARA.

CHAPTER I.

THE EXILED NOBLEMAN.

"Now, my co-mates and fellows in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp?" SHAKESPEARE.

 N a fine afternoon in June, 1617, a young and noble traveler, well mounted, and in the picturesque military undress of the seventeenth century, attended by a single manservant, entered the little town of Lucerna. It stands on a gentle height above a brawling river, embosomed in trees, and backed by towering mountains. Though walled in, its defenses appeared of no great strength.

Arrived at the only inn, the cavalier desired, somewhat haughtily, to be directed to the residence of Count Solara. On receiving the required information, he rode forward, and soon reached an old mansion within a court-yard. The yard was weedy and neglected, the house closely barred and shuttered, and, when the great bell was pulled, reverberated with hollow echoes.

An old man was seen presently, peering at the strangers from the corner of some outer offices. On being accosted, he replied, dryly but civilly, that nobody was in the house.

"Are you certain of that?" said the cavalier, incredulously; and his attendant, seeing a look of displeasure on the old man's face, said in a low tone: "You had best be civil; this is Count Attilio Cavour, a friend of your master's."

"I never speak aught but truth," said the old man. "Count Solara is, as I have told you, not in the house. In fact, it is, as every body knows, sequestered, along with all the rest of his property. He and all his family have gone to a mountain chalet."

"Direct me, then, to this chalet," cried the young nobleman, who bore a name that a descendant of his has since made so famous.

The old man, who had been somewhat anxiously scanning his countenance, which was eminently handsome, if not quite frank, said hesitatingly:

"There is a lad here, who is even now on his way there with supplies; he can guide you, if you are willing to undertake such a rough journey."

"By all means," said the count. A lad stepped forward, carrying a covered basket, and, without a word, set off at a brisk pace, immediately followed by the riders.

There was a troublesome war going on at this time, between Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, and the Duke of Mantua, regarding the State of Montferrat. It had now lasted four

years, broken by occasional intervals of hollow peace. One of these had now intervened, giving a certain portion of the Vaudois Contingent time to run home on furlough, mow their fields, and reap their corn. Count Cavour evidently belonged to the regular army, and was now on leave.

As the road gradually became rougher and steeper, the boy said, with a smile:

"You will not be able to ride long."

"Why not, I pray you?" said the count.

"Because we must soon quit the road, and the path will be too steep for any four-footed thing but a goat."

"My horse is as sure-footed as a goat, my lad. How did Count Solara come?"

"On his ten toes."

"And the ladies?"

"The same way."

Cavour looked at him doubtfully. As they began to ascend the face of the acclivity, he asked him if he was sure they were on the right track.

"Do you think I don't know my own mountain?" said the lad, scornfully.

"That is not the way to answer a nobleman," said the man-servant.

"We've no noblemen here."

"What! not Count Solara?"

"He's one, I grant you. Noble for other things than his birth."

"What things?"

"He keeps God's commandments."

A contemptuous look was his only answer. As if to prevent any more talk, the boy lifted up his clear young voice, which was sweet as any chorister's, and poured forth a lay that was alternately joyous and full of wild, passionate mournfulness. They were now not only mounting up-hill, but up-stairs—a sort of giant's staircase notched in the rock, leaving the road far below. At length, when the count's fine horse slipped, he muttered, "These cursed mountains!"

"Do you call them cursed? I call them blessed," said his guide. "They're famous for hide and seek."

"No doubt of it."

"And for keeping one's pursuers at bay. Ah! many's the time we've done that."

"What a pestilent little heretic!" said Cavour to himself. Then aloud:

"You've always kept them at bay, have you?"

"Not always;" and the boy became silent. After trudging on doggedly some way further, he was brought to a pause by Count Cavour, who shouted, "Halt! I must dismount."

"O, you must, must you?" said the boy. "I thought your horse was as sure-footed as a goat!"

"He is larger and heavier, though." And the count proceeded to lead his horse, now trembling all over, till at length he gave the rein to his servant, telling him to lead him back very carefully to the town, and there await him at the inn.

"And leave you unattended, Signor, at the mercy of that young scape-grace?"

"O, I'm a match for the boy, I believe, if he should attempt to mislead me," he replied, putting his hand on his side-arms. Therein Cavour, who was under twenty-one, showed himself a young man of spirit; for the time and country were exceedingly unsafe for solitary traveling, and few young nobles would have undertaken such an expedition without half a score of followers at their heels.

The man reluctantly obeyed orders, not sorry to go back, but sorry his master would go on. Cavour, after watching his horse carefully led down into the road, turned to follow his guide.

"*Alle un bel caval dà sella,*" said the lad in his patois, which had five times as much Italian as French in it (*alle* being evidently *il est*); and then he started off with renewed speed.

"Have we much further to go, my lad?" said Cavour, cheerfully.

"Not much further—only there's a baddish bit coming."

"Ha! and so you were born and bred on this mountain? What is your name?"

"Ginavello."

"And you are in Count Solara's service?"

"I'm in no man's service; but I do his errands right gladly."

"Can you read?"

"Ay."

"Write?"

"Ay."

"Do you go to any school?"

"In the Winter, when we are not snowed in."

"Why in the Winter only?"

"We are at field-labor at other times—those who are not fighting for the duke."

The footing was now so precarious along the edge of a ravine, with a foaming torrent far below, that Cavour was about to grasp the overhanging branch of a tree for support, when the boy dashed it out of his hand.

"How now?" said Cavour, fiercely.

"Do n't you see?" cried Ginavello; "a viper is stretched along the bough." He twitched it off and strangled it. "Had it bitten you, you would have died presently."

"My brave boy! I thank you."

"O, there's nothing in it," replied he, carelessly; "there are numbers of them. We sell them to the doctors."

"Not for much, I suppose."

"Any thing's better than nothing, when you're hard-up."

"Why need you ever be hard-up in such fruitful valleys?"

"They would support us over and over again, if we had share and share alike. But the Catholics get the best slice of every thing in the valleys. Therefore, numbers of us suffer from want of sufficient tillage."

"The air is delightfully fresh up here," said Cavour, pausing to draw breath, and looking around him with enjoyment. "I see a little cluster of dwellings high up yonder. Is it there we shall find Count Solara?"

"Yes; but we must go down and up, down and up, first; for ravines and torrents divide us."

"The scenery is certainly wonderful."

"And every inch of the country is sacred ground," returned Ginavello, with sudden fire. "When our people were forbidden to teach and to preach like their forefathers, they were chased up into those heights, and not left in peace even there. Every crag has been a watch-tower; every tree a place of ambush. The ground has been disputed inch by inch."

This was said with a fervor quite different from his former short, abrupt utterances, and seemed like the outburst of one of riper years.

"Go on," said Cavour, with some interest.

"No; I've perhaps said too much already," replied Ginavello, in his former dry manner, "considering that I know nothing of you but that you say you are a friend of Count Solara."

"Do you doubt me?"

"Why should I? You've given me no cause. But neither have you given me cause to trust you; and our trust has too often been fearfully abused."

Here the path, descending to a bridge consisting of a single pine, high up above a torrent, became so hazardous as to preclude conversation. After scrambling up the opposite bank, and making yet another descent and ascent, they reached a rocky platform, whereon was perched what had looked from below like a little hamlet, but was in fact a collection of little chalets, each with its separate roof, but composing one residence.

"Ah! there are the young ladies milking the goats!" exclaimed Ginavello.

"Is it possible," ejaculated Cavour to himself, "that the incomparable Octavia can condescend to any thing so menial as milking a goat?"

They now stood before the largest *châlet*, in the broad wooden balcony of which sat a man, who, after looking down on them, closed the book he had been reading, and descended to them by the outside stairs. He appeared about fifty years of age, was of dignified and commanding exterior, and, though in a much-worn suit of black, had the mien of a gentleman and a nobleman.

He looked at Cavour in calm inquiry.

"A friend?" said he, doubtfully.

"Noble Count, I am your very humble servant," said Cavour, bowing low and with much grace. "Your gallant son, Henri Solara, who has served beside me during the last few months, charged me to bring you his filial duty and the assurance of his perfect health."

Count Solara, stopping short, turned round, looked up, and called, "My love!" in a loud, distinct voice; on which a lady of rather unwieldy figure, but most sweet face, presently appeared, making her best speed from the balcony. Meanwhile Count Solara said, heartily, "The bearer of such a message is truly welcome, even though I know not his name," and held out his hand.

"My name, perhaps not unfamiliar to you, though I have done nothing yet to illustrate it, is Cavour. Your son and I have been on the most friendly terms, though occasionally differing in opinion. When our opposite views of things threatened a little controversy, he said: 'Go and see my father among his people; that will speak for him and his cause more than the tongues of fifty advocates.' I, therefore, came."

"And most welcome are you, Signor!" exclaimed the countess, coming forward, beaming with smiles, and looking to her husband to confirm it.

"Truly welcome indeed, Count," rejoined he, cordially, "and thanks to you for your just confidence in us. We are now leading almost the life of peasants here. Confiscations and rigorous processes have put it out of our power to do otherwise; and the very roof which shelters us is not our own. We can offer you, therefore, but poor entertainment; but such as it is, you, I trust, as Henri's friend, will accept it. I hope you will occupy for the night the little *châlet* appropriated to his use. See, here it is."

Solara briskly led the way, followed by Cavour, while the countess, on hospitable thoughts intent, exerted her best speed to remount the stairs. Henri's *châlet* was rather apart from the larger one, and contained little furniture beyond that of the prophet's chamber on the wall; to wit, 'a bed, a stool, a table, and a candlestick.' Not even a crucifix, as Cavour

thought to himself. But his only uttered remark was:

"What is good enough for your son, sir, must surely be good enough for me, especially as I have dispensed with the attendance of the only servant I brought to Luceina, whom I sent back with my horses, after a vain attempt to ride up these mountains."

"As well attempt to ride up a stone wall," said Count Solara, smiling. "Our refuge is with the conies; and during the intense Summer heats, it is no mean privilege to breathe the pure air of these altitudes."

"The ascent must have been trying to the ladies of your family."

"Indeed it was to my good wife! though we carried her when we could. But my girls are young mountaineers. There they are yonder, superintending the milking. Let me make you acquainted with them."

There was nothing that Cavour more ardently desired; for, in fact, the beauty of Count Solara's daughter had been reported to him far off, and the romantic object of this peaceful inroad into what had often been considered an enemy's country was to satisfy himself whether her charms equaled the description. As they approached the little knot of women and girls at their pastoral employment, and heard their cheerful voices, Cavour thought, "Surely here are no ladies; they are only shepherdesses."

Their dress was, indeed, of the simplest homespun; but yet a discriminating observer would have pronounced one, at least, of the wearers any thing but homely. She was a girl of about eighteen, tall, slender, and graceful. Her small, nobly formed head was poised on a throat and neck of exquisite proportions; the shining folds of her dark, silky hair, parted on a white, intellectual brow, were wound up at the back in a simple coil, and fastened with a silver bodkin. Her eyes—large, dark, bright, and kindly—had a frank, honest look that bespoke the purity of her soul; her nose and chin were perfectly molded; her mouth, cherry red, betokened mirthfulness and good temper. Over a skirt of common fabric, she wore a velvet bodice that admirably became her. Her only ornament was a little bunch of wild-flowers, which one of her younger sisters had just placed in her hair. Turning round, and seeing her father approach, accompanied by a stranger, she gave the latter an inquiring look, and then turned her eyes to Count Solara.

"My child," said he, "this is Count Cavour, a friend of your brother's, who has been sent by him to make acquaintance with us, and bring us good tidings of himself."



THE GIRLS AT THEIR WORK.

"A friend of Henri's? O, then he must needs be welcome," cried Octavia, beaming with joy. Then, more softly, "It was very kind of you, Signor, to come to us."

"Kind to myself, Signorina," replied he, with a deep reverence. "Hard as it has been to climb these steeps, I would have undertaken them, had they been ten times steeper, for the pleasure of coming."

"That is very kind of him, my father," said Octavia, putting her hand within Count Solara's

arm. "It was a long way to come, merely to bring us word of dear Henri's health."

"Ah, I had another motive!" cried Cavour, with an air of devoted admiration; "that of seeing you!"

"And another yet, besides that of seeing us, my Octavia," said Count Solara, calmly. "Your brother charged our visitor to make acquaintance with us and our ways, and see for himself that we were not as black as we were painted; that we neither were Cyclops, nor had four

rows of teeth," added he, with a meaning smile at Cavour (for in fact these gross calumnies had been circulated in former times, to the prejudice of the Valdesi). "Let us welcome him, therefore, without fretting that we can not entertain him as he deserves; because he would then not see us as we are. He shall have your brother's bed to-night, and to-morrow, and yet another morrow, if he will—by which time he will probably have had enough of life in a *châlet*."

"Your visit is well-timed, Signor," said Octavia, "for to-morrow our men will have their *tirata*; on Monday there will be a cocoon party; and on Tuesday the annual fair of La Torre will take place."

"I shall enjoy these treats immensely," said Cavour, "and chiefly because you will participate in them."

"The marksmen tell us," said Octavia, smiling, "that they shoot with greater zeal and success when we look on."

"That is easy to conceive, and must undoubtedly be true," said Cavour. "In fact, I grudge your young marksmen the appropriation to themselves of an influence that would more fitly preside over a colossal amphitheater, where high-born knights should hold a tournament in honor of their ladies' eyes."

"My country girls are unused to such courtly compliments," observed Solara. "They only hear the words of truth and soberness; and I shall pray you, in return for the plain welcome we so gladly afford, to address them with no such courtesies."

Cavour instantly bowed low; but there was a mute protest in his face which he hoped Octavia would give him credit for. Her look, however, expressed nothing of the kind.

"The milk-pail is now full, sister," said one of the younger girls who stood near; "will you carry it?"

"No, you may do so this time," said Octavia; "but be careful you do not overturn it."

They now all proceeded toward the *châlet*, and Count Solara said to his guest:

"It is now nearly the time of our early supper, and I hope your mountain scramble has well prepared you for it."

"I shall be quite ready to do it justice," said Cavour; "but, with your leave, I will first step into my friend Henri's apartment, to freshen my dress a little before I sit down with the ladies. I regret that my servant could not come on with my *valise*."

"Make no apologies," said Solara. "You may see by ourselves that we make no ceremony."

CHAPTER II.

THE CHÂLET.

"Abused mortals! did you know
Where true heart's ease and comfort grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers."

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

COUNT CAVOUR issued from his retirement wonderfully freshened by his ablutions, with his long curled locks smoothed before a tiny looking-glass which his friend Henri disdained not to use, in spite of its having an unfortunate flaw, which always made his nose look on one side. Cavour viewed the little mirror with contempt, but, nevertheless, did not neglect its services in settling his rich vandyked collar over his doublet, tightening his sash, and giving himself a general air of smartness. He sallied forth not altogether ill-satisfied with himself, or fearful of the impression he might make on those he wished to please; nor would he have been in the least surprised or disappointed to find those simple girls had employed the interval in decorating themselves with equal pains for his sake. Instead of which, the only difference Octavia had made in her attire was twitching the bunch of wild flowers from her hair, because, she said, they smelt unpleasantly; and all the spare time was employed in zealous endeavors to assist her mother in spreading the little supper-table as liberally as possible. The principal dish was a sort of large custard-pudding, to be eaten cold, with heaped plates of grapes and mulberries, some home-made bread, and a rather heavy cake, some eggs, rice, and a glorious bowl of milk as rich as cream. To this, which was the ordinary fare, only supplied more abundantly, was added the unusual temptation of some dried goat's-flesh, in honor of the guest; for the family were unaccustomed to eat meat more than once a day, if at all; and frequently it was neither desired nor to be had.

The place of honor was awarded to the guest, at the countess's right-hand; Octavia sat beside her father; her two younger sisters, Bona and Felicia, her younger brother Amadeo, a bright-looking boy of twelve, and a homely looking elderly personage whom they called Sora (that is, Signora) Bodetti, made up the party. Before they sat down, Count Solara pronounced rather a long grace with much devotion, which struck Cavour as quaint and somewhat diverting; but he preserved an appearance of becoming gravity.

"And is it possible, Signor," said the countess, as they proceeded with their supper, "that you have never visited the valleys before? And yet the town which bears your name is but a little way off."

"Truth to say, I am nearly a stranger in it," said Cavour. "I had till lately a good old uncle living at Silvanella, a small estate on a spur of the Alps, who settled his property on me when I should be of age. My father sent me to look after it, and begged me, before I returned to my regiment, to visit Cavour. Our rights of irrigation have been infringed by the inhabitants of Bubbiana, and at present we have a lawsuit pending which makes the very name of the place distasteful to me. Having gone there to satisfy my father, I thought I would penetrate into the valleys to please myself, my curiosity concerning them having been raised by my friend Henri's description. As Lucerna is but thirty miles from Turin, it seemed but an afternoon ride from Cavour; however, the difficulties of the ascent to this chalet exceed any thing I was prepared for. You are here, I suppose, only for the Summer."

"I would that it were so," returned Count Solara. "Fourteen years ago a petition was addressed to Charles Emmanuel by three of our leading men, Pietro Bruni, Gerardo Malano, and our valued *barbe* of La Torre, praying him to annul our religious restrictions, and to revoke the illegal confiscation of my mother's property, she being a widow who had lived thirty years in the Valley of Lucerna, where all her children had been born. His highness was good enough to write marginal answers to the requests made in this petition. And to the one I have just mentioned he replied, 'His highness doth not intend they shall be molested for their pretended religion' (such it pleased him to style it), 'so that they abstain from exercising it beyond the valleys of Lucerna, San Martino, and Perosa.' He also said that, to the inhabitants of these valleys, he suspended the order which had been made for those who had property without the limits assigned; and that, as to the exiled natives of those valleys, they might return and exercise their faith, and carry their corn and thresh it, always providing they abstained from publishing their doctrine. How clement was this! but how different the issue has been from what we too fondly expected! My mother indeed reaped her corn and threshed it; but since her death I have never been put in possession of my inheritance, notwithstanding representations and remonstrances. We have been too completely despoiled to have the means of tolerable comfort, and had not my son joined the Piedmontese army, his maintenance would have straitened us."

"Surely," cried Cavour, "some representation in the right quarter might procure restitution—"

"Ah," interposed Countess Solara earnestly, "if you would so far befriend us as to make that representation, you might indeed be our benefactor!"

Octavia's eyes suddenly turned wistfully on Cavour.

"I wish—I hope—I fear," said the young man, hesitating; for in fact he knew that at present he was little more than a cipher in his father's house, and that any representation of his on a matter of such importance would have little chance of being attended to; but yet his desire of pleasing his entertainers tempted him to assume the credit of more influence than he had.

"Your father, I dare say, knows a little about us," pursued the countess. "When you return to him, you can tell him we are not disaffected to Government; we are not alienated by ill-usage; we have no wish for propagandism beyond our borders. Live and let live, Signor—that is what we want—to live quietly and peaceably in the love and worship of God."

"You may depend on my telling my father so in the warmest terms, Signora," said Cavour; and the countess, reassured by his apparent heartiness, devoted herself to the duties of a hospitable matron in pressing him to eat of whatever the table afforded, which at first he did, with the zest of a young, healthy appetite stimulated by unwonted exercise and fresh mountain air; but at length he was obliged, with smiles, to decline her importunities. Meantime the conversation never flagged; every thing he could tell of Henri was listened to with delight. Count Solara's remarks on the conduct of the war were full of intelligence; the girls were sprightly, frank, and easily moved to mirth; altogether, Cavour thought himself among the most delightful companions he had ever known, while he decided Octavia to be the most beautiful and charming creature on earth, who would even dignify a throne.

The meal was prolonged beyond the usual time. Darkness suddenly descended when the sun had gone down behind the mountains. Then Octavia brought a lamp; the table was rapidly cleared by the elderly woman who had previously been seen with the goats; an old black-letter Bible of venerable appearance was placed before Count Solara, who thoughtfully turned its leaves; the family, including the servant, placed themselves around, and Cavour, to his silent wonder, found himself participating in the evening worship of a "heretic" family.

The count read with holy fervor the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. Cavour was unfamiliar with it; his feelings were touched.

Solara made a few simple, practical remarks, then said, "Let us pray." Every knee sought the ground, Cavour's among the rest. His attention, easily drawn away, was diverted by the hard breathing of the dairy-woman. The prayer was short, hearty, and touching; all joined in the "Amen." Next, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God," an old Vaudois hymn, was sung, full of sweetness and sadness. Cavour thought Octavia's voice the sweetest he had ever heard. Then the benediction, and "Children, good-night." Solara lighted another lamp, and carried it himself before Cavour to Henri's chalet, screening it with his hand from the night wind. Then, with a hearty friendliness that had something patriarchal in it, he wished him good-night, and left him. He and his wife sat in the dark till the girls could spare the other lamp.

Cavour felt on enchanted ground; he fancied himself a new man. What would they think at Turin, if they knew where he was? His parents would call him fool-hardy; his confessor would be scandalized. He only felt that he was romantic; that every thing around him was full of novelty and romance. *These*, the almost savages whom popular opinion decided to be hardly fit to dwell upon the earth—how different they were from what his old nurse, nay, his mother, had portrayed! The truth really ought to be known about them. Count Solara, though his coat was a little rusty, had a high-bred, calm demeanor that would not ill beseeem Duke Charles Emmanuel's court. His family might be rustic in their simplicity, but there was not the least taint of vulgarity; on the contrary, they had the highest sort of refinement—that which is quite independent of the trifling fashions of the day. They could mind high things, and yet condescend to those of low estate.

Cavour thought he should lie awake all night, revolving these and similar reflections. Instead of which, he fell fast asleep as soon as his head was laid on his pillow.

"My love," said Countess Solara to her husband, when they, too, had retired to rest, "I like this young man—nay, I am charmed with him!"

"You are always so impressionable, my Eugenia," returned he, smiling.

"Nay, but I am sure there is good in him, and I presage great results."

"May they be but good ones! My own hopes are overshadowed by my fears."

"What should you fear?"

"That he may unsettle the children. They have seen no one so courtly and courteous. He is but a passing guest; he will forget all

about us as soon as his back is turned on the valleys. With them it is too likely the impression will remain."

"Nay, I do not think our girls so easily unsettled as that."

"They will hanker, may be, for the outer world."

"I do not believe our Octavia so ill-grounded in our faith."

"I hope not—I trust not. I think, if need were, she would die for it. Meanwhile, I do not wish her young life to be clouded."

"My dear Solara, you noted his eyes when they rested on her?"

"With dangerous softness."

"Take my word for it, he is struck with her."

"There is no great difficulty in supposing that."

"He admires her—he is ready to fall in love with her."

"Heaven grant, then, that she may not be led to perceive it!"

"But do you not see how good a thing it may be for both? Her lineage is as good as his—there is no disparity there! Her fortune would have been worthy of him, had not your estates been confiscated; and if he pleads for you with zeal, the confiscation may be removed."

"Trifles unworthy of consideration, my wife, if purchased at the price of our child's becoming an apostate."

"But, my love, do n't you see—she may convert him!"

"Ah, that it were possible! But, my dear, that is the most unlikely of all things; and here are we, two old geese, amusing ourselves with dreams and phantasms that we should be severely angry with our girls for indulging in, though their tender years and total inexperience would much more excuse them."

"Ah, well, I hope I am not a goose to desire the spiritual welfare of a promising young man, the friend of Henri," said the countess. "I shall make it the subject of prayer, that it may be effected through our instrumentality."

"Through whatever instrumentality, it is equally to be desired; for he is in a position, doubtless, of much influence."

"But if through ours, all the better and the pleasanter, you know. Henri has sent him to us that he may know us as we are. Henri would certainly not have sent him, had he thought him unsafe. Very likely Henri expects the very same results that I do; and if they ensue you will own, I hope, that I was in the right."

"Yes, that I certainly will," said Count Solara, smiling; and with that satisfying assurance, the countess fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE TIRATA.

Elie. "What a delightful landscape spreads before us!
Marked with a whitewashed cottage here and there;
And in luxuriant garlands drooping o'er us,
Blossoms of grape-vines scent the sunny air."

LONGFELLOW'S "Golden Legend"

THE Vaudois keep their Sabbath cheerfully. They serve God after the manner that has prevailed among them from the earliest times, and consider that they do not the less glorify Him by alternating their religious services with harmless relaxation. The joy of the Lord is their strength. They attempt not to propitiate a stern Deity by the fasts and penances of will-worship, but submit to his wise, mild yoke, as loving children to a benignant father, who has afforded them the dearest proof of his love, in the gift of his dear Son.

The Sunday drill and musketry practice was made the law of the land by Emmanuel Philibert; though in later times, when the Valdese were objects of ungenerous suspicion, the Tirata was virtually abolished by the vexatious conditions annexed to it.

The first Sabbath service began at nine, and rarely did the dwellers on the highest mountains absent themselves from it, except in case of sickness. Their liturgy was in Italian, till after the period of which I am writing; namely, till the pestilence of 1630 carried off *all the pastors but two*, and their places were supplied by others who could only speak French.

There is no knowing how long Cavour's slumbers might have encroached on the Sabbath morning, had they not been broken by the sound of clear young voices, apparently repeating a lesson, not far from his window. At first he turned a deaf ear to them; but at length, finding himself completely roused, he rose, somewhat provoked at the interruption, and dressed himself with such aids and appliances as Henri's quarters afforded.

On reaching the open air, he found a semicircle of young mountaineers being catechised by Octavia, whom the urchins seemed to regard with as much affection as respect. She was sitting on a bench under the broad eaves of her father's chalet, and greeted him only with a smile when he begged her not to desist from her employment on his account. She resumed it, as a matter of course, while he, casting himself on the ground a few paces off, enjoyed the opportunity of gazing at her unobserved and unreprieved. The broad patois of the lads would have made their catechism nearly unintelligible to him, even had he cared to understand it; but all he desired was to contemplate Octavia,

who, at length becoming aware of his earnest gaze, was a little embarrassed by it. At the same instant, her father, stepping out, and putting his hand lightly on Cavour's shoulder, said: "Breakfast is now ready, my young friend. I hope you slept well last night."

"Perfectly so, I thank you, Signor," said Cavour, springing to his feet, and following him and Octavia in-doors, while the boys clattered down the mountain-side, the foremost shouting, "Degagiournese!" which signifies "make haste."

"You put me to shame by your industry, Signorina," said he.

"O," she replied, "we are a little later than usual, and I thought I could not do better than hear the boys, who came by appointment, at once. They are so badly off for books that oral instruction is what they greatly depend on. Their books are so scarce that they circulate them leaf by leaf."

"Such oral instruction as they have just been receiving must be more attractive to them than any book-learning," said Cavour; "to be favored with it, I could almost wish to be a scholar myself."

"My father waits to offer morning prayer," said Octavia; and down they all kneeled; after which, they assembled round the table to a cheerful, homely breakfast.

As soon as it was over, the whole party, with the exception of Countess Solara, started off to church at La Torre, a walk of some length; but being chiefly down-hill, it was not very fatiguing. The conversation of his companions beguiled the way to Cavour; the scenery, also, enchanted him. The mountain-tops were red with thick-blossoming rhododendron; the plashing of mountain streams had an indescribably cheerful effect; gigantic walnuts and chestnuts stretched their branches over them as they descended into the valley, and among the foliage frequently peeped rural dwellings that had not only clusters of grapes hanging about the roofs and eaves, but also had each its little orchard and vineyard, with vines not of the dwarf kind, but festooned from tree to tree. These groves were musical with the song of birds, and seemed to possess enchantment for every sense. Had warfare ever been known in such peaceful scenes? Alas! yes.

"I noticed," said Cavour to his host, as they proceeded down the mountain, "a curious block of wood on the platform occupied by your son's chalet."

"Ah, that is Henri's target," said Solara. "Few of our dwellings are without one, and few of the targets are without a ball lodged in the center. You will see some good practice this

morning after service. Our men are good, not only in the use of the musket, but of the bow, and the lads are excellent with a sling and a stone. Want of other weapons teaches them the use of those that they have."

Arrived at the modest church, or "temple," as it was called, of La Torre, they found outside it—awaiting the arrival of their minister, Messer Bodetti—a handful of men whose erect carriage showed they were fresh from the seat of war. Their absence from their homes had rendered this return a delight to them, and they greeted Count Solara with lively yet respectful pleasure. The bulk of the congregation had already taken their seats, in orderly arrangement, the men on one side, the women on the other; and to improve the interval, the school-master of La Torre, an intelligent-looking man, under thirty, was reading aloud to them from the Bible on the desk, till the service began, at nine o'clock, or thereabouts.

Scarcely had Count Solara's family taken their places, when Messer Bodetti entered, and opened his service-book. After a short exhortation to general confession, he joined his people in the act of confession, with impressive earnestness, they supporting him with corresponding devotion. To Cavour it was new and strange to hear a congregation thus responding in their own familiar tongue, instead of listening to a priest intoning in a language they could not understand. His thought was, "Of course it's all wrong, but there seems a good deal of common sense in it, nevertheless."

Then followed a Psalm, sung very heartily and in good time and tune. Cavour's refined Italian taste was somewhat shocked at the absence of instrumentation and of scientific training; but he soon found himself listening entranced to Octavia's sweet soprano, supported by her father's rich bass.

An extempore prayer succeeded, which wearied him a good deal; but he detected neither heresy nor disaffection in it. Then the sermon, which wearied him more. However, he found that, by placing himself at a certain angle, he could look pensively, as it were, and without offense, at Octavia, nearly the whole time; and as she and her family looked constantly at their pastor, they were unaware that he did not do the same. Messer Bodetti, however, gave him a look of stern rebuke, which he only returned by a stony stare, as of incomprehension; but presently shifted his posture, and began to feel dreadfully weary.

He was amusing himself with his own thoughts, when the sermon concluded, and he hoped the service was nearly over. But, after

this, followed the Prayer for all Sorts and Conditions of Men, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, another Psalm, an exhortation to almsgiving, and the final benediction.

Cavour dropped a piece of money into the alms-box. No beggars clustered at the door, nor did he see one all the while he was in the valleys, though there was unseen poverty that called for relief—a family that had lost its head, another whose cow had died, another whose little harvest had been destroyed, and so forth.

The whole service lasted about an hour and a half, and then the Vaudois streamed out into the open air, the little ones stretching themselves, as if cramped with sitting long in a confined space, but slipping their hands into those of their parents, and walking off as good as gold. The old and middle-aged people exchanged friendly greetings with one another; the young men, chiefly striplings, looked up their muskets, and prepared for a trial of skill on the firing-ground, at no great distance. Here they briskly arranged the preliminaries of the match, while a good many looked on.

"Your piece does not look a very good one," said Cavour to a young man, taking his gun from him and looking closely at it.

"No; but it's the best I could get," he replied, good-humoredly, "and it has knocked over many a man at pretty long range."

"O, that's what you keep up your practice for, is it?" said Cavour, returning it to him.

"We have need to do so, Sor Cavalé [Sir Cavalier.] We never defy, but we may fairly defend."

At this instant, Cavour saw the eager face of his man-servant.

"Soh!" said he, "you have managed to reach me."

"Signor, I knew you must want your valise," said Piero; "and, besides, I was anxious for your safety; so I left the horses in good hands, and started as soon as I had given them their feed. There were others coming to La Torre, so I could not miss my way."

"Your footing, more likely," said Cavour.

"O, we came by another road from what that young jackanapes would have brought us yesterday evening—I believe there was mischief in him, Signor! We could have ridden very well here."

"But not to Count Solara's châlet. It is on a very precipitous height; and he took a short cut to it."

"Ah, there are precipitous heights hereabouts," said Piero; "frightful! though I'm used to mountains. And the men that came along with me told such wild stories of what

had taken place among their rocks as made my blood run cold."

"That was their policy, probably. Though friendly to us now, they have not been so always, and they may naturally wish to keep strangers from coming to look after them."

"I'm sure I should never want to come and look after them," said Piero. "You'll return soon, I suppose, Signor?"

"What! tired already?" said Cavour. "You know you came to please yourself. I told you to stay at the inn; and I believe you will be rather in the way here. I am not tired, myself, by any means. This is a lively, pretty scene which is now going on—quite worth coming so far for, even if there were nothing else to see. Ha! that was a good shot."

Solara now approached to present Messer Bodetti to his guest. The good *barbe* welcomed him with a penetrating, but not uncandid look, and entered into conversation. Cavour presently asked what had become of the ladies.

"They have their own little duties among the young and the sick," replied Count Solara. "We shall see them no more until sunset. Messer Bodetti is now going to perform a second service among the mountains, and I am about to accompany him. Will you go, too?"

"Readily," replied the young man, though the invitation was not much to his taste. He looked round for his man, whom he observed among the marksmen, inciting them, as it seemed, to bet. Having called him to him—

"Piero," said he, in a low voice, "you must mind what you are about here—we are on dangerous ground, you know. These rustics think it sinful to bet, and are very rough and ready. Keep your eyes about you, and your tongue between your teeth."

Piero gave a knowing look, and bowed compliance. Cavour then followed his companions. After quitting the little town, almost every house in which had the head of a bear, wolf, or fox—sometimes all three—nailed against it, they crossed a smooth, rich meadow, and then a little bridge over a rapid stream; beyond which the path gradually ascended, and became more and more abrupt; sometimes overshadowed by walnuts and chestnuts of immense girth; then, again, winding round enormous fragments of rock that had fallen from the heights above. Sometimes they passed beneath beetling crags, that looked as if they would topple over and crush every thing below them; again they would emerge on a mere shelf covered with wheat; every handful of earth on which it grew having

been brought from a distance, and spread, with much pains, on the stony surface.

When Cavour expressed his surprise that such pains should be taken for what afforded such a small return, Solara replied that the people were poor enough to be forced to use every foot of surface, in order to obtain the bare necessities of life.

"And though," said he, "their plows, harrows, and rakes are pretty much what they were in the days of Virgil and Columella, they make up for such rude implements by their industry."

Cavour's interest in what he saw and heard pleased Messer Bodetti, who began to converse with him about the war, and the stern, strong character of Charles Emmanuel, who had so suddenly rushed into it, probably goaded thereto by the haughty counsel, or rather command, of the Spanish Prime Minister "to obey." This so incensed the haughty duke that he had at once passionately torn the order of the Golden Fleece from his breast, summarily dismissed the Spanish Ambassador from his court, and made a sudden inroad on Montferrat, the ground of contention. This had drawn on the Duke of Savoy the whole might of Spain; he vainly sought alliances with foreign States, and found himself obliged to sustain the unequal fight alone. This brought out his resolution and military genius in full force; insomuch that he commanded the admiration and respect of the nations who had refused him their support; and his prominent defects were thrown into the shade.

What were those defects? He was ambitious, unscrupulous, rash, passionate, impetuous, to the verge of insanity. Succeeding Emmanuel Philibert in the dukedom at the age of eighteen, he had wisely begun by submitting to his father's advisers; but soon wearying of their control, he had submitted to no will but his own. Possessed of keen intellect and dashing bravery, like so many of the princes of Savoy, Charles Emmanuel was of course a hero in the eyes of his subjects; and it was no wonder that Cavour was dazzled by his feats, and proud of fighting under him.

He and his new friends at length reached a sort of natural amphitheater, where a mountain congregation had already assembled. Messer Bodetti conducted the service without any apparent fatigue, though he had been on duty or on foot almost ever since day-break. During the extempore sermon, Cavour fell into a day-dream that had nothing to do with the discourse.

"Surely," thought he, "the patriarchal occupations of these people, the beauty of their

country, and the purity of their atmosphere, must possess them of happiness that I had hitherto supposed only fabled by the poets. They are deficient in nothing but refinement, which is actually possessed by Count Solara's family. Might he not, then, be perfectly happy here, without fretting for his estates? At any rate, a younger man might be so, blessed in the love of Donna Octavia."

The hymn that concluded the service, and resounded from rock to rock, produced on him the effect of martial music, and inspired for the moment high resolve and heroic daring. Pity that such emotions, so called forth, are usually transient!

As they took their way back to the chalet, a sudden turn in the precipitous path brought them face to face with Count Solara's daughters. Smiling greetings were exchanged; and Cavour, courteously yielding the way to them, overbalanced himself, and slipped over the path. He would have pitched far below, with probably some disastrous result, but for the outstretched hand of Octavia, which he immediately grasped, with less thought, at the instant, of her safety than his own. Immediately he was covered with shame at having availed himself of her help, and overwhelmed her with apologies, which she seemed to think quite uncalled for.

"Of course," said she, "I was not going to let you break your neck."

Dinner awaited them at the chalet, where Messer Bodetti remained to dine. With two such men to lead the discourse, it needs hardly be said that

"Thine was converse such as it behooved
Men to have held, and God to have approved."

In the cool of the evening, they all walked part of the way to La Torre with Messer Bodetti and his sister, who was returning home with him. The walk was delightful. The rapid fire-flies flitted across their path, and added to their cheerfulness by their playful irradiation. They sparkled in millions in the grass, trees, and hedges, infinitely more numerous and lively than Cavour had ever yet seen them.

"How strange it is," said Count Solara, "that while the classic writers speak so often of the glow-worms, they do not say any thing of their airy brethren!"

"Pardon me, they do," said Messer Bodetti; "Aristotle notices the distinction between them; and Pliny, in his Natural History, calls them *cicindela*."

Meanwhile, Cavour had captured one of them.

"Gone!" exclaimed he, when he opened his hand. "No; it is dead. I have crushed it."

A SOUL'S OUTLOOK.

MIDNIGHT heard, his kingly stepping, and the sun-beams colder quivered,

While the moon her silver vestments gathered closer, as she shivered.

"Did ye hear it?" moaned the river, as he hastened to the sea;

"Did ye hear it?" wailed the night-bird, from his perch within the tree;

And my heart, poor weary nestling, in the silence weird and gray,

Hushed its song of woe to listen, and it could not tell them, "Nay."

Through the glimmer of the moonlight, through the dusky darkness glancing,

I could see his bannered legions on their ghostly chargers prancing;

But no need of flying stallion had this phantom—King of Death—

For his winged feet moved swiftly as the blighting of his breath;

Ghast and gory were the blossoms that upstarted at his tread,

As the trembling earth did homage to the Ruler of her dead.

Scarlet lights and baleful shadows round his crowned brows were flaring;

In his eyes the lurid fire-flames deepened to a redder glaring;

And from the freezing hand he offered, in his greeting unto me,

Dripped the deadly slime and moisture caught from some uncanny sea;

And my heart, sore-frighted birdling, beat its hapless wings in vain,

While my life-blood surged and circled in an icy whirl of pain.

Then I questioned, madly questioned, from the depth of all my longing,

While my doubts, like demon spirits, gathered in their busy thronging:

"Monarch, doth the soul within me kindle with its vivid fire

But the sacrificial burning of its own funereal pyre?

Is this thought that blooms and brightens but an atom of the sod,

Kindled into transient glory by the breathing of a god?"

"Mortal," slowly made he answer, toward the heaven his hand uprearing,

"Seest thou not the gleam of star-worlds in yon far expanse appearing?

When the great sun o'er the mountains rolls his flaming, flashing car,

In the brightness of his rising shall be hidden every star;

And the Great Infinite Spirit in His onward chariot rolls,

Hiding in His matchless glory all the light of lesser souls.

O'er thy rest the winds shall wander and the cypress
 bend in sighing,
 But the spirit-star within thee flames in fire that hath
 no dying;
 In the far eternal spaces shall its fadeless glories
 shine,
 Hidden in the broader brightness of the limitless
 Divine;
 See! above the misty hill-tops, looking down upon
 thy life,
 Doth the Sun that is immortal rend the dreary dark
 of strife."
 Then my tired heart burst in music through the up-
 ward arches ringing,
 And her pinions sought to wander toward the wild
 heights of her singing:
 For I saw the hills a-tremble and the heavens bow-
 ing low,
 And the form of One I knew not smote them with
 a sudden glow;
 'Neath His chariot-wheels triumphal rolled the
 gathered clouds away;
 From horizon to horizon spread the full and perfect
 day.

MY GARRET.

I HAVE a quaint old garret, full
 Of quaint and curious odds and ends,
 Queer fancies collected,
 When my thoughts went gathering wool,
 Queer ideas dissected,
 And hung there to dry; queer mementos of
 friends—
 Words, smiles, and hand-clasps, embraces and
 kisses—
 Arrayed on the wall,
 Where the cobwebs have hung up their silvery
 dresses,
 And from whence, when I'm never thinking about
 them,
 Some one of them suddenly falls
 On my hand, on my head, or mayhap at my feet,
 And startles me into thinking,
 What would I do without them?
 And "what?" the garret echoes repeat.
 In one corner, there is a quaint old chest
 Of the quaintest and oddest and curiousest
 Old cast-off dresses that ever you saw;
 One is a robe of purest snow,
 Worn, let me see, twenty odd years ago;
 And there 's never a speck or flaw
 In all its filmy, perfumed whiteness.
 There is another, whose dainty brightness
 And freshness is sullied where the pins
 Of life's earliest, smallest faults and sins
 Pricked it, and through it my soul—
 O, if I could control,
 With a wave of my hand, or a nod of my head,
 The unchangeable spheres of the sky, and spread
 The light of day and the shadows of night
 At my will; if I had the power to write

The fates and the fortunes of men,—
 I would give the power and the wonderful ken,
 If I could remove from that cast-off dress
 The pricks of the pins, and their blemishes!
 The last one (but recently laid by),
 Is newer, and trimmed so fancifully
 That 't would puzzle the wisest dress-maker to fashion
 One like it, and so, for your edification,
 I'll describe it to you:
 The skirt is of blue,
 And trimmed with a wreath of white lilies of duty—
 It makes my heart ache to know that their beauty
 Is sadly defaced
 By the fingers of carelessness. The waist
 Was a bodice woven of beautiful thoughts,
 And longings for higher living; knots
 Of earnest endeavor loop up the sleeves,
 Which are fringed with pearls by the maker, Time;
 And it grieves—
 It does grieve me that some have been lost;
 For I never realized half their cost.
 Over the bosom is folded down,
 Smoothly and carefully, fold upon fold
 Of lace, which the merchants never sold,
 But the angels have named it *Purity*;
 And it may be
 That 't is not a fabric purchased in town.
 It is frosted thickly with diamond-dew
 From the depths of Pity's wonderful ocean;
 And under it blushes, half hid from view,
 A half-blown rose, whose tremulous motion
 Puzzled me always—does it puzzle you?
 It was fastened with brooches, so quaint and rare
 That, when I laid it away in the chest,
 I had not courage to give them up;
 So I wear them now upon my breast.
 For one, it was the anchor, Hope,
 One bore the heraldic device
 Of Truth; and one, the brightest there,
 It was the "pearl of great price."
 Sometimes, on my idle, dreaming days,
 I open this chest of drawers, and gaze
 On these old-fashioned, cast-off dresses;
 Stroking the folds down with my hands,
 Measuring length and breadth and bands,
 And letting some sorrowful tear-drops fall,
 To think that I have outgrown them all.
 There are nooks and corners and recesses
 In this curious garret of mine,
 Filled with rubbish of every sort:
 A key that used to unlock my heart;
 A goblet that held the wine
 Of the sweetest bliss that I ever tasted,
 (But which, by a mishap, was wasted);
 Jingling old rhymes, all strung together;
 Bits of sunshine for cloudy weather;
 Beautiful gems, serene and pure,
 That have floated in on the tide,
 From the great lands of Literature to the shore
 Of the lone isle of Song where I 'bide;
 Crystallized dreams that never came true,
 And which there, and there only belong;

Pictures of scenes that my life once knew;
Torn leaves, and old snatches of song;
Yellow old letters tied up with blue,
And scented with rose-geranium leaves;
Fossils of friendship, and a few
Embalmed loves, of that kind that never deceives.

O, would you not like to know
The name of this wonderful garret of mine?
I could lead you through,
And tell you the pitiful history,
And the hidden mystery,
Of the contents of corner or nook or recess,
Until you would weep.

I could press
A secret spring, and bare to your gaze
Sights that would fill you with amaze,
To think that so quiet a house should keep
A skeleton moldering in rusty chains;
But that is a secret that remains
To be revealed when the house shall fall,
And the quaint and curious garret, with all
Its quaint and curious odds and ends,
Molders away, and blends
With the things of eternity.
Then it will pain no one to see
What was hidden in the garret of memory.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

"THE STORY OF MY LIFE."

HERE is a perpetual charm in *naïveté*. Girlhood—all ignorance and innocence, all frankness and folly—is a type of its fascination. In a man, one who has the fame of genius, it allies itself sometimes a little too closely with sentimentalism. The hero of his own story plays upon ingenuousness, child-like frankness and faith, as charmed strings to the public ear. The "dear child of nature" sometimes unpleasantly reminds us of his second cousin, the natural.

Hans Christian Andersen calls his autobiography a "Wonder Story," and opens it thus: "My life is a lovely story, happy and full of incident. If, when I was a boy, and went forth into the world poor and friendless, a good fairy had met me and said, 'Choose now thy own course through life, and the object for which thou wilt strive; and then, according to the development of thy mind, I will guide and defend thee to its attainment,' my fate could not, even then, have been directed more happily, more prudently, or better. The history of my life will say to the world what it says to me: There is a loving God who directs all things for the best." One feels the charm of the first sentences, and does not, till deeper in the book, weary of its perpetual repetition; especially as,

in some respects, it is literal truth. The child of fortune, the charity scholar, become a world-renowned author, a friend and companion of kings, may well claim for his life a measure of the marvelous. And the mixture of simplicity and worldliness that makes the charm of Andersen's stories, seems, judged by his autobiography, a reflex of his own character. He is always his own hero; dreamy, sensitive, ambitious, and with a large spicing of vanity. The child-like heart demands admiration for its *naïveté*. In his Life, he at once charms and annoys us with his frankness. The poet is too much of an egotist. But that is one of the privileges of genius.

In Odense, in 1805, lived a shoe-maker and his wife, in a little room that served at once as shop and home. The furniture the husband had himself made; and so small was the place that the bench, the bed, and the baby's crib nearly filled it. The walls were gay with pictures, green branches, and flowers. There were books in a little cupboard; and the mother specially prided herself on the spotless floor and curtains. By a ladder on the outside, one could go on the roof, where, in a great chest filled with soil, was the little garden. Spite of poverty the young couple were happy; the more so when, in April, 1805, a son came to them. Had they known the life of trouble and success that lay before this only child, their joy might have been different, but not deeper.

The father had a sensitive and poetic mind. In his youth, his parents had been in good circumstances, and he was to have been a student. But trouble fell on them. He became a shoe-maker's apprentice, and the dearest wishes of his heart centered thenceforward in his son. Hans was a dreamy child, seldom playing with boys of his own age; his greatest pleasure in making clothes for his dolls; going about with his eyes half shut, and delighting in watching the sunlight filtered through the bushes in his mother's little garden. He says: "I grew up pious and superstitious; I had not the least idea of what it was to be in want. My father lived, as the saying is, from hand to mouth; but what we had was more than enough for me. As to my dress, I was rather spruce. An old woman altered my father's clothes for me. My mother would fasten three or four large pieces of silk, with pins, on my breast; and that had to do for vests. A large kerchief was tied round my neck in a mighty bow; my head was washed with soap and my hair curled, and then I was in all my glory."

It was the time of Napoleon's glory. Denmark was in league with France, and Hans's

father enlisted. Peace was concluded, however, before they had marched far, and the shoe-maker returned to his bench. But his health had been seriously injured, and soon after he died. They were now poor indeed. The mother went out washing. The boy stayed at home, made dolls' clothes, played with his marionette theater, and read. Through the kindness of some wealthy ladies in the neighborhood, books were given him, of which chief in importance was Shakspeare. Seized by the tragic fever, Hans wrote plays wherein, of course, every one died; and the more there were to die, the finer he thought it. His voice, and his talent in declaiming, brought him into notice with some rich families, and kindled in him his first ambition.

His mother married again. It became necessary that Hans should do something for himself. She wished him to be a tailor. Loving him passionately, she understood nothing of his impulsive disposition, his sensitive and poetic nature. Hans, who had saved a little money, besought her that, before he was apprenticed, he might visit Copenhagen, the greatest city in the world to him then. To his mother's question as to what he would do there, he answered, rather vaguely, "I will be famous." A wise woman was first consulted, who, after reading the future in cards and coffee-grounds, announced that Hans was destined to be a great man, and that his native town would, one day, be illuminated in his honor. Encouraged by this very misty glory, the mother consented. He might try his luck, and, if he failed, come back to her and the tailorship. Hans had greater dreams. He secured a letter of introduction to a famous dancer in Copenhagen, and hoped, through her influence, to get a place in the great theater there. He was fourteen when he thus started to seek his fortune. His mother and his aged grandmother accompanied him to the city gates. There they parted; and, with his bundle over his shoulder, his small sayings in his pocket, the light-hearted boy set out. He traveled partly in a post-carriage, partly on foot, and had little money left when he arrived at the city. Failing in his ambition of a place in the theater, he was not too downhearted to invest some of his money in an opera ticket, and forget his real sorrows in the fancied ones of Paul and Virginia.

Andersen's life for the next three years was one of constant work and worry. He was supported by the charity of a few men, who were interested in his talents; but the money given being insufficient, he had often, especially in the last Summer, to go hungry and miserable.

He took any lessons that teachers would in charity give him—dancing, singing, Latin, German. His purposes were too indefinite, and his means too limited, to permit him any choice either of instructors or studies. The public libraries gave him plenty of occupation, and he tells how often hunger was forgotten in the world of fancy conjured up by Shakspeare and Scott. At the end of three years he was again thrown on his own resources. He appealed now to a distinguished Danish statesman, named Collin. Through him a small annual allowance was obtained from the king, and he was admitted as a free scholar into a neighboring grammar-school. Collin became a true father to him. His home was opened to the friendless boy, and for years he was his wisest counselor, his best friend. The worst days of Andersen's life were over. He had now a chance to develop the talent God had given him.

Though now past seventeen, he was ignorant of the simplest books. Forced to begin with the smallest scholars, he worked his way to the highest classes, and, in six years, passed his final examination. A man in years, he was a child in feeling—awkward, shy, and unpleasantly frank with his friends. He quotes some passages from a journal kept in his school-days, an odd mixture of prayer and practicality. He calls himself "a pale, desperate being," and prays, with a fervor that strikes one a little comically, for promotion to a higher class. So thoroughly childish is it, that one wonders that it could be written by a youth of twenty.

He had scarcely passed his last examination when he published his first book, "A Foot-journey from the Hohn Canal to the East Point of Amack." It was a success; was republished in Sweden and Germany; and the young author was wild with delight at the praise he received. Now he published his first volume of poems. All houses were now open to him. He had friends in plenty, and in youth and hope was happy.

Little journeys, new books in prose and poetry, wider circles of readers,—this is the record of the next few years. Dependent on his pen for support, he wrote every thing he could—plays, stories, travels, and poems. His friends thought his talents justified him in trying to cultivate them in travel. To do this, an allowance from the Government was required. By their advice, he presented a petition to the king, with, accompanying it, recommendations from various writers to prove him really a poet. The stipend was obtained, and he left for Italy. "It is your only chance to see it," said his friends. "Recognize your surprising good fortune, and be happy."

Happy he was, but not in the way he had expected. He gives an amusing account of the endless sight-seeing he endured in Paris, and quotes the remark of one friend, returning exhausted from a visit to a great museum: "They must be seen. I should be ashamed to go home and say I had not been there. There are but few more places, and then I'll have a good time." He felt in himself, "What an affliction life is apt to become among the antiques and old masters!"

The fruit of this trip was the "Improvisatore"—a book which raised him to a literary position hitherto undreamed of by his friends. It was translated into various languages, and every-where well received. Foreign critics were generous to its faults, and lavish in praise of its purity and beauty. Those at home preferred, for a time, to treat the poet and his work with entire indifference.

Andersen seems to have been troubled with an army of friends who thought best to show their love by constant fault-finding. His first books, from his ignorance, had orthographical errors—a fault never forgotten or forgiven. The poems were popular, but the critics declared him no poet. Judged by the bits scattered through his *Life*, the critics were right. Possibly, however, the translation does not do them justice. He at least writes poetry in prose. His friends persecuted him with advice; and being timid to a fault, he did not, till quite advanced in life, learn to answer them properly. They evidently thought him vain, and took the greatest pains to repeat every thing bad that was said of him. Praise they never told; and when Frederika Bremer spoke once, to some of them, of the high estimation in which Andersen was held in Sweden, they entreated her not to tell him of it, it would make him so proud. In his trip to Italy, he did not, for a long time, hear from his friends. At last a thick letter came, on which he had to pay double postage. Instead of the greetings he had looked for, he found a Cöpenhagen paper containing a lampoon on him. It was his first greeting from home.

The "Improvisatore" marked an era in his literary life. He could afford to forgive critical neglect in public appreciation. And nowhere, save at home, was fault found with him. The farther his fancies flew in the wide, wide world, the brighter was their welcome. Like his own Ugly Duckling, his mates refused to believe in his powers. Only abroad was he recognized fully.

Soon after this, Andersen published the first volume of his "Wonder Stories." The book upon which his fame was afterward most surely

to rest, the one that showed best his peculiar poetic powers, the one that was to make his name known and loved of children every-where, was received by the Danish critics with mingled blame and indifference. Two novels, published immediately after, were better received. One of these made so strong an impression on a highly gifted critic, that, meeting Andersen in the street, he promised him a most flattering review. After long waiting, it came, in a book so large and heavy, that people jokingly said only Andersen and the author had read it through. But having re-read the novel, the critic had very little praise for it. As for payment, Andersen considered himself well rewarded when, for the "Improvisatore," he received nineteen pounds. As his works were more read, his pay increased; but it never came near that paid in England and America. To live, Andersen had always to be writing, and the constant strain and anxiety he felt, hindered the development of his talent. After some trouble, through the influence of three good friends, a small pension from the king was given him. "From this day," he writes, "it was as if a more constant sunshine had entered my heart. I felt within myself more repose, more certainty; it was clear to me, as I glanced back over my life, that a loving Providence watched over me; that all was directed for me by a higher power." He now wrote the "Picture-book without Pictures," which, judged by the number of editions, was very popular in Sweden and Germany. The English critics gave it high praise, calling it "an *Iliad* in a nutshell." At home little was thought of it.

Again he left Denmark to travel; this time going to Italy, Greece, and Turkey. The journey is described in "A Poet's Bazaar." One of the most curious things in it is the description of the author's first railway ride, and the profound impression it made on him. In this trip, he first saw daguerreotypes—"portraits taken in ten minutes"—which seemed to him "a bit of witchcraft."

The fame he already had was largely increased by a new volume of "Wonder Stories." It is curious to see how the journals of Copenhagen disparaged these tales, as too childish for the author of the "Improvisatore." But Andersen wrote, and the public bought. A "Wonder Story" came every year, and before long no Christmas-tree was complete without them. Translations were made in nearly all the languages of Europe, and Andersen's name became dear to children wherever the stories were known.

Andersen counted his acquaintance with Jenny

Lind of great moral and intellectual importance. He met her in 1840, and three years after was instrumental in securing her first appearance in Copenhagen. There began that wave of success that afterward circled so far. "On the stage she was the great artist; at home a sensitive young girl, with all the humility and piety of a child." Vestal of art, she showed Andersen its power and sacredness. Never but once did he hear from her any expression of vanity in her talent. She had given, at her own request, a concert for a charitable institution for poor children. When told how much good the proceeds would do, she said, with tears, "Is it not beautiful that I can sing so!"

From this time, Andersen's life is rich in content and happiness. He has a competent support; he has found out what he best can write; he is able to travel, and finds friends every-where. Every Spring he sets out. He goes over Sweden and Norway, Spain and Portugal, Germany and England. There he is lionized in London drawing-rooms; is invited to visit the queen; and forms a friendship with Dickens, that lasts for years. Memories of many distinguished poets and artists whom he met are told. He gives us surface-pictures of life in almost every part of Europe; little photographs of scenes and places, little touches of national character. He begins to read himself his "Wonder Stories," for the pleasure of his friends. He is the guest of kings and princes; and the best he can do for his royal hosts is to read them a story, new or old. He takes pains to tell us each time which one was read. "The Ugly Duckling" and the "Discontented Fir-tree" seem to have been most popular. He writes the "Wonder Story" of his life, a couple of novels, poems, sketches of travel; best of all, many new Wonder Stories. His other writings become insignificant beside these. For them his genius seems perfectly fitted; one would say that the poet best realizes his conceptions in "Cherry Stones." Tiny but daintily perfect are these tales; and how hard it is to write such little things well, only those who have tried can understand. They are not less artistic because small; and for quaint humor and tender purity they are unique. It is a fairy world to which he transports us; and his frost-work is none the less beautiful that it withers in the warm light of reality. One of the most popular tells of the fortunes of a fir-tree, that in its native wood sighed for greater splendors, that became a Christmas-tree, and, after a night of glory, was left to die; and its pathetic perfection makes it uselessly affecting to imaginative readers. As for the "Ugly

Duckling," we all know it and its moral: "It does not matter to be born in a duck-yard, if one has only lain in a swan's egg."

The story of his London life is most interesting to ordinary readers. He was overwhelmed with invitations, and completely worn out with visiting. He mentions especially Lady Morgan, who, finding him a lion, urged him to visit her. He had to wait a few days, till she had, in a great hurry, read his works. Then he went; she was very polite, and quoted to him many things from his writings.

But best of all was the love of the children. He had a large place in their hearts, and the evidences of affection strike one almost pathetically. Many times, groups of them walked a long way to give him greeting or farewell in strange towns. From the windows, as he walked the streets, they nodded and smiled to him. Once, leaving a place very early in the morning, a little boy, tired, sleepy, but determined, came to see him off. Meeting one day a lady, walking with her children, the youngest boy ran to put his hand in Andersen's. "How dare you speak to a stranger?" was the mother's reproof. "It is no stranger; it is Andersen. All the boys know him." Once he received a letter from an unknown student, inclosing a pressed four-leaved clover. When a little boy he had been delighted with the "Wonder Stories." His mother had told them that Andersen had had much trouble; and the little fellow immediately searched for a four-leaved clover, that he might send him as a talisman of good-luck. But the mother put it in her psalm-book, and forgot it. Years after, the student found it and sent it. Once, going in haste to an entertainment, the friend with him made him stop at an elegant house, gathered the children—all of whom knew Andersen through his works—and bade him tell a story. Possibly, afterward, the children remembered it as a bit of fairy-work—this mysterious coming and going of the author they loved. He read his stories every-where, sometimes in languages that he knew but imperfectly. He mentions, as the boldest of these attempts, reading the "Ugly Duckling" in English. It was in Rome, to a circle of English and American children.

The highest honor of Andersen's life, he esteemed, came to him 1867, in Odense. The wise woman's prophecy was fulfilled. His native city was illuminated in his honor. With the account of these festivities, he closes the story of his life. It was the usual programme—processions and speeches, flowers and feasting and torchlights. The author would have been lifted to the pinnacle of happiness, but for a

toothache. The children's tribute was especially pretty. "How happy I was! and yet, up to Heaven's height, man dares not exalt himself. I suffered from a dreadful toothache, which, with heat and excitement, became intolerable; but I read a Wonder Story for my little friends."

Andersen mentions, in the early part of his life, meeting a young girl who so charmed him, that he wished to give up his literary dreams and become a student of Theology. She married another, and the poet recognized it as for the best.

In the greatest honors that came to him, the God who had guided him was remembered. His religion seemed to be of the most child-like type; and the stray sentences that reveal his belief, have an odd charm in the mosaic of wordly incident that surrounds them. Going down into a happy old age, he closes most appropriately his autobiography with a prayer:

"Leave me not when the days of trial come"

WAS IT A DREAM?

WE lived alone, my widowed mother and myself, in a quaint old house of a quaint old New England village. I was the youngest of three girls, and we had no brother. My eldest sister married when I was a mere infant, and Rachel, the second sister, lived with the eldest in a town some five miles distant. I was fifteen that Autumn, but small and shy of my years. It was just at the close of a dreary day, in the beginning of November, that Sol Williams drove up in the old covered buggy, drawn by the old gray horse, both of which were among my earliest acquaintances. Mrs. Williams had been the playmate of my mother's childhood, the intimate friend of her riper years; and as, one by one, the compeers of their youth dropped away, they seemed to draw nearer and nearer in heart, until now they appeared to lean against and prop one another. Sol was the bearer of sad news. His mother had fallen on the floor in a fit of apoplexy. She came out of the fit, and slowly recovered her senses; but she was very weak, the doctor said sinking, and she was anxiously asking for her old friend, my mother.

Your genuine New Englander is never, in any emergency, demonstrative; so when Sol said "he guessed he would n't set down, he'd jest step into the doctor's a minit, and mebber Mrs. Hawse 'ud be ready agin he come back," we understood there was no time to lose. My mother, while making her hasty preparation,

ever and anon glanced uneasily out of the window at the scowling, dismal night-fall, and then at me. At last she said, "Had n't you better come along? you'll be lonesome enough here to-night." I objected; the cow was to be milked, and there was no time for the delay necessary before the house could be left for the night. Then the dear, loving mother proposed I should run over and see if Sally Jones would not bring her knitting, and stay with me. Again I objected. I was not at all fond of Sally's company, and did not feel that it would repay the discomfort of going after her through the pelting rain; so I said I should not be lonesome. I should do my chores, get my supper, and then take my sewing. I looked up; my mother stood near the door, pulling on her gloves—for Sol was unfastening the horse at the gate—and she was gazing on me earnestly through her spectacles. I saw she was anxious; so I said, cheerfully, "Never mind me; I sha' n't be afraid." She smiled gently, and replied: "No, Mary, you need n't be afraid. You know we have the promise, 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.'"

Soon as she was gone, I set to work; fed the hens and the cow, milked, laid my wood and kindling in the back kitchen ready for morning, brought a good supply of fuel into the family-room, and shut up all the out-houses; then, hanging my wet shawl behind the kitchen-door, and taking off my galoches, I made up a good fire in the large Franklin stove (now out of fashion), placed my tea-kettle on it, and sat down to rest while the kettle should come to the boil. Our house, with its little orchard-garden, stood at one extremity of the small village. The house consisted of one rather large room in front, with a bedroom and small kitchen built on at the back. There was a narrow entry, as it is called in common parlance, at the end of the house next the garden, and out of this entry ascended a steep flight of stairs to some bed and store rooms above. As the entry and staircase did not fill out the whole depth of the room, there was a recess behind the stairs, and in that recess a window looking into the garden. Of course there was an outside door to this entry, that, when open, would barely swing clear of the first step of the stairs; but it was seldom opened; for, like most New England village houses, there was another door, the one always used, opening directly into the family-room. At the end opposite the staircase was the stove; and here, next the street, near a front window, stood a table, my mother's rocking-chair, and the stand with the old family

Bible, surmounted by a willow work-basket. Now, to make this corner a snugger for Winter, there had been a neatly papered board partition run just behind the outside door, and extending nearly half-way across the room. In the corner, on the other side of the stove, was a chintz-covered lounge. On this lounge I threw myself, in a half-sitting posture, to rest and wait for the kettle to boil.

As I sat thus, cuddled up against a heap of pillows in that corner, the window of the recess was fronting me, and I soon found myself looking out intently at the wild turmoil among the branches of an apple-tree not far from the house. The twilight was deepening; but, as there was no light in the room except that of the fire, I could still see objects near the window. At the same time, my mother's calm smile, her loving tones, and words of heavenly cheer, were lingering sweetly in my memory; they seemed strangely grateful, as if in soothing contrast to the raging elements without. As the sun went down, the wind increased, until it was come to blow in hurricane gusts, and the rain beat the glass in fitful dashes, mingling its battering with the manifold noises of the blast. And now a singular frame of mind came over me. Upon a substratum of utmost tranquillity, of restful trust in God, there grew within me what seemed an extrinsic, involuntary excitement; a sympathy with the mad uproar of the storm. The wind tore and howled and shrieked, and some long, drooping limbs of the apple-tree, half denuded of leaves, swung and danced, and dashed themselves up and down, in such a frenzy of rage or glee that a consonant screech of exultation was almost bursting from me, when above the tempest there rung out a yell that seemed at once an incorporation and an explication of all the fury. I was not startled, I was not frightened; it appeared so natural, this culmination, that it afforded me satisfaction or relief. Then gradually the excitement subsided and dissipated; a great calmness settled down upon my soul. The storm without raved, loud and fierce as ever; I heeded it not. My spirit was as though aware of some presence more terrible than the blustering elements, yet equally apprised of perfect security. I seemed to be laved in, lapped about, with the omnipotent love of my Heavenly Father.

While thus, as it were, out of myself and reposing on God, my eyes still fixed on that window, a face, a dreadful face, was pressed against one of the panes, and for a moment was framed in the sash. I saw it, but it did not move me. I knew it was there, almost before I saw it, as if I had been expecting it, but it had no terror

for me; nay, more, I was conscious of still further expectance, yet without fear. I had no knowledge of the passage of time; whether a minute or twenty elapsed after I saw the face at the window, I know not; but—the door was stealthily opened, and something came stealing in. From my corner I could not see the door, but in a moment a large, powerful-looking man crept into view, from behind the screen of boards. His clothes were torn, wet, and mud-besmeared; with one hand he clutched the edge of the partition, the other he held at his back. His head, which was uncovered, was thrust forward; the hair, though dripping, was matted in elfish locks, and bristling; the blood-shot eyes were peering into mine; and that horrible face was—yes, it *was* spotted with blood. Still, not a ripple of fear disturbed the calm serenity of my soul. I had no consciousness of thought or feeling; I only knew, in some inscrutable manner, that I was invulnerable, through my Father's protection. The figure stopped, and stood just as I first saw it; but the gleam of sly ferocity faded out of the eyes, and by degrees the whole bearing changed from cunning malevolence to cowering confusion. Meantime, I had said nothing, done nothing, save to keep my eyes fixed on him with quiet waiting. Now, I raised my arm and extended it, pointing to the door. No word was spoken as he slowly turned and crept away, silently as he came.

Suddenly a spell seemed to dissolve, or I awoke. I found myself sitting upright, my right arm outstretched. The fire was burning brightly, but low; the kettle was pouring out a volume of steam; and around the corner of the partition came a chilling breath of out-door air. I rose, and crossed the room mechanically. The door was not quite closed; I shut it firmly, locked it, then drew down the blinds. A sense of danger, slightly approaching to horror, came upon me, as I looked around, and bestirred myself to make sure that I was awake. However, that soon passed; and though I shivered, felt weak, and had no appetite for my tea, yet I can truly say I had no fear nor dread. The peculiar feeling of my trance-like dream was gone; but there still remained sweet peace and trust in God. At midnight, the wind lulled somewhat; and the remainder of the night I slept well.

In the morning, the storm ceased, and my mother returned early. Her friend was gone to rest; had passed away as the dawn broke and the clouds dispersed. The dear mother said she had been all night anxious about me, and she looked so scared, when two or three neighbors almost simultaneously ran in to relate an exciting bit of news, that I had no heart to tell

her my dream. The story ran, that just at day-break, mine host of the village tavern had been roused by two gentlemen, who were come from a lunatic asylum some ten miles distant. They had set off, when the storm began to abate, in search of a very dangerous patient, who escaped about the middle of the afternoon preceding. This poor maniac, before he was placed in the asylum, had killed his own father; but for several years he had been quiet and apparently harmless, though subject to fits of moodiness. The day previous, he suddenly flew upon a fellow-patient, and killed him before any intervention could be effected. An attempt was made to secure the mad wretch, and his face was wounded in the struggle; but in the consternation caused by the suddenness of the affair, the terrible man escaped. About midnight the keepers ascertained whither he was fled, and now they were in pursuit. They found him asleep in a barn, one mile beyond the village.

This story certainly gave a strange complexion to my dream, and often I pondered over it. However, I was too shy and timid to speak of it to any one except my mother, and was deterred from mentioning it to her, lest somehow it might give her pain; so for years it lay hidden in my memory. At last I told it to Rachel, and it is at her suggestion that it now comes before the public.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

GOD has ages to work in, and with him a thousand years are as one day. Two things characterize his plans in the accomplishment of great events. First, he prepares the way by slow and gradual processes; and then he brings about his designs by apparently trivial and unlikely means.

Take the advent of Jesus Christ; view it by itself alone—the birth of an infant in a stable—and who would have supposed it linked with any very important consequences? Yet, viewed in connection with its results, it is the most important event this world ever witnessed. Though by itself apparently unimportant, it was the commencement of a new era in the world's history; it was the harbinger of peace upon earth and good-will to men.

View the agony in the garden—a man of sorrows, with a few poor disciples, retired for prayer, his soul filled with consternation and overwhelmed with sorrow—and what important consequences can be connected with such an event? In itself it may seem unimportant; but when we consider who it is that thus agonized,

and why it was that he thus sorrowed, we venerate the sufferer, and admire the wisdom and goodness of his sufferings. He was not simply a martyr. Martyrs have embraced the stake with joy, but Jesus was sorrowful unto death. He was the Lamb of God, and he sorrowed and agonized because on him was laid the iniquity of us all. Here was the cause of the sorrows of Gethsemane; and we see in them the justice of God and the evil of sin.

View the crucifixion on Calvary—the ignominious death, between two thieves, of one whom his own nation rejected—and what can it accomplish? But it was the Son of God who then expired, and he died not for himself; he was a sin-offering for us, an atoning sacrifice. He died to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. He endured the curse of God's law, and died for the redemption of the world.

The ordinance of the Lord's-supper is simple, and, apart from its design, insignificant and unmeaning. But view it in connection with its intention and its institution, and you see its nature; it commemorates the Lord Jesus Christ, keeps in remembrance his agony and his crucifixion, his wonderful love, and serves to keep alive a sense of indebtedness to him, and of obligation to love and serve him.

Indebtedness to Jesus Christ! Who can estimate it? What is there that we do not owe to him? Nothing of a temporal nature; for had he not interposed, the human race might have been cut off in Adam, and then we should have never seen the light. Nothing of a spiritual nature; for it is only through him that every blessing of this kind descends from heaven. If we are delivered from the curse of the law, and blessed with the liberty of the sons of God, it is to Jesus Christ that we owe it all. But who feels his indebtedness to him? Who realizes it as he ought?

It is not without design that Jesus Christ came into the world; not without design that he laid down his life, sends forth his Spirit, and unites us to himself in our effectual calling. We are chosen in him, not because we are holy, but that we may be holy; and we are *united to him* by faith and the indwelling of his Spirit, as the branches are united with the vine, that we may *bring forth fruit* unto God. This design of union with Christ is brought out plainly by the apostle, in Romans vii, 4: "Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth *fruit unto God*." Fruit unto God—holy living and good doing. May we be fruitful branches of the true vine!

DIES IRÆ—DAY OF WRATH.

1. Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum' in favilla;
Teste David' cum Sibylla.
2. Quantus tremor' est futurus,
Quando Juxta' est venturus,
Cuncta stricte' discussurus!
3. Tuba, mirum' spargens sonum
Per sepulchra' regionum,
Coget omnes' ante thronum.
4. Mors stupebit' et natura,
Quum resurget' creatura,
Judicanti' responsura.
5. Liber scriptus' proferetur,
In quo totum' continetur,
Unde mundus' indicetur.
6. Juxta, ergo, quum sedebit,
Quicquid latet' apparebit;
Nil inultum' remanebit.
7. Quid sum miser' tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum' rogaturus,
Quum vix justus' sit securus?
8. Rex tremendæ' majestatis,
Qui salvandos' salvat gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!
9. Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa' tuæ viæ:
Ne me perdas' illa die!
10. Quærens me se disti lassus;
Redemisti' cruce passus:
Tantus labor' non sit cassus!
11. Juste Juxta' ultionis,
Donum fac re' missionis,
Ante diem' rationis!
12. Ingemisco' tanquam reus;
Culpa rubet' vultus meus;
Supplicanti' parce, Deus!
13. Qui Mariam' absolvisti,
Et latronem' exaudisti,
Mihi quoque' spem dedisti.
14. Preces meæ' non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus' fac benigne,
Ne perenni' cremer igne!
15. Inter oves' locum præsta,
Et ab hædis' me sequestra,
Statuens in' parte dextra.
16. Confutatis' maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum' benedictis.
17. Tristis oro' et acclinis—
Cor contritum' quasi cinis:
Gere curam' meæ finis!
18. Lacrymosa' dies illa!
Qua resurget' ex favilla,
Judicandus' homo reus:
Huic, ergo, parce, Deus!
1. Day of anger, day impending,
Time in ashes' penal ending—
Psalm and Sibyl' so portending.
2. What a tremor' will surprise us,
When the awful' Judge arises,
All things strictly' he assizes!
3. Gabriel's trumpet, wide resounding
Through the graves on' earth abounding,
Gathers all—the' throne surrounding.
4. Death aghast will' stand with nature,
While arises' thus the creature
To the final' judicature.
5. There the record' is awaiting,
All behavior' plainly stating,
Heart and doom thus' indicating.
6. When the Judge shall' then be seated,
All that 's hid will' be repeated;
Vengeance can of' naught be cheated.
7. What shall wretched' I be pleading,
Whom invoke for' interceding,
When the just a' stay is needing?
8. King majestic' and tremendous,
Who salvation' freely sendest,
Save me, Thou who' all grace lendest!
9. O remember, Jesus holy,
That for me thy' path was lowly;
Lose me not in' that day wholly!
10. Sitting weary' me Thou soughtest;
On the cross with' passion boughtest;
Be not all in' vain thou wroughtest!
11. Justest Judge of' retribution,
Grant me fully' absolution
Ere the day of' that solution!
12. Groans my sentence' antedating,
Guilt my blushes' indicating;
Spare, O God, me' supplicating!
13. Mary was by' Thee forgiven,
And the dying' thief was shriven;
Thou to me, too, hope hast given.
14. Though my prayers but' merit spurning,
Grant—in gracious' pity turning—
That I feel not' endless burning!
15. 'Mid thy sheep give' me a station,
From the goats a' separation,
On thy right-hand' exaltation.
16. When the curs'd are' reprobated,
And to keenest' flames are fated,
Make me with the' blest instated.
17. Sad and prostrate' I adore Thee,
With a contrite' heart implore Thee;
Ever keep my' end before thee!
18. Tearful O that' day impending!
When, from ashes' reascending,
Guilty man shall' meet his sentence;
Spare, O God, me' in repentance!

THE foregoing poem is the acknowledged masterpiece of mediæval hymnology. The present version is a closer imitation than any other we have met with of the severe style and peculiar meter of the original. The following notes elucidate the Scriptural and other allusions. This hymn constitutes the "Mass for the Dead," in the Roman Catholic Missal. Its author is believed to have been one Thomas, a Minorite monk of Celano, in Italy, who lived about the beginning of the thirteenth century. The most learned exposition of the poem may be found in H. A. Daniel's "Thesaurus Hymnologus" (Leipsic, 1855), ii, 103-131; and the most elegant, in Dr. A. Coles's "Latin Hymns," etc. (New York, fifth edition, 1868), p. 1, where thirteen original versions are given.

STROPHE 1.—The opening clause is a citation from the Latin Vulgate version of Zeph i, 15, "A day of wrath [is] that day," etc., referring primarily to the Divine judgments upon Judea through the Chaldean invasion, an apt emblem of the universal day of retribution.

David and the Sibyl are chosen as representatives of ancient prophecy; the one sacred, the other heathen. Of the former, such passages as Psalm cii, 26, xcvi, 9, seem to be alluded to; in the latter we find numerous references to the final judgment, one of the most extended of which is evidently modeled after our Savior's description of the last day (Matt xxiv, xxv): "O happy servants, whom the Master on coming shall find waking! . . . for He will come either in the morning, or late, or at mid-day: he will surely come. . . . For the whole world, from east to west and from north to south, will be shrouded in black night; and then a great river of fire will flow down from heaven, and consume the whole place, together with earth and wide ocean and azure sea, lakes and rivers, fountains and inexorable hades and celestial pole; yea, the celestial luminaries shall crumble together in one promiscuous shape: for the numerous stars shall fall headlong from heaven. All human souls likewise shall gnash the teeth, burning in the river of brimstone and fire rushing over the scorching soil, while ashes shall envelop all. . . . Thereupon the enduring ministers of the immortal God, Ekar, Hermiel, Uriel, Samiel, and Azael, themselves conscious what evil each man has before done, will bring all souls out of darkness profound to judgment before the tribunal of God, immortal, great, who is the one sole enduring; himself, the Omnipotent, shall be the judge of mortals. And then to those from the under world the Heavenly One shall give souls and breath and hearing, and bones, too, fitted to the various joints, flesh to flesh, and nerves and veins, and likewise skin and hair, such as they formerly had," etc. (Sibyllina Oracula, ed. Opsopaci, Par. 1599, p. 200-203.)

STROPHE 7.—The "patron" here spoken of as intercessor is the only trace of the monkish invocation of saints discoverable in the entire hymn; and

even here the term is, perhaps, merely used in the innocent sense of the old Roman usage of clientship. The last line of the stanza is an allusion to 1 Peter, iv, 18. The middle line of the next stanza clearly recognizes the evangelical doctrine of free salvation through grace alone.

STROPHE 9 and 10.—These are perhaps the most tender and touching in sentiment, as well as the most felicitous in expression, of the whole piece. The reference in stanza 9 is to the earthly sojourn of the Redeemer for the sake of sinful man, which the poet devoutly appropriates to himself. In stanza 10, the allusion is to the Savior at Jacob's well.

STROPHE 13.—The "Mary" here spoken of is doubtless the Magdalene, "out of whom went seven devils." (Luke viii, 2.) The last clause of the stanza contains the expression of a "hope through grace" of the Divine pardon.

STROPHE 17.—The last clause of this stanza is equivalent to that most pathetic petition of the English service for "Burial of the Dead," which prays, "Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee!"

A REMINISCENCE.

YES, it is a deserted spot; but it once was a home—a very humble one; a cabin of logs; a fire-place of rough stones. Only the foundations remain now, and they are all overgrown with weeds and grass. A few straggling bushes mark the door-yard, where once the children played; and that is all. A stranger would pass the spot unnoticed; but I can never mark these rude remains without emotion. Any place that has once been a home seems to me consecrated ground forever; consecrated not by Church or priest, but by the sanctity of human affection, the tenderness of family ties, at once the purest and holiest bonds of our common nature.

If you look closely among these weeds, you may find bits of metal or delf, such as mark the site of human habitations, desolate for centuries. It is a curious fact, well-known to antiquarians, that homes have been reared and cities built, inhabited by men and women such as ourselves, who lived and loved, worked and died, achieving we know not what for their age, who, to-day, have no record on earth save such as can be gleaned from these *bits of pottery*. Their palaces have fallen, their monuments crumbled, their very names faded from the tablets of history; yet these fragments remain, the sole yet all-sufficient witness of human habitation and progress in the arts of civilized life.

But I digress. *These* ruins by which I stand have no claim to antiquity. The logs still retain their shape and position. I can easily

ascertain the area of the floor, where the fireplace was, and where the hearth-stone lay. The door faced the south, and when the sunshine shot directly across the threshold, the busy young housewife knew that her husband would soon return to his midday meal. The window, their only one, looked toward the setting sun.

These points settled, I can determine the position of the curtained bed in the corner, and recall the sad group that stood around it, one dark night, long ago, when the little boy died; can also bring to mind the speechless grief of the parents, and the kind face of the minister of Christ, who, true to his sacred trust, was at the bedside of the dying child. I can see him with his hand gently laid on "the heart so near at rest;" and, standing where he stood that night, through the silence of long years, I hear him say again, "*He is gone!*" I remember how kind hearts and hands were busy that night; and a dreary one it was. The forest-trees swayed their great branches to and fro above the lowly cabin, the wailing winds playing sad symphonies, as if in pity for those within. The trees are here to-day; but, dressed in freshest Summer robes, they seem to have forgotten the past, and tell no tales of sorrow.

The next day a few sympathizing neighbors fled from the southern door-way; and, "with reverent step and slow," followed the little coffin over the hills to where they laid it away. *That place I can not find to-day; I wonder if any one holds it in loving remembrance.* Perchance the wild-flowers do; perchance they breathe a sweeter fragrance over the lonely grave; and surely He who notes the sparrow's fall will not forget the child of the *pioneer*. Time, the great healer of all wounds, did not neglect these dwellers in the woods. Shadows fled from the cabin-door, sunshine and gladness settled there; other children were born to fill the place of the early dead, and simple pleasures, such as ever spring like native flowers in the pathway of the good, adorned their humble lives. Even the vines planted by that mother's hand seemed to cling lovingly to the home in the wilderness; while the birds of the air came and lodged in their branches, and sung matins and vespers from the fullness of their hearts.

But sorrow came again, with stealthy tread. Once more the bed in the corner is surrounded by anxious hearts. This time it is the mother's face that presses the pillow, scarce whiter than her waxen cheek. She has fought life's battle bravely, has brought a cheerfulness and devotion to her rude home that would have made "a desert smile." But she, too, "*is gone,*" and with her went out the light of her home. The

fire on the hearth became ashes, and none were found to renew its glow. The children she had borne sought shelter in the households of strangers. The husband of her youth is a wanderer in foreign lands. Her home on the hill-side is a moldering ruin.

The few traces that remain to suggest the story of the past have inspired me to save, it may be from utter oblivion, this waif of memory. Despise it not that it belongs to the

"Short and simple annals of the poor."

CURIOUS MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THE musical instruments at South Kensington comprise about six hundred instruments. The royal family are prominent contributors. The queen has forty-four curious instruments from Windsor Castle, a harpsichord from Kew Palace, a small square pianoforte, a grand piano, a beautifully painted viola (one of Amati's best), a basso di camera, four of George the Third's silver State trumpets, a couple of German bugle-horns, a German bell instrument (called the Halbmund), and some old drums from Hampton Court. The instruments from Windsor include several singular specimens. There are, for example, the war-drum of the King of Ashantee, with two human jaw-bones suspended from the sides; and an instrument most accurately described on the catalogue as "very peculiar." It was made from the head of the Duke of Schomberg's horse, killed at the battle of the Boyne. The Duke of Edinburgh—who, at the Royal Society of Musicians' dinner, pleaded guilty to fiddling to his sailors—sends a number of valuable violins; and the Secretary of State for India sends an Indian collection. The dulcimer, sackbut, and harp which summoned the subjects of Nebuchadnezzar to the plains of Dura, are here faithfully represented. The sweet cithara, the spirit of a by-gone age, and venerable worm-eaten harps heard in the times of the Stuarts, in Wales or Ireland, carry the mind away on a long, backward flight. In several cases, the uncouth instruments which make melody for the savage are displayed. There are the rude violin of the Nubian, the quaint stringed instruments of Japan and China, and drums and horns from all parts of the world. A neatly polished skull is made into the but-end of a West African harp. There are a nose-flute from sunny Otaheite, and a really handsome tospeentrum from New Zealand, a tiny flute made of the tibia of a monkey by the Xebaroe Indians, tom-toms, and reed instruments of the most primitive kind.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Our Foreign Department.

IN Prince Street, in the west end of London, may be found a small but neat bookstore, over the entrance to which is a sign bearing the inscription, "The Victoria Press," and beneath it, "Emily Faithfull, Printer and Publisher in Ordinary to the Queen." This modest establishment is merely the business office of a much larger one in another part of the city, the history of whose origin is just now of special interest to us, from the fact that the moving spirit to its creation is now in this country, appearing occasionally on the lecture platform, but devoting her time mainly to the investigation of the question to which she has energetically devoted a series of years.

Miss Faithfull is a lady of high social position in England, who might easily have passed her days in the ordinary occupations of women of her class; but her acquaintance with some of the most active and intelligent of the statesmen of her country led her keen and singularly practical mind to the sufferings of her sex among the laboring classes, in their competition with male labor. Providence seems to have pointed her to her sphere, and guided her to the intercourse with kindred spirits; for she was a frequent visitor at the sessions of the Social Science Association, and, from the inspirations there obtained, soon became the leading spirit of its filial society for the promotion of employment of women. Her examination of the census informed her that no less than forty-three per cent of the women of England, over twenty years of age, are either unmarried or widowed; and that half of the female population are paid laborers of some kind. In the meanwhile, her pen had been busy in contributions to the *English-woman's Journal*, and she had formed a personal acquaintance with its editress, Miss Parkes. This led Emily Faithfull to the printing-office occasionally; and on a happy visit, the thought struck her that women might set type as well as men. She communicated this idea to Miss Parkes, who sympathized with her; and together they obtained a small press, supply of type, and other necessities for an office, and, assisted by some gentlemen, started the Victoria Press, with female compositors, taught by a reliable workman. This was in 1860. After much trial and trouble, the experiment proved a success, and the office began the issue of books. From the beginning of the enterprise, the queen, knowing Miss

Faithfull's worth, and the practical sincerity of her efforts, was pleased to aid her with her sanction and patronage; and thus she became publisher in ordinary to the queen.

Some three years afterward, Miss Faithfull established the *Victoria Magazine*, with a view to afford women an opportunity for employment with the pen, and an organ devoted to the true interests of working-women. It has had a very successful career, enjoys a solid reputation, and has been the means of introducing to the English public some of the most worthy of the lady writers of England. Emily Faithfull has paid but little attention to the political phase of the woman question; but has devoted all her energies to the improvement of their social condition, by pointing out new fields of labor whereby they may become independent of the world; and all her movements are so lady-like and sensible, that she has gained the sympathy and co-operation of many of the first philanthropists of her native country, who feel that scores of such noble women might find a fertile field for their labor of love. A warm sympathy has sprung up between Miss Faithfull and the queen, who takes a fervent interest in any solid, practical movement for the amelioration of the condition of her sex. Miss Faithfull has gracefully recognized this attention of the queen by the names of the Victoria Press and Magazine; and, on her arrival in New York, made her first appearance before an audience in the New World with the British Queen as the subject of her discourse, which was a beautiful tribute to the womanly worth of her royal benefactress. Miss Faithfull is said to be a very pleasant personage on the platform, which she sometimes occupies in order to obtain a public hearing that may be of interest to her cause. Her visit to this country is so entirely in the aim of enlarging her experience of the labor sphere of women, that she will not appear much in public; and, with a view of saving her time and strength, and using her pen in her cause, frequently declines the many social attentions proffered to her by the best literary spirits of the land; as we learned, to our great regret, on being disappointed of meeting her at a reunion of literary workers and notabilities of this country, assembled in the spacious mansion of "Timothy Titcomb" to present their greetings to Mac Donald, Froude, and herself.

AND again our attention is called to a very recent number of the *Victoria Magazine*, from the fact that it contains one of the most remarkable articles that ever flowed from a woman's pen. The famous Mrs. Somerville—whose works on the physical sciences many men and women who are now gray studied in their youth—still lives an active scientific life, though ninety-two years of age! She witnessed the late eruption of Vesuvius, and with her own hand describes it; and sends a drawing of it, also made by herself. And as we believe it will interest our lady readers to see how a woman of ninety-two can write, we therefore append an extract from her article:

"Vesuvius has just passed through a more magnificent and terrible eruption than any known within the memory of living man. It occurred quite unexpectedly. On a lovely evening we were driven over to Santa Lucia, to examine there a beautiful stream of lava. The next morning, as the maid brought me my coffee, I remarked that it seemed to thunder. 'No, no,' she replied; 'it is the roaring of Vesuvius, which has suddenly begun to send forth showers of fire.' We went out immediately, and passed the morning at the window of a hotel directly opposite the mountain. The fire was not visible by daylight, but the flowing lava sent forth smoke and exhalation; the former falling to the ground, and the latter lying on it as white and beautiful as molten silver. I thought the appearance by day more beautiful than by night. It thundered incessantly; and sometimes, when it was specially severe, we felt our chairs tremble under us. I returned home toward evening, and consequently saw only one corner of the stream of lava, which covered the whole region, and formed a great cascade of fire. On Sunday morning, I was astonished at the prevailing darkness. I looked out of the window, and perceived the entire region enveloped in a thick rain of ashes, which lasted at least two days. In the evening, when the great eruption took place, we drove out to Portici. But it was too far for me, for I am very feeble; though my mind is perfectly clear, and I read and solve, with the same ease as in former days, in the higher Algebra."

We think this very gracefully done for a lady of ninety-two, who stayed by the angry volcano when many of the inhabitants fled in terror.

THE German Kintergartens are working their way over the world, and are just now being recognized by the Belgians. It looks quite odd to see a treatise on this subject in French, the language of cultivated Belgium; and it is gratifying to find so thorough an appreciation of the system in a little work published in Brussels, giving an account of the opening of the first school. It was started in Liege, with about forty children, between the ages of two and seven, most of which were gathered in from the streets as a work of love. The French lady teachers found some difficulty in handling the enterprise according to the rules of Froebel, their founder; and Masson wrote this little work, and added engravings, with a view to give them a guiding manual. The Kintergarten

instruction is intended to comprise only those things that are clearly within the understanding of the child, or which may be made so by the effort of teachers; and to these are added singing, the elements of drawing, and all sorts of physical exercises and plays calculated to develop their bodies. The idea of a garden is found in the system of training, which is thought to resemble the raising of flowers by the gardener. But the whole system is so peculiarly the creation of those natural-born teachers, the Germans, that no other nation seems likely to have them in perfection. The Belgian ladies despaired of their work, and finally sent for a German lady to induct them into their work. The French and other nations will be too much inclined to make the teaching tend to external training and the development of the sense of the beautiful, while the Germans intend by it to cultivate the heart largely, and to lead directly to the love of humanity and of God.

WE have been somewhat amused at a series of so-called market-rebellions that have broken out in several parts of Germany, between the women of the artisan and trading classes on the one side, and the market-women on the other. The prices of nearly all kinds of marketing have risen so enormously, of late, that honest housewives find it almost impossible, on their usual income, to feed their families. They recently called a congress of women, from some dozen cities, to discuss the grievance, and find a remedy. The principal question agitated was the price of butter; and it was resolved that, after a certain date, all the good women of said cities be requested to pay no more than twenty-five cents a pound for butter, even if they were obliged to do without it. And very especially the ladies of wealth, who might be able to pay more, were requested to join them, in the interest of their humbler sisters, whose children were likely to be deprived of their bread and butter. And, finally, they requested those interested in the matter to furnish them the names of those persons paying more than the stipulated price, that their names might be published in the local sheets. In one town, however, the irate women did not stop with mere appeals. Irritated at the exorbitant demands of certain farmers, they attacked their butter-tubs and firkins, and drove them away; so that it was actually necessary to call in the services of the police force. In this case, the country-people determined to have their strike also, and resolved to bring no more butter into that city at any price, until they could be protected from violence; showing these plucky dames that the rule can work both ways.

THERE is in Paris a famous store which is known by the cunning cognomen of "The Good Bargain." Of course, the ladies will flock to such a spot in crowds; and this they do in greater numbers under the Republic than under the Empire; for vanity seems to have taken the place of pride in Paris, at present. The receipts daily are enormous—sometimes hundreds of thousands of francs. The establishment is said to carry on twenty-two different kinds of busi-

ness under one roof; one supplies ladies' bonnets, another deals entirely in shawls, a third in handkerchiefs, a fourth in gloves, and so on; for ladies only are regarded in this mighty emporium, and no other gentleman than a Turk would find much occupation here. But a lady can here pass from store to store, as it were, and find such a display of the beautiful as irresistibly to attract her and increase her wants. This mammoth establishment numbers five stories, each covering something like four thousand square yards of space. A day is scarcely sufficient to inspect it. Two fixed days in the week, strangers are provided by the management with guides to inspect it. If they buy, well and good; if not, nothing is pressed upon them. Some one hundred of the saleswomen live in the building, so that their services can be controlled with exactitude. Their quarters are roomy and comfortable: many of them have a room alone, and others live together in larger apartments.

Their conversation room is handsomely furnished, and provided with a piano. They generally spend their evenings here, though they are permitted to be absent so many hours each evening, if they desire. There are some eight hundred mouths in the establishment, and these go to their meals at fixed hours; so that while one company is dining, another is at its post. There is a restaurant connected with the establishment, where all the employés, of every grade, can procure their meals, at the cost price. And—how Frenchy!—there is a hair-dressing bureau connected with it, where the ladies and gentlemen employed can have their hair frizzed or curled as frequently as necessary for the interests of the establishment. There is also a billiard-room for gentlemen, who find it more agreeable than the store while their wives are shopping. We need hardly add that "The Good Bargain" is becoming the greatest place of resort in Paris.

Art Notes.

THE NATIONAL CENTENNIAL IN ITS INFLUENCE ON ART-CULTURE AND ART-PATRONAGE.—The Address of the Commissioners in Charge of the National Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia, has awakened lively interest in the minds of those who are studying the progress of American art, and the growing interest of the popular mind in æsthetic studies.

The Congress has enacted that the one hundredth year of our American Independence shall be celebrated by an international exhibition of the arts, manufactures, and products of the soil and mine, etc. The suggestion that \$10,000,000 will be necessary to carry this enterprise to a successful conclusion, gives promise of broad and generous provisions for the Exhibition. That this Centennial will give a mighty impulse to mere industrial interests can not be doubted. That it will, by its international character, still further allay national jealousies, and strengthen the bonds of peace and unity, is equally certain. *What will it do for art?* Much every way, we hope. One ground of this hope is the following: The conceded high average art-susceptibility of the American people, that only needs a more powerful stimulus and more generous encouragement.

We say "conceded." This is not saying too much. Even foreigners remark this art-susceptibility of our people. They speak of the subtilty of some of the criticisms of art-works, even by those who are unread in art-history, and untrained in æsthetics. Mark the words of the average American tourist in the presence of the master-works of European museums! (We speak now not of Mr. and Mrs. Petroleum, nor of our other contemptible snobs, but of the *average* American traveler.) There is *manifested* often a good sense, sometimes a mar-

velous insight into the hidden beauties of the works that give evidence of the possession of rich art-susceptibility. Notice, we speak of *susceptibility*, not *culture*, not *ability of just criticism*. These come later. *They* are the result of time, patient study, wide observation, extensive travel, careful comparison. But we do believe that, *ceteris paribus*, our Americans appreciate as fully, and relish as keenly, as any other people the various representations of natural and ideal beauty found at the great centers of ancient or modern civilization.

But this susceptibility needs quickening, stimulus, education, guidance, refinement. It is just here that we hope so much for American art from the "National Centennial." In order to quickening and stimulus, there must be comparison with others. One of grand native endowments is often spurred to endeavor when his deficiencies are shown. The prodigy of the village academy finds that flattery is not common with college professors, and he feels that his powers are taxed to the utmost to measure up to the splendid results of his more cultured classmates. The American people need to have the works of art and industry of other nations placed side by side with their own upon their own soil. No more effectual means of curing our conceit can well be imagined. No more healthy stimulus could be suggested. That the great mass of Americans have too low a standard of art-excellence is readily conceded. This is no fault of theirs. The struggles hitherto put forth for a material progress, and for the compacting together of the heterogeneous elements of our nation, have left too little surplus of energy for high art endeavor.

Again: we do not live in the presence of the noble monuments of former civilizations, nor have we great

museums and galleries open to the public for their continued education. We do not live in an atmosphere freighted with historic triumphs and ancestral glories. We only wonder that America has done *so much* in art work and culture. But the presence of the art-productions of other nations in a grand international exposition in our own midst, will enable tens of thousands to do what hitherto has been done by only tens; namely, institute a comparison of the results of others' industry with those of our own, and thus see our own defects and short-comings. When these are clearly seen and justly felt, we sincerely believe that the native energy, capacity, and enormous wealth of the American people will be laid under contribution to supply our needs.

We are led to indulge this hope from observing the beneficial and stimulating effects of previous international expositions on the nations within whose boundaries they were held. The low condition of art and art-patronage in Great Britain between 1840 and 1850 is well known. Some who had chosen art as a profession were obliged to betake themselves to other business in order to gain a livelihood. Edinburgh, in 1845, spent scarcely a thousand dollars in art-patronage. Prince Albert gave his energies to realizing the Great International Exhibition of London, in 1851. The art of the Continent came into comparison with the art of the United Kingdom. Great Britain was thoroughly ashamed of her inferiority; her conceit was tapped. The effect of this Exhibition was a wide-spread revival of art in all the kingdom. Sydenham Palace and its magnificent grounds were one result. Other collections and parks of equal, and even superior, excellence sprang into life. Between 1851 and 1857, Edinburgh spent on art-collections and art-schools more than \$5,000,000. Manchester, Birmingham, and other great commercial centers, founded museums and schools of design. The general result to Great Britain in ten years is best epitomized in the report of the French Commissioners to Napoleon III on the Exhibition of London in 1861: "The French people will have to look out for their laurels."

Is it too much to hope that our American artists and artisans will get ready for an honorable representation in our own Centennial Exposition? Or, if this is impossible, may we not look for advantages to accrue to art in America similar to those which were experienced by Great Britain from her International Expositions of 1851 and 1861?

—A curious discovery has been made with reference to the celebrated "Venus of Milo," belonging to the Louvre. During the late "unpleasantness" in Paris, this, with other choice works, was removed to the cellar of the Prefecture of Police for safe keeping. The dampness has loosened the plaster by which the parts were joined together just above the hips. It was then revealed that originally these blocks of marble fitted perfectly; but that the artists of the Louvre had introduced thin pieces of wood on the rear part, thus giving to the statue the peculiar forward inclination nowhere else found in

Grecian statuary. This discovery has given rise to a sharp discussion on the proprieties of "repairs" and "restorations" of ancient art-works. The preponderance of opinion seems decidedly against this abominable "tinkering," whereby so many offensive anachronisms have been introduced into the great museums. Certainly, also, the question of the age, style, and motive of an art-work could be far more easily and certainly determined when left in its original state.

—The Vandalism of the late Paris Communists is becoming more and more painfully apparent. At the reopening of the Garden of the Tuileries, most of the statues were found shockingly defaced or totally destroyed. Some were completely riddled with shot, while others were smeared over with soot from petroleum fires, or hacked with axes and bayonets. The lover of art, as well as the Christian patriot, cries, "How long?"

—The large picture of Holman Hunt, upon which he has worked for some time past at Jerusalem and vicinity, has been brought to England, and is nearly finished.

—The Duke of Bedford is to present a statue of John Bunyan to the town of Bedford.

—The results of the English excavations on the site of the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, continue to excite the interest of other than English archaeologists. The celebrated Professor Curtius, of Berlin University, has visited this site, accompanied by a party of engineers and observers. In a recent report of his journey, he has highly complimented the English on their success in these excavations. The English themselves are enthusiastic over these recent additions to their museum of Greek art, probably now the richest of the world.

—The recent Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Art, of Berlin, is the first held since the recent war. It includes works of painters and sculptors from all parts of the German Empire. Munich, Dresden, Weimar, Düsseldorf, Frankfurt, Karlsruhe, contribute equally with Berlin to the collection of 1,175 works. As might be expected, a considerable portion of the works are in illustration of recent war scenes. Yet a correspondent of the *Pall Mall* notices a marked decline in the handling of this class of subjects, as compared with the pieces called forth by the war of 1866. He significantly inquires whether the German painters are not already weary of a class of subjects of which the French seem never to tire?

—The great Boston fire has given rise to some absurd criticisms on the "Mansard Roof." Men like Dr. Bellows and Henry Ward Beecher have even brought these roofs into the pulpit to anathematize them. There seems to be, indeed, a strong reaction against this style manifest in certain quarters. We have probably *overdone* the Mansard. It has often been used without sufficient attention to the question of propriety and adaptation. The inordinate desire latterly manifest by the American people for the *merely* ornamental, without sufficient atten-

tion at the same time to the solid and substantial, has led them to overlook too much the manner of construction. These roofs have been called "tinder-boxes," "fire-traps," etc. *Their method of construction* has made them such; it does not inhere in the style itself. Any style, constructed in like manner, and with like materials, would prove a "tinder-box;" the "Mansard," with equal attention to methods and materials of construction, may be as safe as any other style of roof. It may be well to check the inordinate "run" to the Mansard; but let not the style bear the sins of the materials of construction.

—A recent writer has the following sensible suggestions on "Rural Home Embellishments:" "A single true example of home embellishment will tend to refine the views of a whole neighborhood. It will tend to form ideas of grace, elegance, and symmetry in the young, and cultivate in themselves a taste for beauty and refinement in all things. Surrounded by such influences, few of the young would grow up with unfeeling hearts or coarse and clownish habits. . . . The pleasure of making our home attractive should be a gradual one. It is too valuable to be prodigal with. A little should be done and well done each year, and whatever is done, carefully attended to afterward. Suppose such had been the practice for the last fifty years in any one of our towns, would not such a town now be more attractive than any that can be found in the country? The first step to take is utterly to ignore the old maxim, 'Money makes the mare go,' and remember the higher and nobler truth, that 'The beautiful makes the soul grow.'"

THEODORE THOMAS.—The music-loving class of the American people have much to feel grateful for toward the artist whose name we have placed at the head of this article. It is he who has familiarized them with the noble grandeur of Beethoven's symphonies, with the weird wildness of Wagner's "music of the future," and with the sparkling vivacity of Strauss's "waltzes." But this is not all that he has done, and is doing; for four years he has labored, meeting alternately successes and reverses, to elevate and restore to its proper sphere the deplorably low standard of the musical taste of the American people—to lift it from the deep rut into which it has sunk, and place it in the realms of true art. It is for this that Mr. Thomas is so earnestly striving. The task which he has assumed is an arduous and tedious one, and we wish him a hearty "Godspeed" in his work of reform. The performances of Mr. Thomas's organization need no praise at our hands, and are too well and favorably known to call for especial comment at the present time. Suffice it to say, that they are marked by that delicacy, precision, and artistic unity which makes one fully appreciate that line of Addison, where he says:

"Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below."

—Syracuse University has the honor of inaugurating, in America, the first Lyceum Course of Lectures on the Fine Arts. Through the energy and

zealous interest of Professor Comfort, this has been accomplished. Lectures have been promised on the following themes by the following speakers: Rev. H. W. Bellows, D. D., of New York, upon "Music and other Fine Arts in America." President A. D. White, of Cornell University, upon "Michael Angelo." Professor B. Waterhouse Hawkins, of New York, upon "Parks and Pleasure-grounds." Rev. William Butler, D. D., of New York, upon "The Rock Temples of India." Rev. C. W. Bennett, D. D., of Syracuse University, upon "Byzantine Architecture." Professor G. F. Comfort, of Syracuse University, upon "The Art Treasures of Rome."

—A New York gentleman has recently purchased Turner's masterly painting, "The Slave Ship." This was lately owned by John Ruskin, who has given a remarkable description of this painting in "Modern Painters," Vol. I, pp. 376, 377. "I part with the picture," writes Ruskin to the present owner, "because, as I grow old, I grow sad, and can not endure any thing near me either melancholy or violently passionate. As an expression of perhaps the strongest true indignation against the slave-trade [not, observe, against slavery], ever felt by wise persons in England, it ought to be where it now is, in the chief city of North America. I wish I had as good a second, by as good a painter, against liberty trade."

—The New Yorkers and their visitors had a rich treat in the exhibition of the Derby-Everard collection of paintings in the galleries of the National Academy of Design. This is a collection of imported oil-paintings, among the largest and best ever attempted in this country. It included some of the best work of many of the most famous foreign artists. After remaining on exhibition for two or three weeks, they were to be sold at auction by Messrs. Leavitt.

—The lovers of music are enjoying rich treats in the concerts of Rubinstein. No abatement in the enthusiasm which this artist has awakened, seems as yet manifest. He is, probably, the finest interpreter of the works of the great masters that has visited our shores. Certainly his performances are marvels of artistic perfection. Miss Kellogg and Madame Lucca still reign as queens of the opera.

—Professor Weir, of Yale College, has been giving a series of lectures on "The Principles and the Means of Art," under the auspices of the Brooklyn Art Association. These lectures are spoken of in highest terms of commendation by the metropolitan press, and must be the means of rich improvement to the Brooklyn public.

—The highest price that has ever been paid for a Church singer in this country is that paid by St. Bartholomew's Church, where Mrs. Imogene Brown, the favorite soprano, has been engaged to sing at the Sunday morning and afternoon services at the rate of three thousand dollars a year.

—Miss Clara Doria has returned from Europe, and is singing with much acceptability in one of the Brooklyn churches.

Contemporary Literature.

BIOGRAPHY possesses an irresistible charm, a controlling fascination. Autobiography is specially interesting, particularly when it assumes the journalistic form. It is at once the picture of a life, a lively representation of, and running commentary on, the men and times with which that life was associated, and by which its deeds and destinies were shaped. We have before us the *Life and Diary of Heman Bangs*, a veteran itinerant, just issued by Tibbals & Son, 37 Park Row, New York. The dated entries commence in 1817, when Mr. Bangs was twenty-seven years old, and continue—with days and months, and sometimes years, of intermission—till 1869, a few months before the author's death. It is an eventful record of a heroic life—a history of labor and struggle that will intensely interest the admirers of Christian self-sacrifice. It is another of the numerous chapters of American pioneer life—battle with storms, heats, colds, snows, impassable highways, scant shelter, hard fare, sickness, adversity, and privation. The picture has heavy shadows; but lights are not wanting, the brightest of which is the addition of ten thousand to the Church of Christ through the labors of this apostle. While the entries are mostly personal, much information is incidentally introduced concerning Church matters, and, sometimes, of civil and social interests. Many things are omitted which we would naturally expect to see recorded. Not a word is said of the disruption of the Church in 1845. Family affiliations gave the writer a strong leaning to the South, which manifests itself on all occasions, and which, in the heat of war, procured for him a social ostracism, of which he naturally enough complains. An itinerant of the old self-abnegating school, he usually wears the harness gracefully; but sometimes feels the friction, and occasionally it galls him, as it has done others, to the raw and quick. Like all men, he sees every thing lovely as long as every thing goes serenely with self, and jumps with personal convictions and interests. When these are crossed, the writer gets blue, depressed, neglected; General and Annual Conferences, ministers and Churches, are all bound for the bad. Nine years he traveled circuits, a quarter of a century he served city stations, and three years acted as financial agent of the Wesleyan University, in the founding of which he had a prominent agency. In this capacity, he afforded generous aid to young students of narrow means, by giving them credit till they were able to pay their bills. In 1834, the writer of this notice entered college, a youth without a dollar at command; and for the means of going forward and securing a classical education, he has ever held himself gratefully indebted to the subject of these memoirs, Heman Bangs. The book is tastefully gotten up, and is prefaced with a fine portrait of its subject and author.

DOCTOR L. P. MEREDITH, of Cincinnati, has written, and J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, have published, a very useful little manual, entitled *Errors of Speech*, in which several hundreds of the commonest blunders in speaking are pointed out, and corrected according to Webster and Worcester as standards. The list might have been increased indefinitely, perhaps doubled; but the usefulness of the volume might have been diminished thereby. This handy little primer, kept near one, will be a perpetual reminder of possible inaccuracy, and will be easier to consult than a large quarto; while its broad margin may be usefully used to enter, with pen or pencil, any other mispronunciations in which we catch ourselves or others permanently at fault or occasionally tripping. Doctor Meredith has done the public good service; and every literary man, especially every public speaker, should procure his unpretending little volume.

FEMALE novelists are not rare. Prominent among the specially good writers of romance is Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge, of England, author of the well-known "*Heir of Redclyffe*," published in 1853. Miss Yonge has been in the field as a writer nearly thirty years, and has seen half a century, if still living. D. Appleton & Co., New York, Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, send to our table, this month, a neat republication of one of her last books, *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, first published in 1866. The times it describes are those from 1473 to 1553, embracing the period of the two most remarkable events of modern days—the discovery of America and the Lutheran Reformation. It could not be a love-story; for in those days, as is still the case in China, with royalty and nobility in Europe, and the upper crust of America, women, in connection with considerations of wealth, political alliance, and family, were bought and sold like cattle. The story describes the final struggles of the feudal predatory chiefs with each other and with civilization, the abandoning of robbery and mountain fastnesses, and betaking of population to cities, industry, arts, and decent life. The heroine illustrates the influence and power of woman and religion in bringing about these desirable results. Miss Yonge's book is a most carefully, conscientiously, minutely, and vividly painted picture of the men and manners of expiring feudalism.

The Doctor's Dilemma, by Miss Hannah M. Smith, *alias (nom de plume)* Hesba Stretton, is a regular love-story, whose interest, outside of a well-conceived and well-developed plot, lies in the moral—the evils of early and ill-assorted marriages—marriages for convenience, money, and not for love. A young doctor of the isle of Guernsey is betrothed to his cousin, older than himself, for the sake of family

connection and her fortune. He likes her, but does not love her. A young wife, running away from a husband she dislikes, and who married her for her money, falls in the way of the young doctor. He falls in love with her on sight, gives up his cousin, and then finds out, to his dismay, that he is in love with a married woman. The cousin marries another, and after awhile the bad husband dies, and the doctor is relieved from his awkward dilemma. D. Appleton & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

TENNYSON—what poetic heart does not thrill at the name!—the greatest poet of the times, for over twenty years occupant of the well-deserved position of "laureate;" vigorous as ever, and far more finished, of course, at sixty-two than at twenty, when he began to outstrip his own brothers and to distance all other British bards. His latest work, *Gareth and Lynette* (James B. Osgood and Co., Boston; George E. Stevens, Cincinnati), concluding the set of chivalry tales, "Idyls of the King," interests us as much as any of its predecessors. The only fault we found with it was its shortness. We never tire of pictures of the superhuman prowess of the knights of Britain's mythical days, and retain, now, all our boy love for descriptions of tilts and tourneys, personal combats, the overthrow of caitiff plunderers, and the deliverance of distressed damsels. What shall we say of Tennyson's matchless English?—equal, some one has said, to that of King James's Bible, our own beloved "authorized version," and certainly worth the profound study of all who aspire to poesy. It used to be said that whoever would be master of a pure English style must "give his days and nights to Addison." So, whoever would be a poet, let him study Tennyson. We subjoin a paragraph from the work before us.

"FAME AND SHAME."

"There was once a king;
The prince, his heir, when tall and marriageable,
Asked for a bride; and thereupon the king
Set two before him. One was fair, strong, arm'd,
But to be won by force; and many men
Desired her. One, good lack! no man desired.
And these were the conditions of the king:
That, save he won the first by force, he needs
Must wed that other, whom no man desired—
A red-faced bride, who knew herself so vile,
That evermore she long'd to hide herself;
Nor fronted man or woman, eye to eye.
Yea: some she cleaved to, but they died of her;
And one—they called her Fame; the other, Shame!"

THE Grammar of the English language is yet to be written. Richard Grant White calls it a grammarless tongue. Murray's precise and formal rules teach nothing, or comparatively little, of its structure; and the multitude of school text-books on this theme confound the student, and darken counsel by words without knowledge. Since we studied Grammar in school, great improvement has been made in the exposition of its principles; but authors have their pet theories, and while one lays stress on analysis, another places it on syntax; one makes etymology the chief thing to be learned, another makes parsing.

To school children, Grammar must be taught rather as an art than a science; and the class drill is better than learned notes on the difficulties and peculiarities of our syntax. These are well enough for advanced scholars; but the primary book is the only one adapted to the beginner. Such a one is *A Progressive Grammar of the English Tongue, based on the Results of Modern Philology*, by Professor William Swinton, A. M.; published by the Harpers, New York, and on sale in Cincinnati by Robert Clarke & Co. It has some new features, but perpetuates many of the old errors of the grammarians, and introduces a new terminology which is of doubtful advantage—such as the division of verbs into *Complete* and *Incomplete*. In many regards, it is a plain, simple, and sensible discussion of the structure of the language.

To the department of high art belongs architecture. In the erection of our buildings we have generally sought convenience rather than looks, and have constructed houses according to the purse, rather than to the taste. But our people are beginning to regard our homes as something more than a place to eat and sleep; and, as their means increase, are erecting houses with more artistic skill, and adapting them to the more modern ideas. To assist in educating the people in the principles of architecture, various books have been printed—among them *Suburban and Rural Architecture*, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Sons, Philadelphia; published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and sold in Cincinnati by George E. Stevens & Co. Price \$3. The larger number of these designs are beyond the means of most persons, but there are a few which are of moderate cost, and yet full of taste, beauty, and convenience. The great objection to many of the elevations given is the Mansard roof, which style of building proved so destructive in the Boston fire. To persons about to build, we commend this book, not only for the actual designs and estimates, but for the architectural hints contained in it.

Martyrs to the Tract Cause, a pretty volume by our own publishers, from the facile pen of Dr. Hurst, whose store of German lore is inexhaustible. It is well for the American Church that he draws upon it so freely for the enlightenment of cisatlantic readers.

Christopher Crooked is the title of a very straight Christmas story, by W. E. Hathaway, of Cincinnati. Little "Chris" is the malformed victim of a father's intemperance, bearing even in his gait and leer the marks of intoxication. The story is no myth. We ourselves have seen, in the state of Vermont, many years ago, the son of an inebriate who had an inherited stagger, and in his usual walk all the marks of a drunken man. The story is tragic, but through the kindness of Christian hearts, and the goodness of God, it ends well. The style of the writer is poetic, his pictures are well-drawn, and truthful to nature and fact. It is a useful temperance tale. For sale by Hitchcock & Walden.

A well-printed, finely bound, and richly illustrated book is Dickens's best novel, *David Copperfield*, in

Harper's Household Edition, 1872. Robert Clarke, & Co., Cincinnati. Convenient and elegant; fitted alike for the car, the library, or the center-table.

The Ordeal for Wives is the title of a novel, by Mrs. Annie Edwards, author of some half-dozen works recently published. Mrs. Edwards strips the "fuss and feathers" from fashionable society, and lays bare the grinning skeleton and clattering bones within. Her pictures of the hollow-heartedness of civilized humanity, thinly disguised by etiquette, make one misanthropic; and we catch ourselves wishing conventional civilization at the bottom of the

sea, and, as a substitute, Spartan simplicity, Puritan simplicity, wild-Indian simplicity. But then the torturing thought recurs that man is man, and woman woman, whether Spartan, Puritan, or savage—the same rivalries, jealousies, intrigues, artificialness, a something which nothing but the grace of God can eradicate; and even that, in many instances, succeeds poorly at the business. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Robert Clarke, Cincinnati.

Five pretty books, in a pretty box, are the *Books for the Children's Hours*. Published by Hitchcock & Walden.

Our Letter-Bag.

MR. EDITOR,—I am very much pleased with your request for letters from every body; for, as I belong to that class, I have considerable to say—much to grumble at, in fact. Now, those "Hints to Contributors" take only the lofty view of the subject, and there is a commoner one which proves that some editors are men with human hearts and kindly feelings. I never succeeded as an author until I walked boldly up to the stake—that is, into the editorial sanctum, and made friends with the editor. It is possible, though, that, in my wandering flights, I alighted in the vicinity of the best of editors, for he treated all other poor authors as well as he did me; and I was so grateful in the world's stead that, as Dickens has it, I "fell into poetry" over him. But to make things all straight, I dedicated it to his wife, and he pocketed it; and that is the last I have seen of it, till now I "resurrect" it for the benefit of "every body."

THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

Joined to the strong and grand,
Bright-faced and airy
Stands the Junior Editor so bland,
Both gracious and wary.
Senior is the pillar of state,
Junior the crowning glory,
Though powers of both relate
To the ultimate story.
Junior, too, may be grand and strong,
But fills a different space;
If Senior bangs away at the wrong,
Junior must put smoother face
On things, if he can—aside—
And reconcile forces,
So that sweet peace may abide
Amid the discourses.
Senior is tall as a mountain pine,
Junior is stouter and broader,
With a curly head as fine
As nature could order.
Senior, too, has a smiling face;
But Junior's smile 's a rover,
Sent here and there with a grace,
Spread all the face over.
Senior is the man we most fear,
We small correspondent;

But if face of Junior appear,

We're never despondent,
Senior grows at the loads of MS.,
Junior keeps a brave heart,
Says, "'t will go in, I guess;"
And so cheered, we depart.

Yet Senior is slyly our friend,
If we write a good "piece;"
But Junior will our faults defend,
If circulation increase;
Senior will keep the paper good,
Junior knows a thing or two,
And says, "The world has stood
Under worse writers than you."

Not that he loves bad writing,
Or ever overlooks
What is of best inditing,
And talks just like the books.
But he knows it takes many
To make such a world as this,
And what will please any
Can't come so much amiss.

And so he has heart for all,
Wishing they may succeed,
If they have the author's call,
And veritable creed.
He does not sit in the chair,
And frown at the "pigeon holes,"
As if there, only there,
Were "things that tried men's souls."

Daily he comes up the stair,
With his brisk, hopeful tread,
That takes out of the air
Every thought of dread.
And now, you editors all,
Do not think I mean you,
I've only been sketching "tall"—
Well, I'll let you guess who.

E. H. B.

[We guess the author of the foregoing lines describes the senior and junior editors of the New York *Christian Advocate*, certainly not the editors of the LADIES' REPOSITORY.]

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.—You ask for correspondence, and I have decided to tell you my bitter experience. I am a monomaniac on the subject of writing. I will write for fame; I will write for improvement;

I will write for "filthy lucre;" I will write for nothing, if I can only write. Goethe says, "Our desires are presentiments of our capabilities." I built great hopes upon this sentence; and measuring my capabilities by my desires, I finally came to the conclusion that I must be a genius. My dear friend Amelia is afflicted with a mania like unto mine, and this similarity soon made us realize that we were congenial spirits. Being great admirers of Beaumont and Fletcher, we resolved to follow in their footsteps, in one sense; that is, we resolved to work together. Our united efforts produced a thrilling story. We sent it to the *New York Ledger*, because it seemed to have a family resemblance to the style of literature found in that paper. There was still another reason. We had heard that Mr. Bonner paid his contributors fabulous sums; and we were not averse to the idea of receiving a little of the "root of all evil," as the reward of our labor. At the end of a week, this child of our fancy came back to us, like that domestic fowl which always comes home to roost. Our faith in the story was not shaken in the least. We were positive that it was better than any *Ledger* story we had ever read, and, of course, consoled ourselves with the thought that it was rejected on account of its being too "high-toned" for that paper. We were not discouraged. I next tried my hand at a different kind of a story; it was one of the learned, philosophical sort, and displayed as much erudition as Augusta J. Evans's works. This I sent to a first-class magazine; for, of course, none other could appreciate it. I have never heard of it since, and its fate will always remain a mystery; but I have my suspicions.

In the mean time Amelia had written an article for one of the weekly papers, and had received five dollars in return; just ten times the sum that Fanny Fern received for her first sketch. Amelia is naturally a modest, unassuming maiden, but she was exceedingly puffed up after this. I felt it to be my painful duty to impress on her mind that "one swallow does not make a Summer;" but my words had no effect. She even had the impudence to tell me that if I would persevere, I might get something published after a while. "In short"—as Mr. Micawber would say—"not to put too fine a point on it," she was insufferably conceited over this success. Themistocles said the victories of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep; and I was possessed of the same spirit; for that five dollars of Amelia's continually haunted me. It was not the money itself that excited my envy, but the way in which it was earned. I concluded that fiction was not my forte. I would try something else. Since the days of Junius, there has been a steady increase in the number of those who wish to tear down what others have built up, whether in politics, science, or literature. I, too, fancied I had a talent for criticism. I wrote an article entitled "First Impressions of Joaquin Miller," which, in my opinion, was an artistic mixture of wit and wisdom. I sent it to the Harper Brothers. I was confident this would create a sensation. Whenever I closed my eyes in slumber, I fondly expected

to wake up and find myself famous. I wondered what I would say, when my friends should ask me if I had read "First Impressions of Joaquin Miller," in the last Harper. I pictured my triumph over Amelia when the time came. Six days were spent in building these delightful air-castles; but on the seventh, the beautiful structure tottered ignominiously to the ground. I received a polite note from Harpers stating that they "regretted very much that the article was not exactly available for their publications, etc.;" and with the note came my "First Impressions." But, to crown my mortification, the letter was *printed*. "This was the most unkindest cut of all." When I thought of the vast amount of "unavailable" material they must receive to render printed letters necessary, my soul was moved with sympathy for them. Since then, I have not dared to inflict any more of the fabrics of my brain upon poor suffering editors. But I am still troubled with the same insane desire to scribble. How can I be cured?

M.

WELCOME Repository! Seventeen years have I received thy monthly visits, and always hailed thee as a genial friend. Thy coming was first to joyous girlhood, then to a happy itinerant's wifehood, longer to the widow's home; now, for almost a year, to the invalid's couch. O, these mysteries of life! Only explicable in the light of the life to come! Weeks of suffering brought me apparently to the brink of the river. Then all seemed so plain: the crucible for refining; the loving Father controlling all! It is not the ermine brush that fits the jewel for its setting; but the grinding, rubbing, polishing wheel. If by these severities, we may be fitted to adorn the crown of Jesus, we may well endure calmly, sweetly singing, "God is love."

ALICE.

KINDLY.—Your name is associated in my mind with your college chums, Hyer, Harlow, and Kellogg, music and "the little shrubbery." We are pleased with your Art Notes, and think they give a higher character to the REPOSITORY. L. A. H.

INEXORABLE TYPO is at our editorial elbow with a gaping space in his column, which the regular contents of the "Letter-bag" will not fill out. To appease him, we steal a paragraph or two from a veteran scribbler—not intended for publication—which veteran and scribbler completed his eighty-fourth birthday on the last anniversary of the attempt of Guy Fawkes to blow up King James and his Parliament. He says:

"Besides the Bible, and Bible History, I have reviewed, of late, the 'History of the World,' in two volumes, some fifteen hundred pages, read Whelpley's 'Compend,' 'Life of John Murray,' the REPOSITORY, together with the morning and evening papers, of which we have a full supply. As for meetings, in addition to regular Sunday services, I go to some one almost every evening of the week, Methodist, Baptist, or Congregational, and meet with a hearty reception from each and all.

"E. WENTWORTH, SR.

"Norwich, Connecticut."

Editor's Table.

HOW TO READ.—The table of contents of a literary periodical bears the same relation to the mind, its sustenance and entertainment, that the hotel bill of fare does to the body, its appetites and enjoyment. There is art in reading as there is art in eating. A judicious mind-feeder will not gormandize every thing placed before him in print, any more than a judicious body-feeder will bolt all the viands of a well-spread table at a sitting. When the waiter at the Astor House laid the printed bill of fare before the verdant countryman, and asked, "What will you order, sir?" he replied, "Take away this paper, and bring me something to eat." If the "something to eat" had been set before him according to his notions of feeding, he would have piled fish and meat and vegetables, pickles, preserves, and pie in one promiscuous heap, and devoured the incongruous mass with indiscriminating voracity. When a bill of fare is laid before one at an entertainment, he does not expect to go through its soups, bakes, roasts, fries, and boils, entrees, vegetables, desserts, pastries, fruits, nuts, and ices, without reference to the considerations, nutrition and digestion. Because your dinner costs a dollar, you do not feel it necessary to eat every thing on the table in order to get your money's worth. There are different degrees of bodily appetite; there are differences in individual tastes. The tersest description of the economical value of these providential distributions of likings and dislikings is found in the homely old nursery rhymes, "Jack Sprat could eat no fat; his wife, she ate no lean." The result was, clean consumption of the butcher's meat, and mutual satisfaction.

The same varieties are found in intellectual tastes as in the bodily. The caterer to mental appetites must supply by variety in aliment the variety necessitated by variety in demand. If he set forth too much didactic matter, his periodical is pronounced "heavy;" if too many light compositions, it is denounced as "trashy." One reader likes moral, another religious, another political themes. Some want biography, some history, some anecdote and incident, some romance and poetry. It is the design of a magazine to supply all. In the LADIES' REPOSITORY we have ten or a dozen different departments. No reader is expected to read all. Every reader will find something in every number worth his attention; something to improve his mind, entertain a leisure hour, or better his heart. In these days, when there is so much to read, the only way to read profitably is by the table of contents. Go into any reading-room, you will find a bewildering supply and array of magazines. With so much to read, you are tempted to read nothing. But take up their tables of contents, and here and there you will find an article that will repay perusal; while for you, the great mass of

articles is as if they had never been written. If you like poetry, read it. We never do, of late years—except the hymn-book—unless obliged to. If you like romance, read it; we never do, if we can help it. To our individual taste, much of it is wicked, much mawkish, much flat and stale, and much sheer nonsense and bosh. If you like the didactic, there it is; but we confess to liking better to hear sermons from living lips to having them served up cold, like stale hash and slaw after they have exhaled all their original flavor. The intellectual spread is before you, dear readers. We can only say, as master of ceremonies, Help yourselves. Our table is plain and solid; few pastries, and—unless you overfeed—little danger of indigestion. You don't often go away from your dinner in disgust, because there are articles on the table you do not want. Do n't throw down the magazine, and send your "stop" to the publishers, because there are articles in it for which you have no personal taste, and in which you have no individual interest.

WHISTLING.—A few evenings ago, we were at a small social gathering, something like an old-fashioned quilting-party, where the ladies of a Church, a few of them, met of an afternoon to "knit" a cotton "comfortable" or two, for the comfort of a very worthy pastor and his family. Along with dark and early gas came the husbands; and with the advent of the gentlemen, the supper—a substantial spread: crisp biscuit, scalloped oysters, delicately sliced ham, corned beef and tongue, the inevitable and indigestible pickles and preserves, cake of the standard solidity, coffee, fruits, and ice-cream. After supper, singing hymns—loud rather than artistic, chorusy rather than quartetish; then the usual piano-forte pyrotechnics from skilled fingers; and then a lull, saved from being dull by the entertaining powers of the head of the house, playing, for the evening, the double role of guest and host. Then, as a most unexpected and surprising variation of the programme, something not set down in the bills, a gentleman present was invited to "whistle" for the entertainment of the company. We supposed, at first, that the invitation concealed some practical joke perhaps, like that of the Yankee, who, to repair his wasted finances, came West and advertised to establish a school for instruction in whistling, at so much a head, pay in advance; ranged his pupils in a row, cried out to the expectant class, "Lips, gentlemen! prepare to pucker!" at which novel direction the whole class burst into roars of laughter, in the midst of which the professor of the shrill art slipped from the room, and made off with his shrewdly gotten booty.

The request to the party aforesaid was no hoax.

The gentleman invited took his place at the piano, played a light accompaniment, and produced, with lips and breath, a superb imitation of the notes of the canary-bird, and, at the same time, an unmistakable human melody. Rippling out, from the midst of shrill pipings, showers of bird staccatos, trills, slides, and grace-notes, came the familiar tune, "Old Dog Tray." It was a novel exhibition of human skill, and was furiously *encored*. Like the ancient audience that were ready to prefer the squealing of a favorite actor to that produced by pulling the ears of a genuine porker, we were ready to declare that our friend had out-canaried all the canary-birds in Christendom, who ought to spare us the infliction of their noisy racket and torturing shrillness, and take, henceforth, with more quiet assiduity, to hopping from perch to perch, and the consumption of hemp-seed and lump-sugar! To most present, this display of imitative art was new. We had heard it frequently before, particularly in connection with Hoffman's pretty *melange*, "The Mocking-bird," in which fair artists invite you, over and over, to "listen to the mocking-bird;" but in which, with ordinary performers, you do not hear the mocking-bird, because the lovely players and singers are not trained to the bird-art, and the piano has no bird-organ attachment. It was a marvelous performance; and we could not help thinking that if the accomplished artist would train a few cages of canaries for a chorus, with, perhaps, a snare-drum accompaniment to appease the groundlings, and take to concerting, he might Barnumize the country, and realize a fortune, with a breezy Long Branch cottage, and a rural Iranistan.

With a stomach stored to the verge of nightmare with rich confections, and the fumes of hot Java goading the pulses, sleep was dreamy; and in those dream-snatches came all we had ever heard or thought or known about the sublime art of whistling; and when pencil and paper next made acquaintance under our editorial fingers, the word "whistling" trotted from the black nib of one on to the white bosom of the other as irresistibly as if we had been a "medium," and some spirit from dream-land had guided our fingers; and so we wrote:

Birds whistle, the winds whistle, men whistle. Whistling may not be regarded by the fastidious as one of the polite accomplishments, nevertheless it is one of the appanages of civilization. It may be set down as an evidence of the rapidity with which the Chinese are assimilating Western advantages, that they are absolutely learning to whistle. One of the many compensations to the musical African, in his long night of bondage, was being in contact with a race that could teach him to whistle; and how many of his miseries has he "whistled down the wind" to oblivion!

It is curious that this delightful art, like smoking and politics, should be interdicted to women; and singular that in all their speeches and essays and resolutions about their wrongs and rights, women have never insisted on their right to whistle. Strange that some overzealous champion of the sex's privi-

leges has not found out and broken down the tomb-stone, and blotted out the memory, of the male cur who first snarled out the cruel proverb that tartly arrests the girl whenever she presumes to join her boisterous brothers in stunning the ears of the well-ordered household. She is instantly silenced with the apparition of a whole score of semi-breve rests, or the sudden letting on of Westinghouse's patent air-brakes, in the sour adage about "whistling girls and crowing hens!" The plow-boy whistles. Boys whistle in grave-yards and solitary places by night, to brace up their courage. Sailors whistle for a breeze, and have a firm faith that in this way, at least, if in no other, they succeed in "raising the wind." To the distinguished Barkis, as to many others before and since his time, whistling supplied an excellent substitute for rejoinder in conversation.

The signal-whistle is indispensable for dogs and hunters, workmen, and ships in fogs. In novels of the Robin Hood and Highland bandit kind, the enthralled chieftain calls retainers from behind every tree, rock, and bush, by a shrill whistle. Every wind-instrument is a species of whistle; the human larynx, the shrill piccolo, the warbling flute, the soft clarinet, the dreamy hautboy, the sad bassoon, the horns, the trombone, the ophicleide, the cornet-a-piston,—such a marvel of sweetness and power when Levy and Arbuckle breathe their souls into its chambers and set its keys to flying under their deft fingers. By the way, who ever knew a cornet-player recalled at a concert who did not answer the *encore* with "The Last Rose of Summer," as a psalm-tune *a la* "Old Hundred," ending with a rattling hail-storm of horn-pipe variations!

The organ, Milton's "solemn organ," is denounced by its mislikers as an "ungodly box of whistles." Said we that all wind-instruments were whistles? We must except the jew's-harp and its congeners, the affiliated accordeon and melodeon, sometimes dignified with the name "organ," yet really only a box of jew's-harps; and every body knows that the jew's-harp, as Artemus Ward would say, is "not a success" as a wind-instrument; "in short," as Thomas Carlyle would add, "rather contemptible as a wind-instrument." In these latter days, steam-engines have taken to whistling—the steam-whistle has crossed the Atlantic and domiciled itself among the tall smoke-stacks of the British factories, and sybaritic John Bull stops his ears at its unearthly shriekings, and dubs it, in his newspapers, "the American devil," and fulminates against it acts of Parliament! Horrid things, these brass-throated steam shriekers! Why not, in all cases, mount an octave or two, and substitute agreeable melodies for unearthly screeches and ear-splitting yells, like the old calliopean steamer *Armenia*, which so long woke the echoes of the Highlands of the Hudson, day by day, with her lively strains, and which had her imitators on the Mississippi and Ohio?

Various useful proverbs might have found their way into King Solomon's collection if the Orientals had been whistlers: the representation of difficulty in the figurative phrase "whistling against the wind,"

or in the abortive effort to make music out of a juvenile porker's caudal excrescence; loss, in the adage, "he will have to whistle for it!" You may not risk telling a man to his face that you doubt him; but the most expressive disbelief, and the most thorough contempt, may be crowded into a low crescendo whistle. Franklin immortalized the humble instrument which is the delight of a boy's heart, and whose tunes are all on one key, when he gave all his loose change for a single specimen, and, in the character of Poor Richard, "paid too dear for the whistle." The big boy needed a good knocking down who took a mean advantage of little Benny's ignorance, and robbed him of all his holiday coppers! Brigham Young's fifty children were once presented by a thoughtless peddler with fifty tin whistles, and—"innocent," "rough and ready" Mr. Twain's word for it—no talking was possible in those well-benighted mansions, except by signs, for the next three days! Whistling is an unnoted revealer of the performer's thoughts, a sure index to his associations.

You can tell—and it is worth the attention of those clergymen, for instance, who study to know human nature—whether a man is serious-minded, light-hearted, or empty-headed, by the way he whistles. He unconsciously reveals to the listening air—and the ear too, if it will join in the listening—whether he goes to the theater or to religious meetings; whether he loves psalm and anthem, or opera; and, finally, whether he prefers negro minstrelsy and the circus brass-band to pure home harmonies, songs of thought, and lays of love and sacred devotion.

WATCH-NIGHT.—It is a poetic sentiment that personifies time; that pictures motion and swiftness by wings; that sets up in Buddhist temples, as chief divinities, the Past, Present, and Future; that tolls in matin and vesper chimes the daily reminder of the same great Trinity; that sees, through the eyes of the latest materialism, nothing in the universe but matter and motion; that regards stellar systems as a gigantic clock-work to mark periods and measure motion. The past is dead, the future not yet, the present a point swiftly gliding, as matter itself glides through space—journeying, journeying, ever journeying with the dance and whirl of worlds; never occupying but once the same space in the universe; never but once occupying the same point in duration. The Chinese represent eternity by water, ever flowing. "Time is fleeting," is one of the world's trite-isms. It is the very nature and essence of time to fleet; and with it fleets existence. To man, as to God, existence is an eternal *now*. The present is the point at which two eternities meet. The present alone is ours. The Hebrew Grammar is sensible in having no present tense; present tense is a grammatical fiction. It is impossible to make the phrase, "*cogito, ergo sum*," present; it is present only in fancy, only in infinitesimals. The English participles representing existence or act in motion, walking, thinking, are the true substitutes for the grammatical I walk, I think. Swift motion is exhilarating; the flight of time, bearing with it us and our destinies, is sublime. It is no

wonder men have set apart eras for the contemplation of this solemn subject. So early as 1742, Wesley began to hold watch-nights for the special religious contemplation of this fearful theme. In twenty years they had become a regular institution, and for a full century New-Year's eve has been a festival of the Church. A solemn and profitable vigil it is. Wesley ever characterizes it as a "solemn watch-night." Solemn in the contemplation of the awful fact of existence itself! Existence in bliss or woe; existence flooded with memories of the improved or wasted past, lighted or gloomed with the hopes or despairs of the future; but which to each of us will be a swiftly moving, everlasting *now*. We may learn from the past, we may plan for the future; but the great business of probationary, free, moral immortals is to take heed to the eternal *now*. The past is a remembrance, the future a dream. Do we live, believe, hope, now? Are we true to self, and faithful to God, now? Are we holy now? happy now? saved now?

OUTCOME.—Under this head the *Zion's Herald* has a sensible article on the prospective results, and what is reasonably to be expected from the recent labors of the special promoters of holiness. The editor says:

"If the present be a true work of the Holy Spirit, 'signs will follow.' We shall not simply hear seraphic experiences, but we shall witness the 'acts of the apostles.' We shall have a body of such spiritually wise, tender, and earnest, personal laborers in the vineyard as we have never had before. There will be an absence of censoriousness and harshness, and a presence of the gentle, forgiving, patient spirit of the Lord Jesus. There will be great readiness in accepting the laborious offices of the Church, such as preaching in hard places, teaching in the Sabbath-school, and visiting from house to house. All the services of God's house, for Christ's sake and for the salvation of souls, will be conscientiously attended. In the contribution to the missionary cause, and all other Christian charities, these highly favored disciples will be the exemplars of the freedom and joy with which disenthralled souls can bestow their goods upon the Lord, in the needy and suffering who come as his representatives to receive it.

"There can be no disappointment here. If Christ has given freely of his spiritual grace and power, there will be this involuntary response of holy love and conscious obligation, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' 'Here am I, send me.' 'Speak, thy servant heareth.' 'I am bought with a price, and all mine is thine.' In no other way but by actual, positive, personal consecration, and the daily dedication of all time, endowments, and substance, can the soul continue its trust in the exceeding great and precious promises, and preserve its evidence of Divine acceptance."

CINCINNATI MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The first week of May, 1873, is to be devoted to a grand musical festival in the city of Cincinnati, similar to those held in Boston, though not on so grand a scale. The

Boston Jubilees, the first and the last that will ever be given on the ten and twenty thousand scale, have demonstrated two or three things: First, that music of the choral character is the only style adapted to such overwhelming choral force; secondly, that it is useless to tax soloists, instrumental or vocal, with the execution of the impossible. The loudness of sound, like the intensity of light, doubtless diminishes as the square of the distance increases. One of Theodore Thomas's exquisite pianissimos would become inaudible in St. Peter's Church or a ten-acre lot. The Handel and Haydn Triennial, with seven hundred singers, was a vastly more effective display than Gilmore's army of twenty thousand. The Cincinnati Festival will give classic music, ignoring, we hope, ditties, anvil choruses, and cannon.

TRANSFIGURATION.—In the beautiful Woodland Cemetery of the city of Albany, New York, stands a monument with this simple inscription: "Gone Home." It marks the resting-place of a beautiful and accomplished young lady, Miss Alice Keeler, whose death-bed was peculiarly triumphant. One who stood by it writes: "O, what a heavenly place that room had become! We began now to feel the power of the unseen. The veil that separated us from the land just beyond was getting very thin. Was not that her Mount of Transfiguration? And did we not behold the glory thereof? Surely, all that was essential to such a scene was ours to enjoy. We had the representatives of earth and heaven, and we had before us one who was being transfigured; one who had already more of the heavenly than of the earthly; one whose face did shine as the sun, while others than those in the flesh conversed with her." M.

MARY AUGUSTA, the second daughter of Bishop Clark, and wife of a Cincinnati lawyer, Charles W. Cole, who went from work to reward on the third of November last, had all her father's great talent for work, and set a shining example of labor and sacrifice in life-long devotion to the Sunday-school, missions, and the cause of Christ at large. Beautiful living makes beautiful dying; and the death of this young saint was as beautiful as her life.

A life so sweet

Can only end in one transcendent day.
A mortal song, through which immortal strains
Were ever striving to break forth on earth,
Must swell to full-voiced harmonies on high.
Sweet conqueror! how gentle was thy tread!
The common and neglected things looked up
To catch thy smile of sympathy and love.
Farewell, bright spirit, blessed evermore!
What if thy tears are falling like our own,
Not in the mournfulness of blighted hopes,
But in the thrilling ecstasies of thought
That, through eternal years, the souls thou lov'st
Shall by thy side behold the Father's face.

C.

THE Normal Department of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school Union has issued a Plan of Study—a Biblical curriculum—to extend over seven years. The International Lessons are taken as a basis, and supplementary exercises in the Catechism of the Church, in Bible History and Geography, and

in "Memory Lessons," chiefly from the Bible, are prescribed. The course for 1873 embraces twenty-four lessons in Genesis, twenty-four in Matthew, "Catechism Number One," "Special Lessons in Biblical Chronology, History, and Geography," and the memorizing of the "Ten Commandments," "The Lord's Prayer," "Psalm i, xxiii, and c," "The Apostles' Creed," "Baptismal Covenant," and "The Beatitudes." This movement is a judicious one, and deserves the cordial co-operation of all our ministers.

USEFUL IGNORANCE.—In connection with the baptism of a woman and child into Romanism, in Indiana, the other day, the officiating bishop spoke of the ignorance of Protestants respecting Romanism, and instanced Noah Webster, who, when compiling his Dictionary, applied to a priest for definitions of the terms employed in the Roman Church. It was excusable ignorance in the great lexicographer. We can not conceive of a more useless lot of rubbish with which to lumber memory than the terminology of dogmas, ceremonies, and superstitions, unknown to the Bible, shocking to reason and disgusting to common sense.

COMPLIMENTS.—An editor is in frequent receipt of three kinds:

First. Those which show a kindly appreciation of his labors and intentions.

Second. Those which invariably precede the asking of some editorial favor.

Third. Those which preface a sound rating, a genteel basting, or a general blowing up.

If he is disposed to be unduly elated by the former, he gets enough of the latter to keep him as 'umble as Uriah Heep.

SPRING-TIME.—A beautiful engraving of a beautiful scene by Hinshelwood, a celebrated engraver, after Kensett, a celebrated painter, from the magnificent collection of Richard Butler, Esq., of New York. **THE REPOSITORY** is the only magazine in the country that gives its readers the opportunity to become acquainted with the best work of the best artists, from the best collections in America.

A MEMORIAL of a young writer of promise, who had contributed several articles to the **REPOSITORY**, and written one or two popular Sunday-school books, Miss Leone Blanchard, who died at Toulon, Ill., in September last, is about to be published.

OUR PORTRAIT—ISAAC W. WILEY.—No doubt the face presented to the readers of the **REPOSITORY**, in this number, may be familiar to many of them, but at the same time few are familiar with the life of the late editor. It is not our purpose, in the few lines of an editorial, to present in detail an extended biography, but simply to offer a sketch of a few leading events in the life of Dr. Wiley.

Isaac William Wiley was born in the year 1825, March 29th, at the little mountain town of Lewistown, Penn., on the banks of that most romantic and picturesque of rivers, the Juniata. From earliest infancy he evinced a thoughtfulness and maturity unusual in children of corresponding age. Surrounded

by so much that is grand and impressive in nature, she seemed to have deep influence upon him; and his keen enjoyment of the great beauties she had so lavishly scattered around the home of his youth, his love of solitude, his great desire to know, all tended to place before him the necessity of a thorough mental training, and a full soul development. Hence we find him, as a boy, far advanced in scholarship. At the early age of seven years, he was bereft of his father, who died, leaving to his little son a precious legacy in the executive ability and successful financing for which he has always been distinguished in his business relations with the Church.

We must not linger over the boyhood of our subject. At the age of nineteen we find him enrolled as a student of Medicine and Theology in the New York University. By dint of laborious application and unswerving energy, he graduated at the end of two years with high honors, receiving diplomas from both medical and theological departments. The great ambition of young Wiley, from the time when, a little boy at the mourners' bench of his mother's Church, he gave himself to the Lord, had been to become a preacher of Christ's precious Gospel. This strong desire actuated all his motives, pursued him in every undertaking. While at the University, he became troubled with a chronic disease of the throat; owing to this, it became evident to his mind that the ministry must be renounced. With great and painful reluctance, he put away the cherished hopes of his life, and commenced the practice of medicine, at Pottsville, Penn. In this place Dr. Wiley was living happily with his young wife, and was forming a lucrative and successful practice, when, most unexpectedly, he received a letter from the Secretary of the Mission Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, requesting his acceptance of the appointment as missionary physician to the mission-field of China. As if by a divine interposition of Providence, the desires of his life seemed about to be realized. After prayerful deliberation upon the matter, Dr. Wiley accepted the position offered, and, with his wife and little one, set sail for that distant field of labor, March 31, 1851. He worked diligently and successfully at this post for two years, when he was called upon to pass through deep waters of affliction, in the death of his beloved wife and steadfast helpmeet. In the Fall of 1853, he returned to America with his two little girls. After his return, he considered it advisable to remain in his native land, and, connecting himself with the Newark Conference, was appointed to a charge on Staten Island. For several years after this, he served in the ranks of the itinerancy, highly esteemed as pastor and preacher. In the Spring of 1857, he accepted the Presidency of Pennington Seminary, at Pennington, N. J., and remained there nearly seven years. During that time, he rescued this institution from a most precarious condition, and established it upon a firm financial basis. As President, he obtained the respect and love of both teachers and pupils, and became the tried friend and wise counselor of his students. We once heard Dr. Wiley remark, that he always con-

sidered the years spent at Pennington as among the happiest and fullest years of his life. In the Fall of 1863, he retired from the Seminary, and, in the quiet of home life, rested from active service during the Winter of that year. In the following April, Dr. Wiley accepted the charge of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Jersey City.

He remained here but a little while, when, attending the General Conference as delegate from the Newark Conference, he was by acclamation elected editor of THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. While in this position, Dr. Wiley made many warm friends, and by his careful attention, his close application, his kind familiarity, yet dignified presence, won the esteem of all associated with him in the Book Concern. In the Spring of the year 1872, Dr. Wiley was one of eight bishops elected by General Conference. It seems to us a fitting tribute to the work and endeavors of a life-time, that Dr. Wiley should have received this expression of the esteem and appreciation of the ministry and laity.

We have now presented a brief sketch of the directly personal life of Bishop Wiley. It only remains for us to say a few words upon his character as a man and a preacher.

In person, Dr. Wiley is of medium height, rather delicate in appearance; a face lightened by a bright, sharp blue eye, revealing the thought at work within the brain; high forehead; a mouth and chin evincing, at first glance, manly power and determination,—upon the whole, a face that one would pronounce as that of an able, cultured man. The bishop is noted for his gentleness and courtesy; for his steadfast and trusty friendship; for his tenderness and affection to those fortunate enough to be his intimate friends. As a scholar, he is well known as a close student and hard thinker. As a writer, he is elegant, chaste, cultured, and full; rather liberal than conservative in his views of the leading questions of the age. It is as a preacher of God's Word that Bishop Wiley excels. One prominent feature of his preaching is his *naturalness*. In style, he is a law to himself. Easy, self-possessed, with a quiet dignity all his own, he stands before his audiences the scholarly interpreter of God's Word. His sermons abound in well-expressed thoughts, are very rich in Scriptural exposition, abundant in concise and logical argument, and at all times thoroughly evangelical. The divine element of a truly religious life and experience, the sweetest spirit of religion, moves, lives, and rejoices in his discourses. His delivery is at all times extempore; his sermons are prepared from notes unintelligible to any but himself. It is this freedom from memory, this perfect mastery of his themes, that imbues them with vital and spiritual power. We have already lingered too long upon the subject of our sketch; but the hand of affection delights to dwell upon aught pertaining to the life of one to whom we are tenderly attached. We close, wishing that God may see proper to grant to his servant many years of effective labor, and that a future may be open to him as full as the past.

A. W. J.

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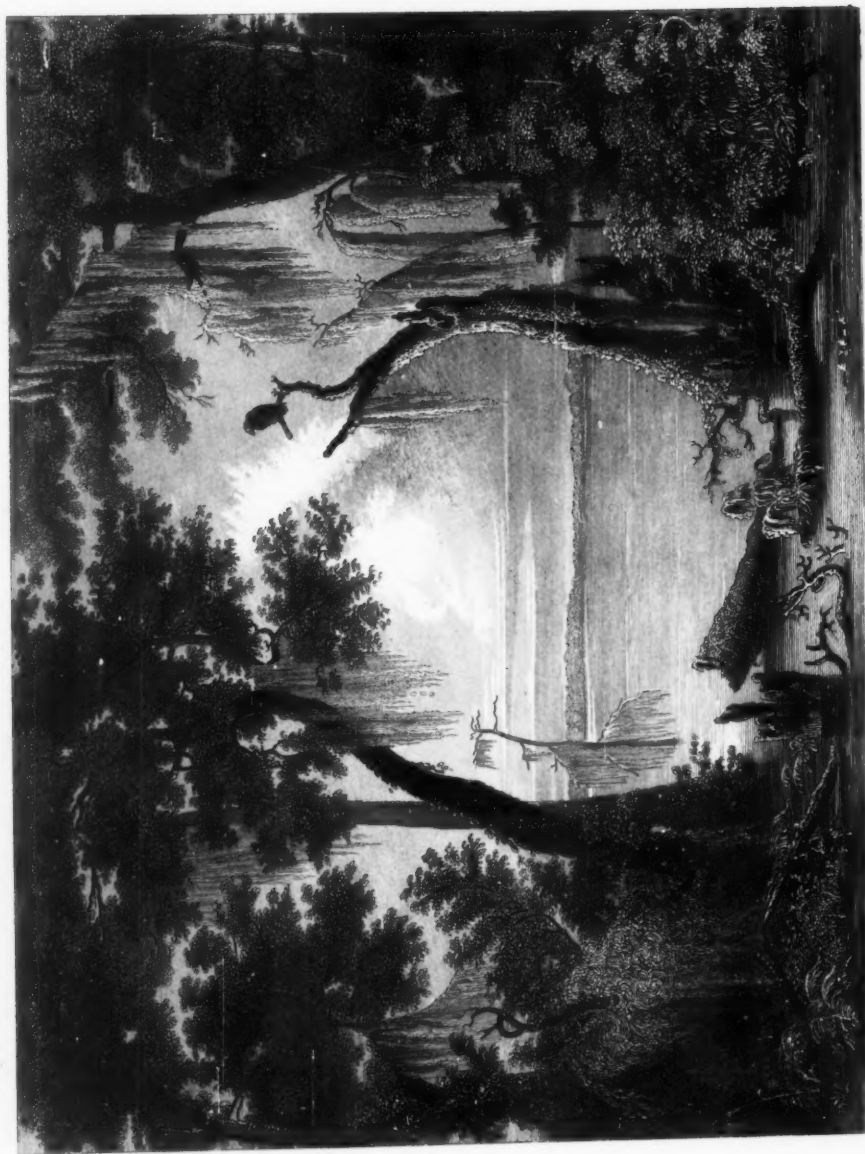
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THE DREAM

ADAPTED FOR THE LITTLE THEATRE.